



# Songs OF Summerland



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Prepared in cooperation  
with Rev. Floyd Humble

**THORO HARRIS**  
EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK.

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OUR ELDER BROTHER

*"In My Father's House are many mansions."*

# SONGS OF SUMMERLAND

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## Our Father

Thoro Harris

Copyright 1941 by Thoro Harris in Glad Tidings

Thoro Harris

1. True and righteous Fa - ther, Spir - it e - ter - nal,  
 2. True and righteous Fa - ther, Might - y Je - ho - vah!  
 3. True and righteous Fa - ther, Gra - cious Re - deem - er,  
 4. True and righteous Fa - ther, King ev - er - last - ing!

1. Now with glad and fer - vent heart we lift our hands to Thee.  
 2. Heav'n and earth are con - scious of Thy sov' reign maj - es - ty.  
 3. O - ver all the wait - ing world Thy sav - ing pow'r dis - play,  
 4. Ev - er - more our lips shall speak the hon - ors of Thy name.

1. Glo - ry in the high - est! Fill'd with ad - o - ra - tion,  
 2. All Thy hap - py chil - dren Sing - ing hal - le - lu - jah,  
 3. Let Thy glo - rious king - dom Spread to ev - 'ry na - tion,  
 4. Thine is truth un - chang - ing, Wis - dom of the a - ges.

1. Low at Thy throne we meek - ly bend the knee.  
 2. God of cre - a - tion, join to wor - ship Thee.  
 3. Mid - night of dark - ness turn to gold - en day.  
 4. Let earth and heav'n Thy match - less grace pro - claim. A - men.

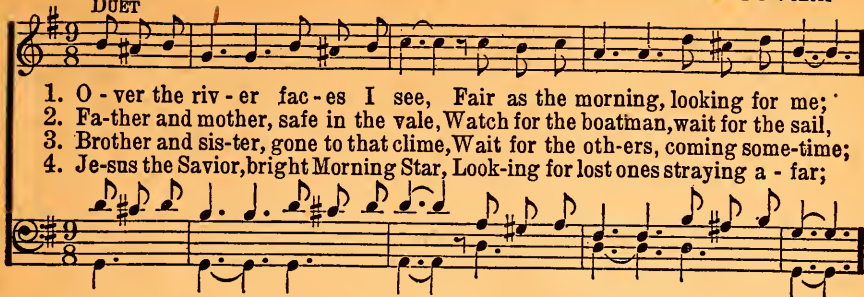


# 1 LOOKING THIS WAY

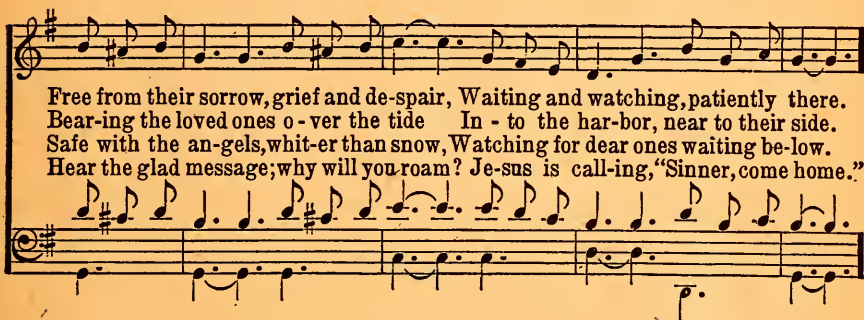
J. W. V.  
DUET

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J. W. Van De Venter



1. O - ver the riv - er fac - es I see, Fair as the morning, looking for me;
2. Fa - ther and mother, safe in the vale, Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail,
3. Brother and sis - ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers, coming some - time;
4. Je - sus the Savior, bright Morning Star, Look - ing for lost ones straying a - far;

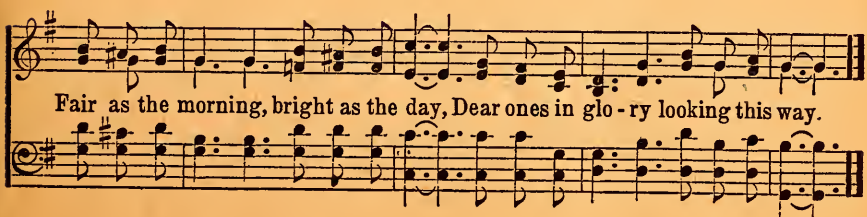


Free from their sorrow, grief and de - spair, Waiting and watching, patiently there.  
 Bear - ing the loved ones o - ver the tide In - to the har - bor, near to their side.  
 Safe with the an - gels, whit - er than snow, Watching for dear ones waiting be - low.  
 Hear the glad message; why will you roam? Je - sus is call - ing, "Sinner, come home."

CHORUS



Look - ing this way, yes, looking this way; Loved ones are waiting, looking this way;



Fair as the morning, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry looking this way.

## Coming Nearer.

Mrs. M. E. M. SANGSTER.

ROBERT LOWRY.

*Cheerfully.*

1. Its com-ing, com-ing near-er, The love-ly land un-seen; Its shores are  
 2. The balm-y winds are bring-ing Its o-dors on their breath; Our ship of  
 3. Its com-ing, com-ing near-er, We're homeward bound at last; Its shores are

grow-ing clear-er, Though mists lie dark be-tween; We catch its beams of  
 life is swing-ing To the port where is no death; Where none are heav-y  
 grow-ing clear-er, We soon shall an-chor fast; We'll dwell with them for

glo-ry, We hear its bursts of song, We're rap-tur'd with its sto-ry, For  
 heart-ed, Where all are glad and free, Where friends are nev-er part-ed, And  
 ev-er, Who brought us o'er the tide, And not a foe shall sev-er Our

## CHORUS.

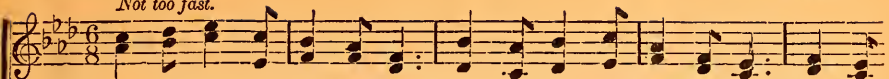
it our spir-its long. } Oh, yes! it's com-ing near-er, near-er,  
 their lov'd ones see. }  
 souls from their dear side.

near-er; Oh, yes! its com-ing near-er, The love-ly land un-seen.

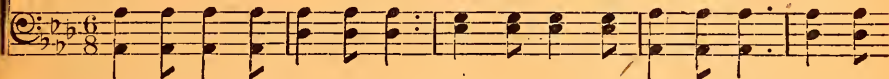
## Voices Talk to Me.

GEORGE KATES.

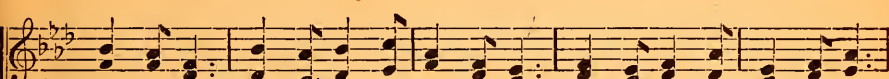
J. A. WERTZ.

*Not too fast.*

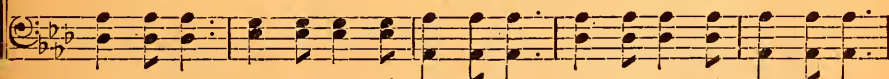
1. An - gel voic - es talk to me All a - long life's wea - ry way, On the  
 2. An - gel voic - es talk to me As the waves of o - cean rise, Break - ing  
 3. An - gel voic - es speak to me, Speak, as when a dis - tant strain Pitch'd to



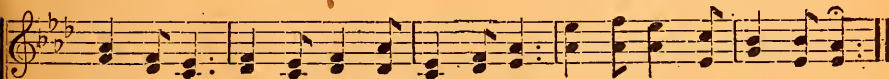
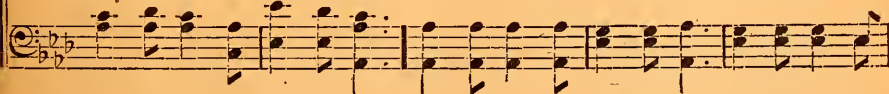
mount - ain, by the sea, In the vale where shad - ows stay, In the bus - y  
 on the wait - ing lea, Cast - ing rain - bows on the skies; As the balm - y  
 mu - sic's soft - est key, Breaks a - bove a hill - girt plain— Wak - ing ech - oes—



marts of life Where the croaking ra - vens be, Where the vul - tures join in strife,  
 south - winds blow, Murm'ring in the quiv'ring tree; As the zeph - yrs come and go,  
 in the hills, An - swered in the song - ful glee Of the rip - pling, murm'ring rills:

*Repeat pp ad lib.*

There the voic - es talk to me.  
 So the voic - es talk to me. } There the voic - es talk to me, There the voic - es  
 So the voic - es talk to me. }



talk to me, On the mountain, by the sea, An - gel voic - es talk to me.



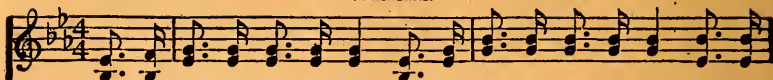


## Meet Me There.

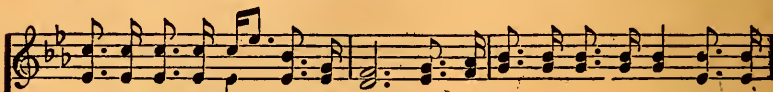
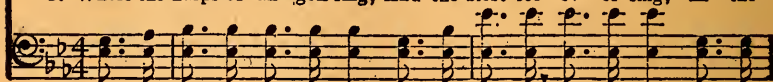
H. E. Blair.

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IN RENEWAL.

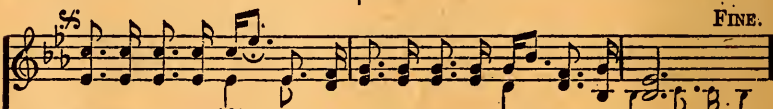
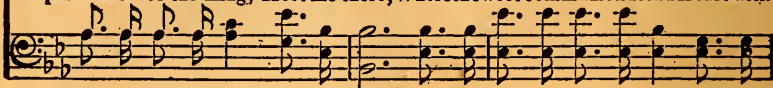
Win. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. On the hap-py, gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
2. Here our fond-est hopes are vain, Dear-est links are rent in twain; But in
3. Where the harps of an-gels ring, And the blest for-ev-er sing, In the

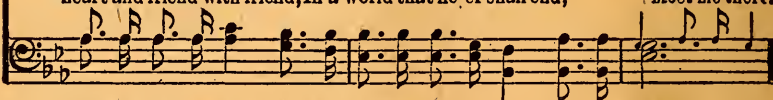


storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves a-way In - to  
Heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the riv-er sparkling bright, In the  
pal - ace of the King, Meet me there; Wherein sweet communion blend Heart with



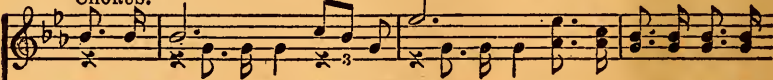
FINE.

pure and per-fect day, I am go-ing home to stay, Meet me there.  
cit - y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight,  
heart and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.



D. S. -hap-py, gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.

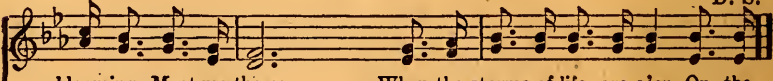
CHORUS.



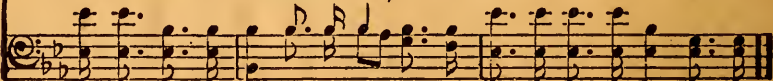
Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is  
Meet me there, Meet me there,



D. S.



blooming, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the  
Meet me there;



## The Wings of a Dove.

Ps. 55: 6.

C. L. G.

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C. L. Goodenough.

1. Had I the pin - ions of a dove, How would I  
 2. Tho thru this wea - ry world I tread, At morn, to  
 3. O cast thy bur - den on the Lord, Whose good - ness  
 4. So thou un - moved shalt pass a - long, Thru life's short

1. fly a - way,..... To realms of light and joy and love, In  
 2. God my Friend,... At noon, and e'er I seek my bed, My  
 3. doth sus - tain;.... The ten - der mer - cies of thy God, Shall  
 4. fleet - ing day,..... And car - ry in thy heart a song, Un -

## REFRAIN.

1. por - tals of the day!.....  
 2. pray'r shall still as - cend..... O give me the wings of a  
 3. ease thy load of pain.....  
 4. til the sun - set ray.....

dove,.... To fly and be at rest,..... To seek the

bliss of heav'n a - bove Which those who find are blest....

## The Lord is My Shepherd.

JAMES MONTGOMERY,

Psalm 23.

Arr. fr. THOMAS KOSCHAT.

*Slow.*

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green  
 2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since thou art my  
 3. In the midst of af-flic-tion my ta-ble is spread; With blessings un-  
 4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still fol-low my

past-ures, safe-fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the  
 Guard-ian, no e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, thy  
 meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er; With per-fume and oil thou a-  
 steps till I meet thee a-bove; I seek by the path which my

still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-  
 staff be my stay; No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er  
 noint-est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of thy prov-i-dence  
 fore-fa-thers trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ, thy king-dom of

*rit.*

pressed, Re-stores me when wan-d'ring, re-deems when op-pressed.  
 near, No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er near.  
 more, Oh, what shall I ask, of thy prov-i-dence more.  
 love, Thro' the land of their so-journ, thy king-dom of love.



## Hiding in Thee

Rev. WILLIAM O. CUSHING

IRA D. SANKEY

1. O safe to the Rock that is high-er than I,  
 2. In the calm of the noon-tide, in sor-row's lone hour,  
 3. How oft in the con-flict, when pressed by the foe,

My soul in its con-flicts and sor-rows would fly;  
 In times when temp-ta-tion casts o'er me its pow'r;  
 I have fled to my Ref-uge and breathed out my woe;

So sin-ful, so wea-ry, Thine, Thine would I be;  
 In the tem-pests of life, on its wide, heav-ning sea,  
 How oft-en, when tri-als like sea-bil-lows roll,

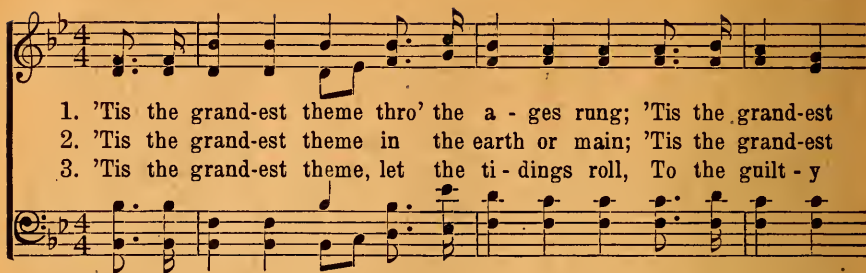
## REFRAIN

Thou blest "Rock of A-ges," I'm hid-ing in Thee.  
 Thou blest "Rock of A-ges," I'm hid-ing in Thee. Hid-ing in Thee,  
 Have I hid-den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

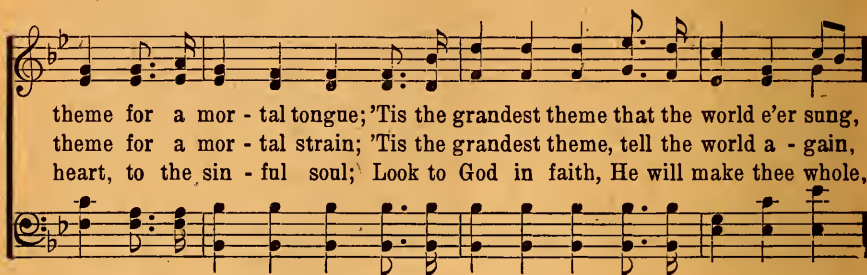
Hid-ing in Thee, Thou blest "Rock of A-ges," I'm hid-ing in Thee.

W. A. O.

W. A. Ogden

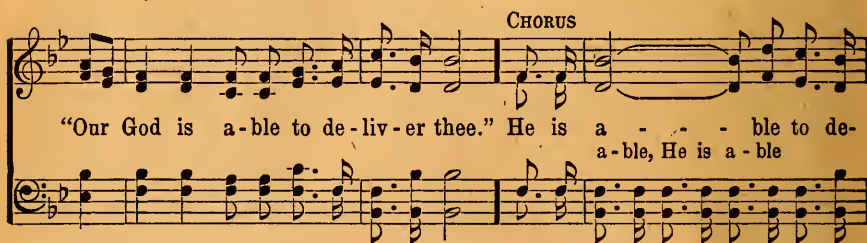


1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the grand-est  
 2. 'Tis the grand-est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grand-est  
 3. 'Tis the grand-est theme, let the ti - dings roll, To the guilt - y



theme for a mor - tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung,  
 theme for a mor - tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a - gain,  
 heart, to the sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,

CHORUS



"Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee." He is a - - - ble to de -  
 a - ble, He is a - ble



liv - er thee, He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by  
 a - ble, He is a - ble



sin op - prest, Go to Him for rest; "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

## Victory All the Way.

Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

1. Clad in all the ar - mor of the King of kings, We're march-ing  
 2. With the Spir-it's sword we bravely march a - long, We for - ward  
 3. Storming all the bat - tle-ments of pride and sin, We on - ward

on, still marching on; Of our captain's might-y pow'r each warrior sings,  
 go, yes, forward go; In our great Commander we are more than strong  
 move, yes, onward move; Zi - on's gold-en gate we soon shall enter in

REFRAIN.

There's vic-t'ry all the way.  
 To van-quish ev - 'ry foe. To the gold-en street, Sound-ing no re-  
 Eor thrones prepared a - bove.

treat, A Cap-tain who has nev-er known de-feat Leads his ar-mies


on Till the crown be won: There's vict'ry all the way.



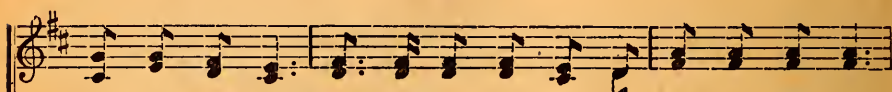
## Beautiful, Beckoning Hands.

C. C. L.

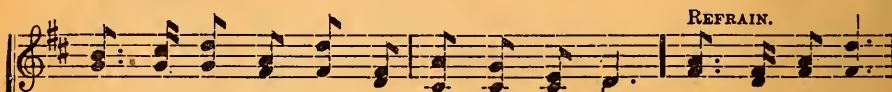
C. C. LUTHER.

*May be sung as a Solo or Duet with Chorus.*


1. Beck - on - ing hands at the gate - way to - night, Fa - ces a shin - ing with  
 2. Beck - on - ing hands of a moth - er whose love, Sac - ri - ficed life its de -  
 3. Beck - on - ing hands of a lit - tle one, see! Ba - by voice call - ing, O  
 4. Beck - on - ing hands of a hus - band, a wife, Watching and wait - ing the




ra - di - ant light; Eyes look - ing down from yon heav - en - ly home,  
 vo - tion to prove; Hands of a fa - ther to mem - o - ry dear,  
 moth - er, for thee; Ro - sy - cheek'd dar - ling, the light of the home,  
 lov'd one of life; Hands of a broth - er, a sis - ter, a friend,




REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful hands they are beck - on - ing "come."  
 Beck - on up high - er the wait - ing ones here. } Beau - ti - ful hands,  
 Ta - ken so ear - ly, is beck - on - ing "come."  
 Out from the gate - way to - night they ex - tend.



beck - on - ing hands. Call - ing the dear ones to heav - en - ly lands;



Beau - ti - ful hands, beck - on - ing hands, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beck - on - ing hands.

## Where the Roses Never Fade.

C. P. L.

C. PAYSON LONGLEY.

*mf* Moderato con espress.

1. Where the ro - ses nev - er fade, Nev - er lose their fra-grance sweet, Where no  
 2. Hearts that here in sor - row grieve, Grow-ing wea - ry of the way, There in  
 3. Where the ro - ses nev - er fade, Life is bright as sum-mer's day, There all  
 4. Then bid ev - 'ry fear de - part, Strive each day our work to do, Bless and

grief our homes in-vade, And our tri-umph is com-plete. There a - bove life's sor - did  
 ful - ness shall re-ceive, Blessings, rich from day to day. There we gain a sweet-er  
 fear shall be al-layed In that home not far a - way. Here we toil thro' grief and  
 help each sorrowing heart To be no - ble, good, and true. Time is pass - ing fast a -

cares, There in robes of light ar-ray'd, We shall greet our lov'd so fair,  
 bliss, Gain the gifts so long de-lay'd, In a fair - er world than this,  
 strife, Toil with faint - ing heart dis-may'd; There is life, im-mor - tal life,  
 way, Let no du - ty be de-lay'd, Soon we'll reach that gold - en day,

*f* CHORUS.  
 Where the ro - ses nev - er fade. Glo-rious home! Sweet home of song, Where no

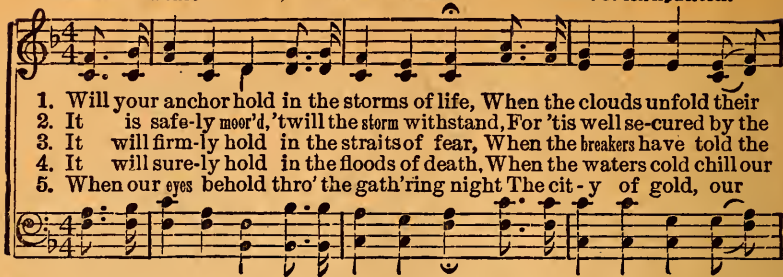
sor - row casts its shade; We shall greet the heav'nly throng, Where the roses nev - er fade.

## We Have an Anchor.

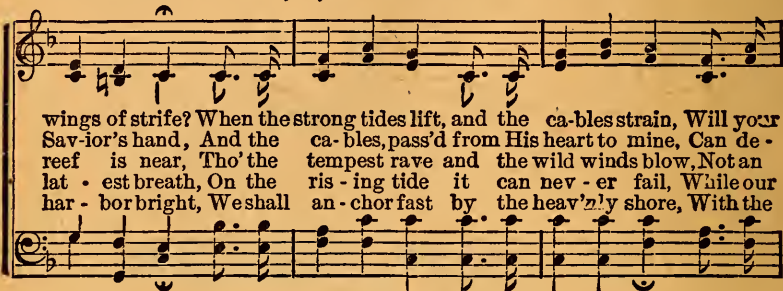
Priscilla J. Owens.

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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

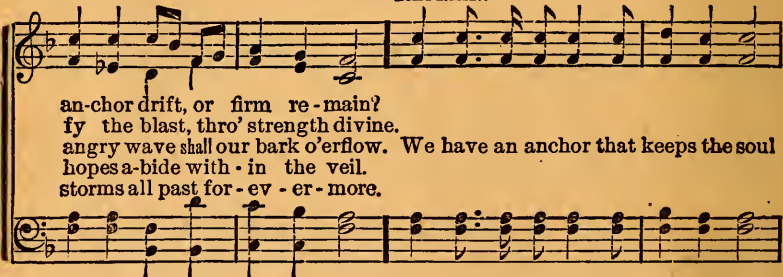


1. Will your anchor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds unfold their  
 2. It is safe-ly moor'd, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well se-cured by the  
 3. It will firm-ly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have told the  
 4. It will sure-ly hold in the floods of death, When the waters cold chill our  
 5. When our eyes behold thro' the gath'ring night The cit-y of gold, our



wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca-bles strain, Will your  
 Sav-ior's hand, And the ca-bles, pass'd from His heart to mine, Can de-  
 reef is near, Tho' the tempest rave and the wild winds blow, Not an  
 lat-est breath, On the ris-ing tide it can nev-er fail, While our  
 har-bor bright, We shall an-chor fast by the heav'nly shore, With the

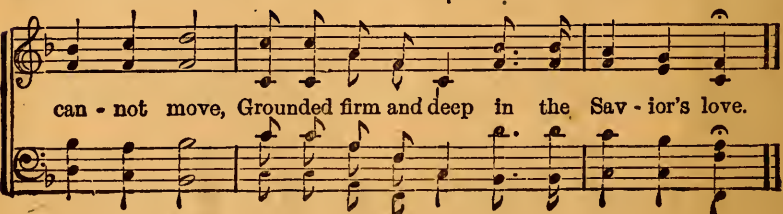
## REFRAIN.



an-chor drift, or firm re-main?  
 fy the blast, thro' strength divine.  
 angry wave shall our bark o'erflow. We have an anchor that keeps the soul  
 hopes a-bide with-in the veil.  
 storms all past for-ev-er-more.



Stead-fast and sure, while the bil-lows roll, Fastened to the Rock which



can-not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sav-ior's love.



## It is Mine.

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ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. God's a - bid-ing peace is in my soul to - day, Yes, I feel it  
 2. He has wrought in me a sweet and per-fect rest, In my raptured  
 3. He has giv - en me a nev - er - fail-ing joy, Oh, I have it  
 4. Oh, the love of God is com-fort-ing my soul, For His love is

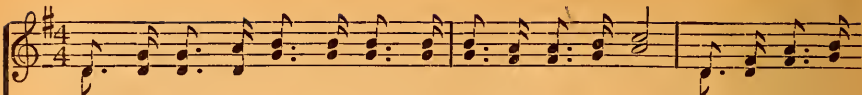
now, yes, I feel it now; He has tak - en all my doubts and fears a -  
 heart I can feel it now; He each pass-ing moment keeps me sav'd and  
 now! oh, I have it now! To His praise I will my ransom'd pow'rs em -  
 mine, yes, His love is mine! Waves of joy and glad-ness o'er my spir - it

## CHORUS.

way, Tho' I can-not tell you how.  
 blest, Floods with light my heart and brow. } It is mine, mine,  
 play, And re - new my grate-ful vow. } It is mine, this price-less treas-ure, ev-er  
 roll, Thrill-ing me with life di - vine.

blessed be His name! He has giv-en peace, perfect peace to me; It is

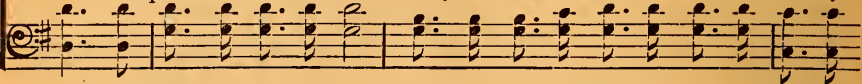
mine, mine, blessed be His name! Mine for all e-ter-ni-ty!  
 mine, this priceless treasure, ev-er



1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be always pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol-low at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His king-dom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him



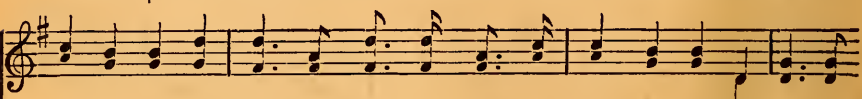
Him with-in the narrow road? Would you have Him bear your burden, car-ry  
 peace that comes by giv-ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that you need  
 true in prov-i-den-tal test? Would you in His serv-ice la-bor al-ways



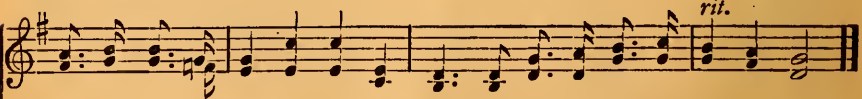
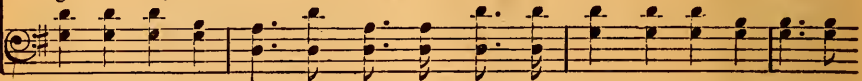
## CHORUS



all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.  
 nev-er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you  
 at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.



ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can



fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

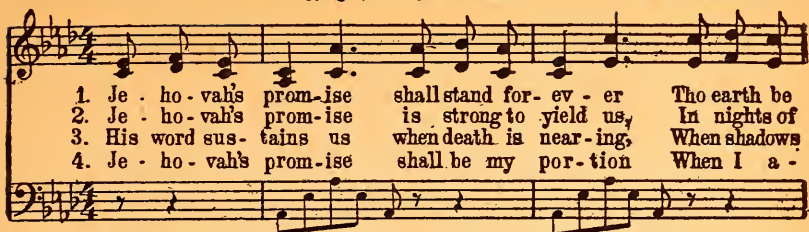


## Jehovah's Promise

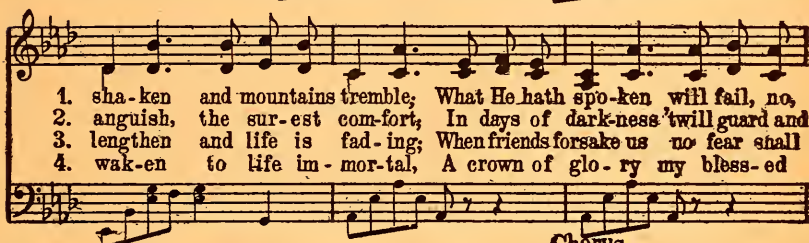
THORO HARRIS

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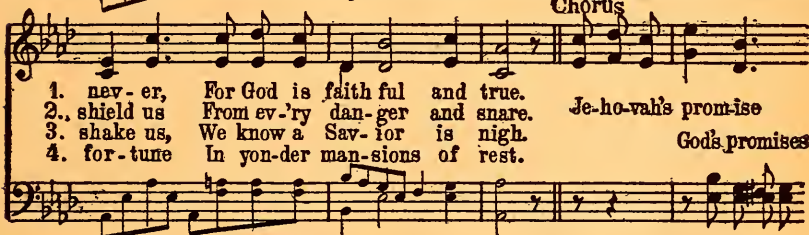
JOH. HOLMSTRAND



1. Je - ho - vah's prom - ise shall stand for - ev - er The earth be  
 2. Je - ho - vah's prom - ise is strong to yield us, In nights of  
 3. His word sus - tains us when death is near - ing, When shadows  
 4. Je - ho - vah's prom - ise shall be my por - tion When I a -

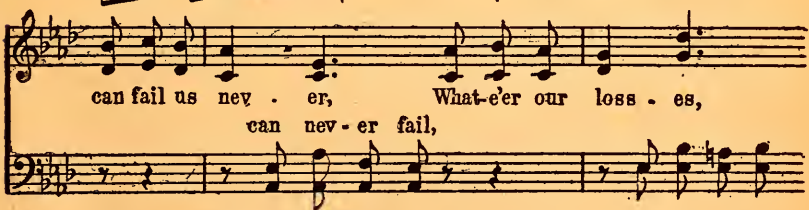


1. sha - ken and mountains tremble, What He hath spo - ken will fail, no,  
 2. anguish, the sur - est com - fort, In days of dark - ness 'twill guard and  
 3. lengthen and life is fad - ing, When friends forsake us no fear shall  
 4. wak - en to life im - mor - tal, A crown of glo - ry my bless - ed

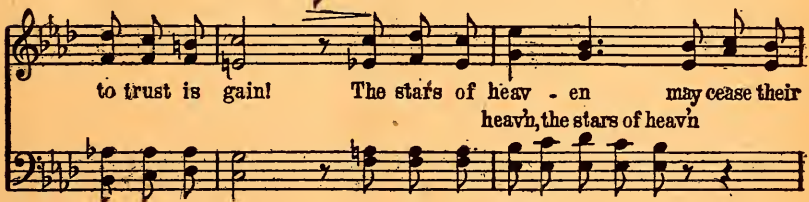


Chorus

1. nev - er, For God is faith ful and true. Je - ho - vah's prom - ise  
 2. shield us From ev - 'ry dan - ger and snare. Gods promises  
 3. shake us, We know a Sav - ior is nigh.  
 4. for - tune In yon - der man - sions of rest.



can fail us nev - er, What - e'er our loss - es,  
 can nev - er fail,

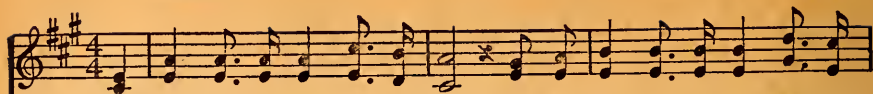


to trust is gain! The stars of heav - en may cease their  
 heav'n, the stars of heav'n

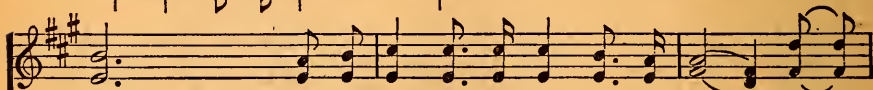
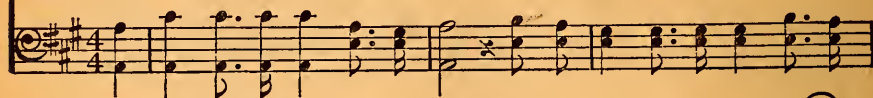


shin - ing, God's ho - ly cov - 'nant shall re - main.  
 may cease to shine,



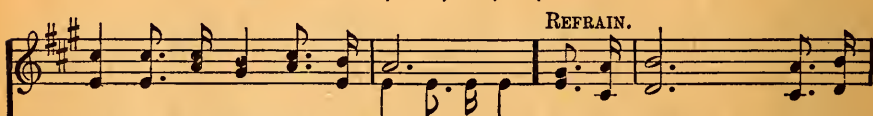


1. O think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. O think of the friendso - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour - ney have
3. My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, There my kin - dred and friends are at
4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I



light, Where the saints, all im - mor - tal and fair, Are  
 trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their  
 rest; Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me  
 see; Man - y dear to my heart, o - ver there, Are.

o - ver there,

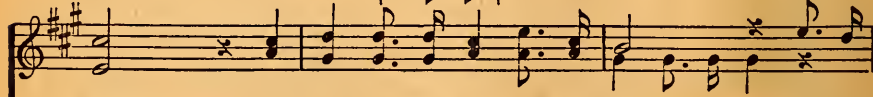
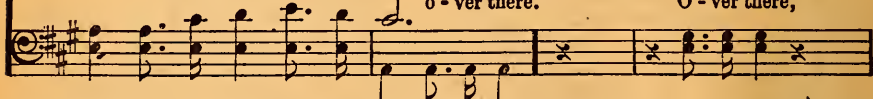


# REFRAIN.

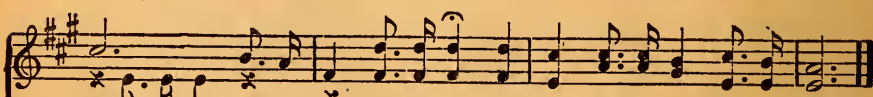
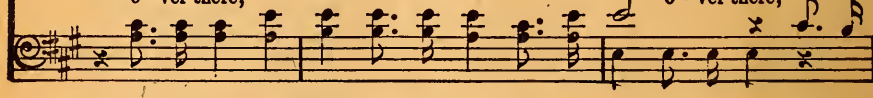
robed in their garments of white, O - ver there, o - ver  
 home in the pal - ace of God. O - ver there, o - ver  
 fly to the land of the blest. O - ver there, o - ver  
 watch - ing and wait - ing for me. O - ver there, o - ver

o - ver there.

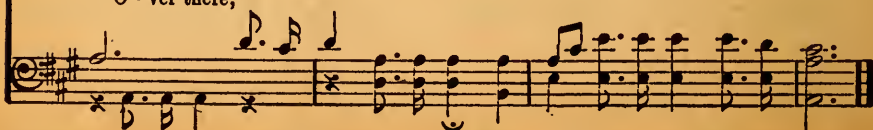
O - ver there,



there, O think of, the home o - ver there, O - ver  
 o - ver there, o - ver there,



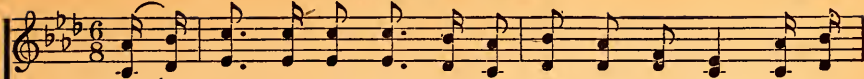
there, o - ver there, o - ver there, O think of the home o - ver there.  
 O - ver there,



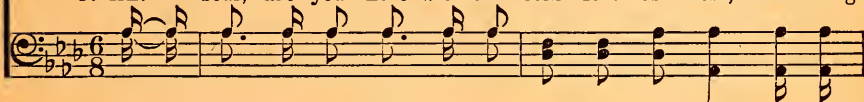
W. D. Cornell. Alt.

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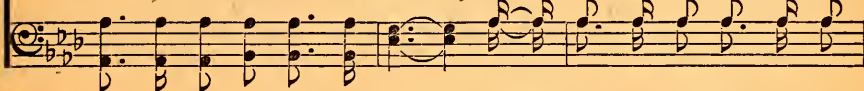
W. G. Cooper



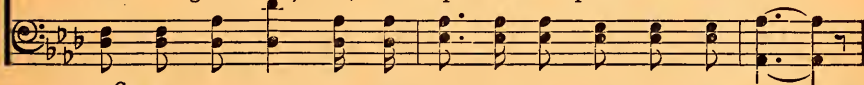
1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to - night Rolls a
2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied
3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing
4. And me - thinks when I rise to that Cit - y of peace, Where the
5. Ah! soul, are you here with - out com - fort or rest, March - ing



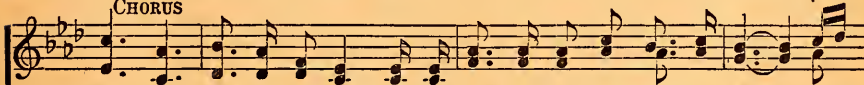
mel - o - dy sweet - er than psalm; In ce - les - tial - like strains it un -  
 deep in the heart of my soul; So se - cure that no pow - er can  
 sweet - ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by  
 Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the  
 down the rough pathway of time? Make Je - sus your friend ere the



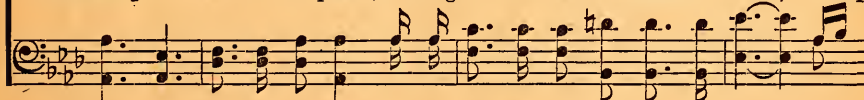
ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.  
 mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.  
 night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood - ing my soul.  
 ran - somed will sing, In that heav - en - ly king - dom shall be:  
 shad - ows grow dark; Oh, ac - cept this sweet peace so sub - lime.



## CHORUS



Peace! peace! won - der - ful peace, Coming down from the Fa - ther a - bove; Sweep



o - ver my spir - it for - ev - er, I pray, In fath - om - less bil - lows of love.



## Hiding in the Rock.

L. C. H.

Copyright, 1918, by L. C. Hall.

L. C. Hall.

1. Hid - ing in the Rock, where we are blest; Hid - ing in the  
 2. Hid - ing in the Rock that has been riv'n, Hid - ing in the  
 3. Hid - ing in the Rock, a safe re - treat, Hid - ing in the  
 4. Hid - ing in the Rock, the storms with - out, Hid - ing in the  
 5. Hid - ing in the Rock, no harm can come, Hid - ing in the

1. Rock of A - ges; Hid - ing in the Rock where we find rest,  
 2. Rock of A - ges; Hid - ing in the Rock, sweet peace is giv'n,  
 3. Rock of A - ges; Hid - ing in the Rock, in Him com - plete,  
 4. Rock of A - ges; Hid - ing in the Rock, we sing and shout,  
 5. Rock of A - ges; Hid - ing in the Rock till we get home,

8: FINE. CHORUS.  
 Hid - ing in the Rock of A - ges. Hid - ing in the  
 hid - ing in the Rock of A - ges.

Rock, Safe ..... from ev - 'ry  
 in the rift - ed Rock, Safe from ev - 'ry shock,

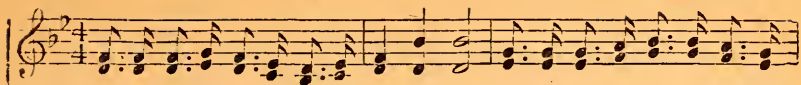
D.S.  
 shock; Hid - - - ing in the Rock, I am  
 in the rift - ed Rock, Hid - ing in the Rock, the rift - ed Rock,



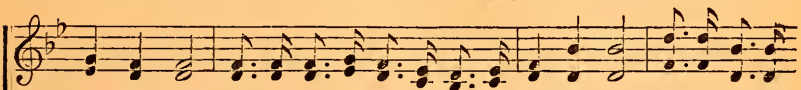
## Standing On the Promises.

R. K. C.

R. Kelso Carter



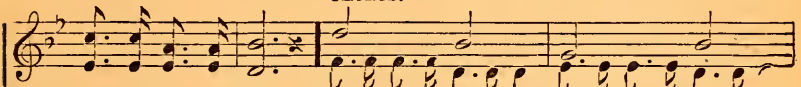
1. Standing on the promis-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal a-ges let His
2. Standing on the promis-es that can-not fail, When the howling storms of doubt and
3. Standing on the promis-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter-nal-ly by
4. Standing on the promis-es I can-not fall, List'ning ev'-ry moment to the



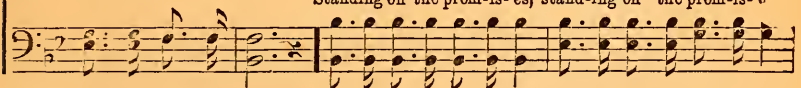
prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the highest, I will shout and sing, Standing on the  
 fear as-sail, By the liv-ing word of God I shall pre-vail, Standing on the  
 love's strong chord, O-vercom-ing dai-ly with the Spirit's sword, Standing on the  
 Spir-it's call, Rest-ing in my Saviour, as my all in all, Standing on the



## CHORUS.



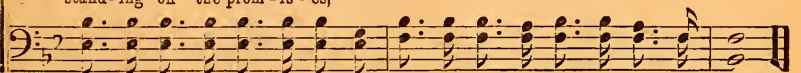
prom-is-es of God. Stand-ing, stand-ing,  
 Standing on the prom-is-es, stand-ing on the prom-is-

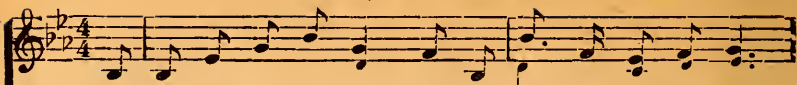


Standing on the promis-es of God my Sav-iour; Stand-ing,  
 Standing on the promis-es,

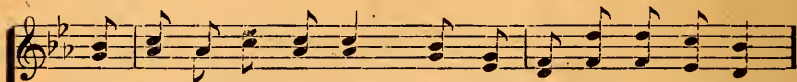
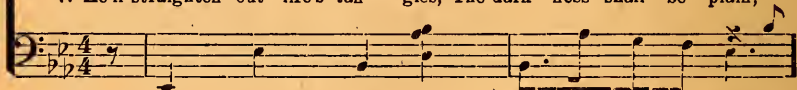


stand-ing I'm stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God.  
 stand-ing on the prom-is-es,

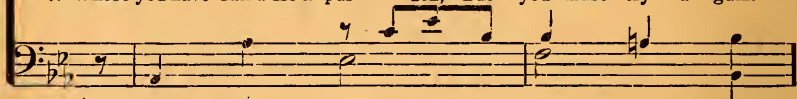




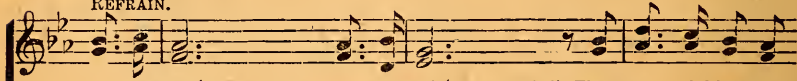
1. Down-heart-ed and dis-cour-aged, Does ev-'ry hope seem vain?
2. Tho oft you have en-deav-or'd To break temp-tation's chain,
3. Art worst-ed in the con-flict? Sur-ren-der not nor quail;
4. Per-haps in climb-ing up-ward To highs thou would at-tain,
5. If you give o'er the strug-gle And nev-er seek to rise,
6. God sends the bless-ed sun-shine To clear the skies of rain;
7. He'll straighten out life's tan-gles, The dark-ness shall be plain;



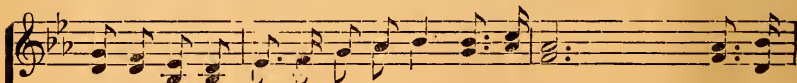
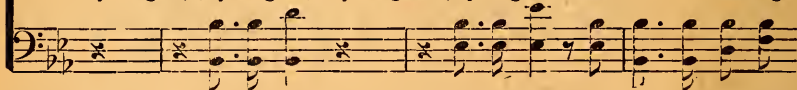
1. One word of lov-ing coun-sel: Take heart and try a-gain!
2. Do not de-spair, but brave-ly For free-dom try a-gain!
3. Next time you may be vic-tor And in God's name pre-vail!
4. Thy feet have slipp'd or stum-bled—Rise up, and try a-gain!
5. Then all is lost for ev-er—You can-not gain the prize.
6. Be-hold the bow of prom-ise! Look up, and try a-gain.
7. Where you have fail'd He'll par-don, But you must try a-gain.



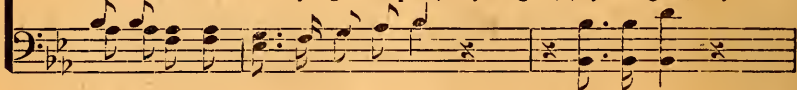
## REFRAIN.



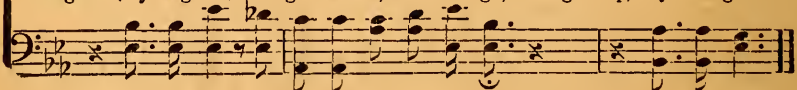
Try a-gain, (try a-gain,) try a-gain! (try a-gain!) The morn of bless-ing



fol-lows af-ter wea-ry nights of pain; Try a-gain, (try a-gain,) try a-



gain! (try a-gain!) Be-gin a-new, take courage; don't give up, try a-gain!

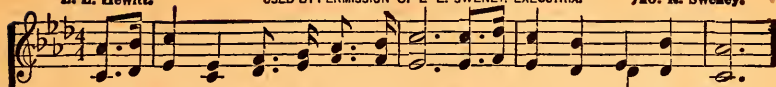


## Sunshine in the Soul.

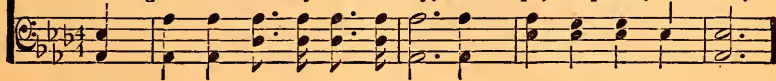
E. E. Hewitt.

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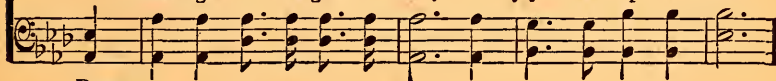
Jno. R. Sweeney.



1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright.
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to the King,
3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For, when the Lord is near,
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,



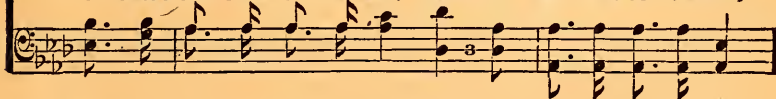
Than glows in an - y earth - ly skies, For Je - sus is my light.  
 And Je - sus, lis - ten - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.  
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.  
 For bless - ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.



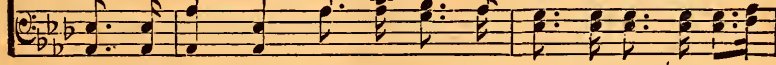
## REFRAIN.



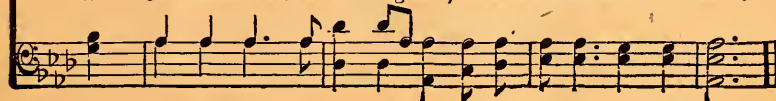
O there's sun - - shine, bless - ed sun - - shine,  
 O there's sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,



When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll;  
 hap - py mo - ments roll;



When Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, There is sun - shine in the soul.





1. I am Thine, gra-cious Lord, From this hour I - am Thine, Hav - ing  
 2. Low I kneel at Thy feet, Con - se - crat - ing mine all And re -  
 3. O the ful - ness of joy Where a - lone Thou dost reign In the

giv - en my all to Thee; And this now yield - ed heart  
 ceiv - ing Thy par - don free; Here I wait for the word  
 tem - ple made white and clean! When the soul's guilt is gone  
 spot - less - ly clean!

Shall no long - er be mine, 'Tis Thine own for e - ter - ni - ty.  
 Of Thy kind, lov - ing call To con - firm this sweet truth to me.  
 And the dark, sin - ful stain Can no more on the life be seen.

REFRAIN  
 I am Thine, on - ly Thine, Ev - 'ry hour, ev - 'ry day, By the

pow'r of Thy bound - less grace, (di - vine;) I am Thine, whol - ly Thine:

On - ly speak, I'll o - bey; In my heart is Thy dwell - ing place.

## Praise Ye the Lord

Copyright 1941 by Thoro. Harris in Glad Tidings

Thoro Harris

*f Vivace*

1. Praise ye the Lord! let the glad car-ols ring! Sweetest in-cense of  
 2. Praise ye the Lord! while the fir-ma-ment high, Wondrous work of His  
 3. Praise ye the Lord! let the grand an-them swell Like the sound of the

praise while we wor-ship the King. Praise ye His name and His good-ness  
 hand, ech-oes back the re- ply. Let His great name from re-joic-ing  
 sea, all His glo-ry to tell. Hon-or His name, laud and wor-ship

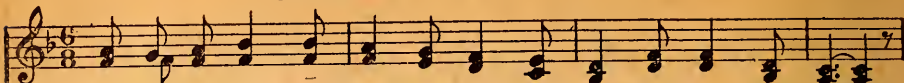
a- dore, Let us sing and re- joice ev- er-more (ev-er-more).  
 lips fall, Bless-ed Sav- ior and Mas-ter of all (o-ver all).  
 the King, While the joy-bells of vic- to- ry ring (as ye sing).

## CHORUS

Hal-le- lu- jah to Him Who is Lord o- ver all, Let His glo-ri-

ous praise From your lips glad-ly fall. Hal-le- lu- jah! pro-claim To the

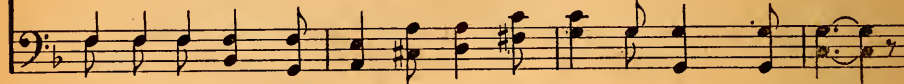
chil-dren of men God will vis- it His peo-ple a- gain.  
 in mer-cy a- gain.



1. Our hu-man needs by God are met When we on Him re-ly;—  
2. Where God doth lead no lack is there, Nor want nor haunt-ing fear;



Our dai-ly pray'r for dai-ly need Is an-swer'd ere we cry,—  
To-mor-row's need will not be met Look up, for He is near!



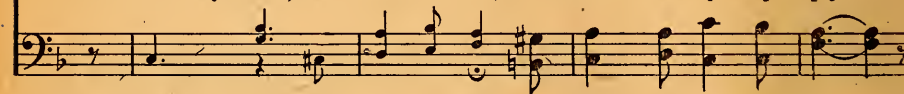
We ques-tion not the way we take, But rest con-tent to know—  
So shall we find E-ter-nal Love To us will then draw nigh,



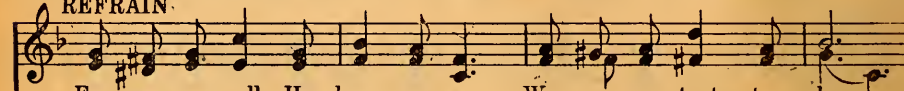
con-tent to know  
in love draw nigh,



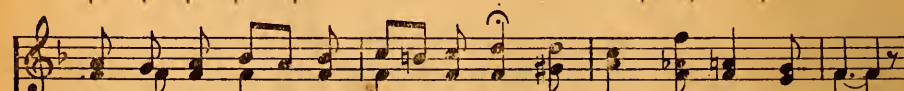
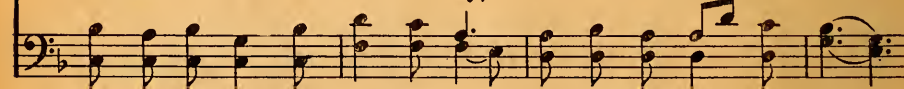
Our lives are mold-ed in the way Which God would have us go—  
And ev-'ry need, be-fore we ask, A-bun-dant-ly sup-ply.—



# REFRAIN.



Ere we can call He hears our cry; We are con-tent to know



Our ev-'ry need will God sup-ply Be-cause He loves us so.





## Still Watching and Waiting

Thoro Harris  
DUET

Copyright 1943 by Thoro Harris in Songs of Summerland

Thoro Harris

1. Still watch-ing and wait-ing, They stand at the gate, Our lov'd ones in  
 2. O home-land su-per-nal, Fair gar-den of love, O man-sions e-

glo-ry Our com-ing a-wait. Their tri-als are end-ed, They've  
 ter-nal In heav-en a-bove! Dear host of the faithful Still

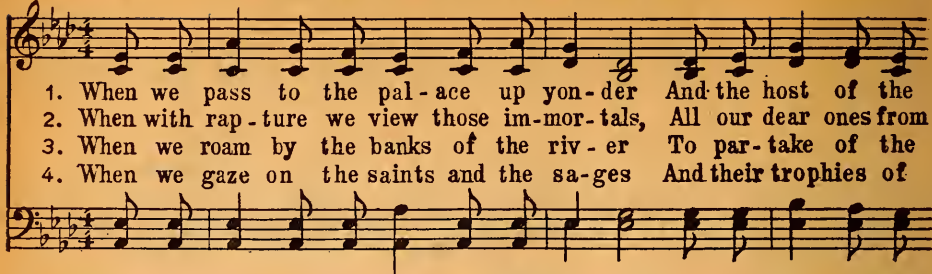
gone on be-fore; Their souls have ascended, To sor-row no more.  
 gath-er-ing home! We'll soon join that circle, No long-er to roam.

QUARTET

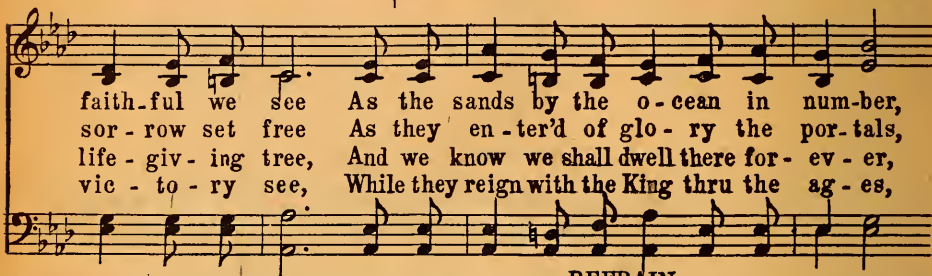
Still watch-ing and wait-ing, They stand at the gate, Our lov'd ones in

glo-ry Our com-ing a-wait; We see in the dis-tance Their

beck-on-ing hand, They bid us cross o-ver To that happy land.

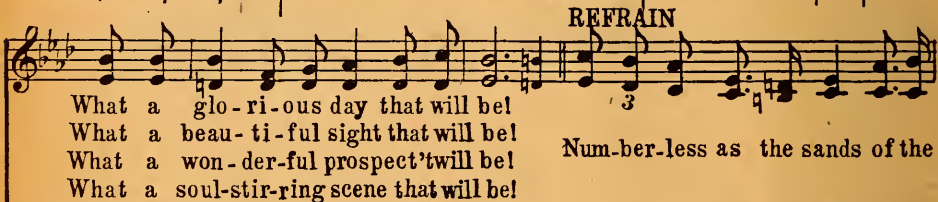


1. When we pass to the pal-ace up yon-der And the host of the  
 2. When with rap-ture we view those im-mor-tals, All our dear ones from  
 3. When we roam by the banks of the riv-er To par-take of the  
 4. When we gaze on the saints and the sa-ges And their trophies of



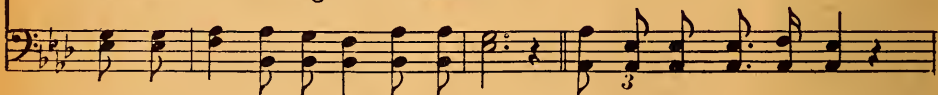
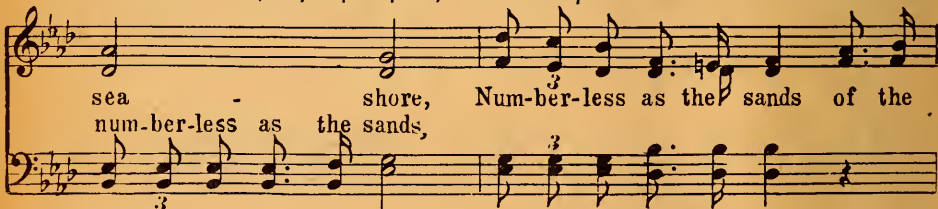
faith-ful we see As the sands by the o-cean in num-ber,  
 sor-row set free As they en-ter'd of glo-ry the por-tals,  
 life-giv-ing tree, And we know we shall dwell there for-ev-er,  
 vic-to-ry see, While they reign with the King thru the ag-es,

REFRAIN

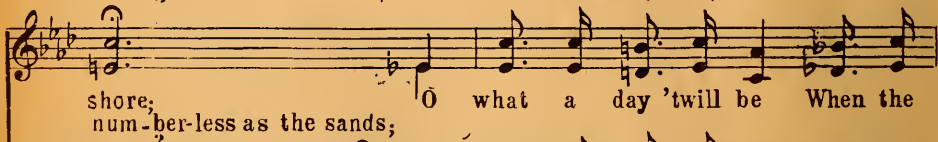


What a glo-ri-ous day that will be  
 What a beau-ti-ful sight that will be  
 What a won-der-ful prospect 'twill be  
 What a soul-stir-ring scene that will be

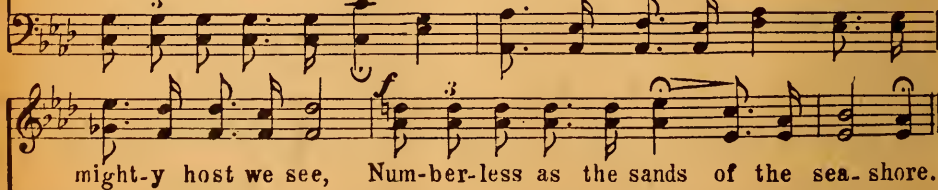
Num-ber-less as the sands of the

sea-shore, Num-ber-less as the sands of the  
 num-ber-less as the sands,



shore, O what a day 'twill be When the  
 num-ber-less as the sands;



might-y host we see, Num-ber-less as the sands of the sea-shore.



# 27 In the Ages to Come

C.B. Widmeyer

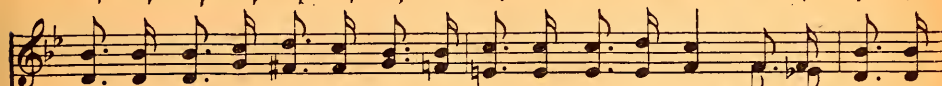
Copyright 1943 by C. B. Widmeyer

C.B. Widmeyer

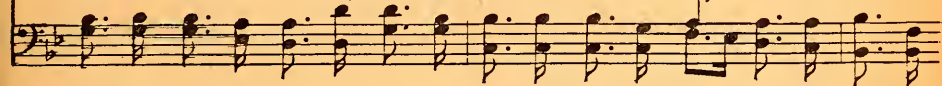
*Vivace*



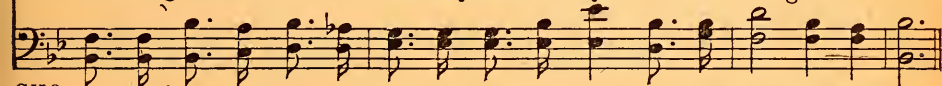
1. Here at times we are so hap-py that our hearts beat high with joy; But the
2. There's a man-sion in the glo-ry Je-sus has pre-pard for all, And no
3. Thru e-ter-nal, count-less a-ges heavn will be our glo-rious home; We will
4. Up in heavn will be no sor-row and no tears shall dim the eye, We will



treasures of this earth are vain, its gold be-comes al-loy; Soon the man-y-  
eye hath seen its splendor or the ci-ty's jas-per wall, Neith-er ear hath  
min-gle with the an-gels and the saints a-round the throne, And the won-ders  
dwell in lands E-lys-ian, for no soul shall ev-er die; Good-bys all will



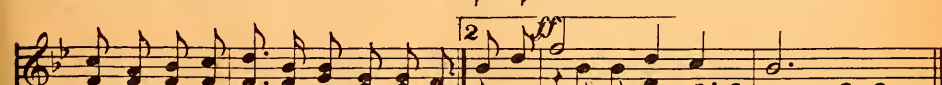
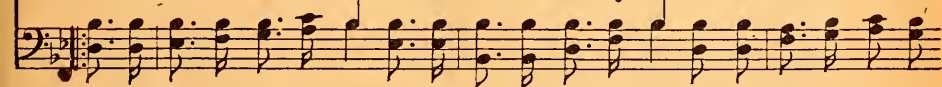
man-sion'd home a-bove with dear ones we'll en-joy Thru the a-ges to come.  
heard the mu-sic or the Mas-ter's lov-ing call Thru the a-ges to come.  
of that ci-ty will to ev-'ry one be shown In the a-ges to come.  
be for-got-ten in that home be-yond the sky In the a-ges to come.



CHO.

In the a-ges to come, in the a-ges to come, We will roam the fields of

{ Down beside the crystal sea An e-ter-nal ju-bi-lee:  
{ There we'll better un-der-stand All a-bout that heav'nly land



glo-ry, Talking o'er the wondrous story; In the a-ges to come.  
count less a-ges, the a-ges yet to come.



to come.



## My Departure

Thoro Harris

Copyright 1943 by Thoro Harris in "Songs of Summerland"

Thoro Harris

1. Some morn when I a - wake to hear A gracious Fa-ther's call for me,  
 2. That kind-ly voice like gen-tle breeze Will cheer my breast and calm my heart,  
 3. And when shall set life's glar-ing sun Be-hind yon pur-ple cloud-ed west,  
 4. When fall the si - lent shades of death The light di-vine will dawn on me;

While mystic forms are hov'ring near, O how en-rap-tur'd I shall be!  
 Ah, then my soul shall be at ease Be-cause I chose the bet-ter part.  
 My work on earth will all be done And I shall gain a glo-rious rest.  
 Then as I draw my lat-est breath I'll soar to im-mor-tal-i-ty.

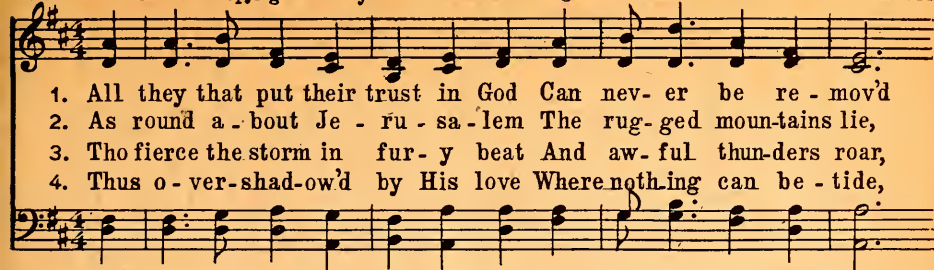
REF.

Then shall I know my Fa-ther plann'd  
 Then shall I know my Fa-ther plann'd

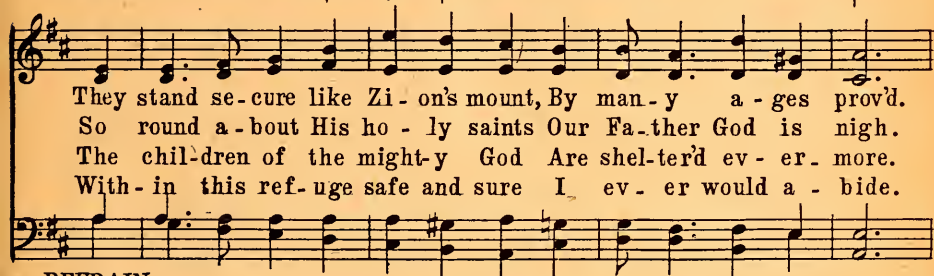
And I had mov'd at His com-mand That all the  
 His blest com-mand,

way His ten-der hand His lov-ing hand  
 the long dark way

Had led me on-ward to the prom-is'd land. (fair Canaan's land.)

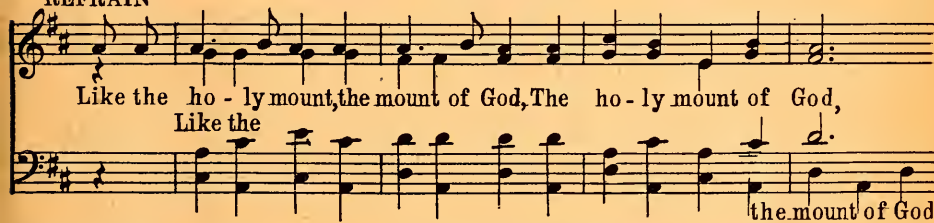


1. All they that put their trust in God Can nev- er be re - mov'd  
 2. As round a - bout Je - ru - sa - lem The rug - ged moun - tains lie,  
 3. Tho fierce the storm in fur - y beat And aw - ful thun - ders roar,  
 4. Thus o - ver - shad - ow'd by His love Where noth - ing can be - tide,



They stand se - cure like Zi - on's mount, By man - y a - ges prov'd.  
 So round a - bout His ho - ly saints Our Fa - ther God is nigh.  
 The chil - dren of the might - y God Are shel - ter'd ev - er - more.  
 With - in this ref - uge safe and sure I ev - er would a - bide.

## REFRAIN



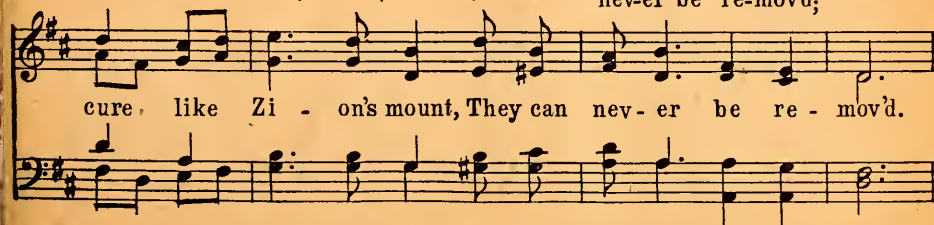
Like the ho - ly mount, the mount of God, The ho - ly mount of God,  
 Like the  
 the mount of God,



They stand se - cure like Zi - on's mount By man - y a - ges prov'd.  
 They stand secure like Zion's



They can nev - er, nev - er be re - mov'd, can nev - er be re - mov'd; They stand se -  
 They can  
 nev - er be re - mov'd;



cure, like Zi - on's mount, They can nev - er be re - mov'd.

## Send the Light

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL

Chas. H. Gabriel

1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light! . . .  
 2. We have heard the Ma-ce-do-nian call to-day,  
 3. Let us pray that grace may ev'-ry-where a-bound,  
 4. Let us not grow wea-ry in the work of love, "Send the light!

Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,  
 And a gold-en of-f'ring at the cross we lay,  
 And a Christ-like spir-it ev'-ry-where be found,  
 Send the light!" Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a-bove,

Send the light! Send the light! Send the light! Send the light!

CHORUS

{ Send the light, . . . the bless-ed gos-pel light, Let it  
 { Send the light, . . . and let its ra-diant beams Light the  
 Send the light, the bless-ed gos-pel light,

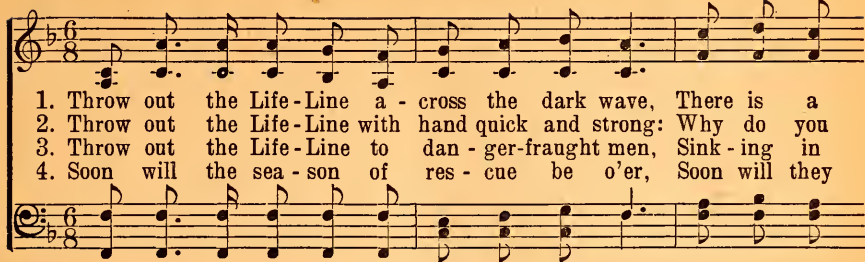
shine . . . from shore to shore! . . .  
 world . . . for-ev-er- (Omit . . . ) more. . .  
 Let it shine from shore to shore! for-ev-er-more.



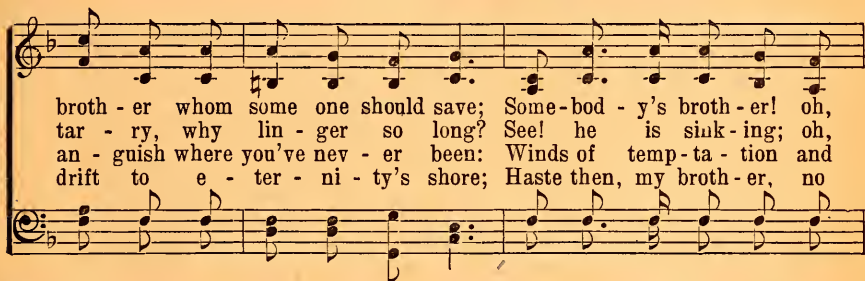
## Throw Out the Life-Line

Rev. Edwin S. Ufford

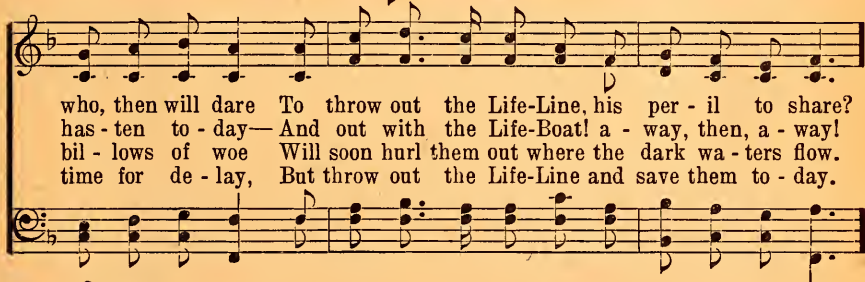
Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins



1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a  
 2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you  
 3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan - ger-fraught men, Sink - ing in  
 4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they

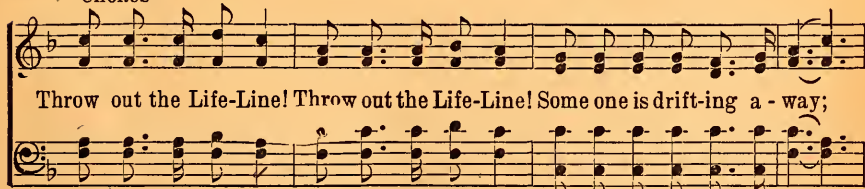


broth - er whom some one should save; Some - bod - y's broth - er! oh,  
 tar - ry, why lin - ger so long? See! he is sink - ing; oh,  
 an - guish where you've nev - er been: Winds of temp - ta - tion and  
 drift to e - ter - ni - ty's shore; Haste then, my broth - er, no

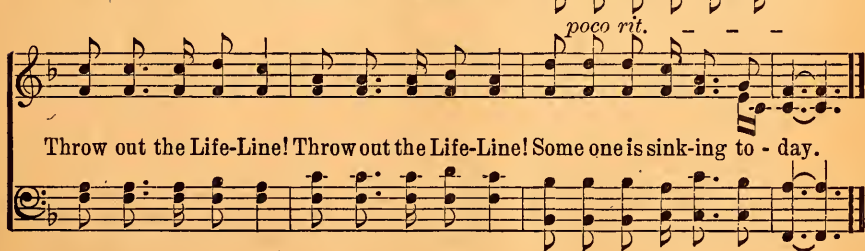


who, then will dare To throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?  
 has - ten to - day— And out with the Life-Boat! a - way, then, a - way!  
 bil - lows of woe Will soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow.  
 time for de - lay, But throw out the Life-Line and save them to - day.

## CHORUS



Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift - ing a - way;



*poco rit.*  
 Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink - ing to - day.

*p* Duet

1. How blest to be with God a-lone The ho-ly place with-in, That  
 2. I sense His sa-cred pres-ence near As one our spir-its blend, He  
 3. 'Tis here I drop my ev-'ry care And sink in-to His arms With-  
 4. That sanc-tu-a-ry of the soul, Those si-len-ces so dear Where  
 5. I hear the mu-sic of His word, I feel His kind em-brace, And  
 6. How sweet to be with Christ a-lone A-bove the world's loud din, That

1. calm re-treat to doubt un-known Be-yond the storms of sin! 0  
 win-try storms of sin!  
 2. whis-pers low, Dis-miss the fear, Thy Ma-ker is thy Friend! 0  
 con-stant Friend!  
 3. in the se-cret shrine of pray'r, Se-cure from all a-larms. 0  
 the world's a-larms.  
 4. ev-'ry bur-den we un-roll, Im-mune to grief and fear. 0  
 to doubt and fear.  
 5. on the bo-som of my Lord Look up-ward in His face. 0  
 smil-ing face.  
 6. safe re-treat to pil-grims known, Be-yond the pale of sin! 0  
 and pow'r of sin!

Soprano Solo

hal-low'd hour of ec-sta-cy When from the world we stray, For-

Duet

*dim.* Alto Soprano Duet

get the roar of life's mad sea And turn a-side, and turn a-side to pray-

1. Will you come, will you come, No long-er to roam In the coun-try of  
 2. Will you come, will you come? We wel-come you home, All the saints will their  
 3. There is rest for the feet, Sal-va-tion com-plete, And a joy that shall  
 4. There is room in the fold; His truth, as of old, Still is ech-oed from  
 5. Why then wan-der in sin Con-demn'd and un-clean, In the val-ley of  
 6. Wea-ry, des-o-late heart, For heav'n make a start, Leave the shades of the

1. want and cold While the Shepherd of men Is call-ing a-gain To the  
 2. harps em-ploy As they see from a far How God's guid-ing star Lead-eth  
 3. nev-er cease; There is par-don for all Who now at His call Would re  
 4. off that shore Where the dear an-gels dwell Who love thee so well, Safe in  
 5. grim des-pair Where no hope is in sight, But black-ness of night Cir-cles  
 6. far a-way; Turn from fol-ly and sin That king-dom to win, And ac-

CHORUS

1. warmth of His shelt-ring fold?  
 2. on to the land of joy.  
 3. ceive His a-bid-ing peace.  
 4. glo-ry for ev-er-more.  
 5. all who are trav'-ling there?  
 6. cept of His grace to-day.

Will you come at His call, Sur-

ren-dring all, To start for the land of light? Will you  
 glo-ry and light?

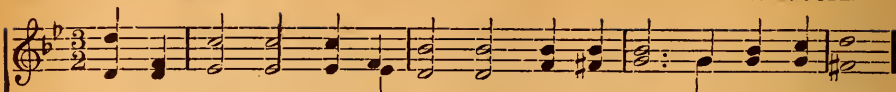
list to His voice, Make Christ your choice And en-list in the cause of right?



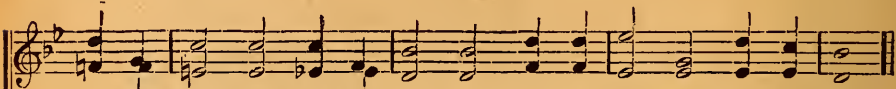
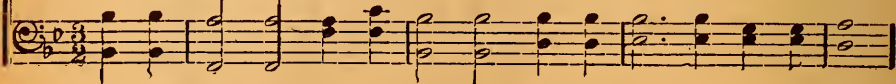
## Spirits Call Us.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.

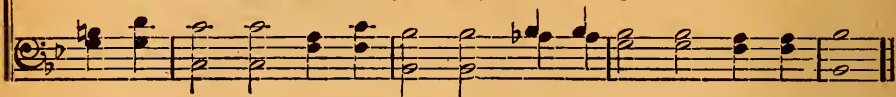
W. H. JUDE.



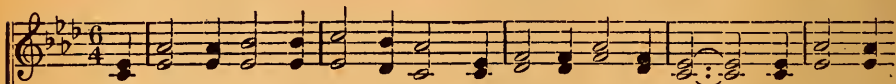
1. Spir - its call us; o'er the tu - mult, Of our life's wild rest-less sea,
2. As of old the pro-phets heard them, By the Gal - i - le - an lake;
3. Spir - its call us; for they love us, An - gels, help us hear the call!
4. An - gels call us from our trou - ble, There-fore earth has lost its gloom;



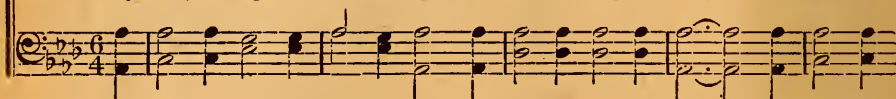
Day and night these mes-sage bear - ers, Send the ti - dings "we're with Thee."  
 So in homes, and halls, and tem - ples, Still they come for our dear sake.  
 Send we back af - fec-tion's mes - sage, We love an - gels, love them all.  
 Ev - en death is shorn of pow - er, There is light with - in the tomb.



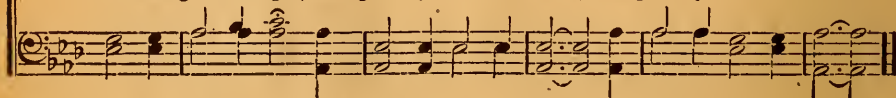
## 35 Come, Gentle Spirits.



1. Come, gen - tle spir - its, to us now, Look on with ten-der eyes; Touch your soft
2. Come from your homes of per - fect light, Come from your silvery streams, Come from your
3. O speak to us in gen - tle tones! Our hearts are seek - ing now A beau - ty
4. They come, and night is no more night, Pale sor-row's reign is o'er; For death is



hands up - on each brow, Sweet spir-its from the skies, Sweet spir-its from the skies.  
 scenes of joy more bright Than we e'er know in dreams, Than we e'er know in dreams.  
 like to that which shines Up - on each an - gel brow, Up - on each an - gel brow.  
 but a gate of light, And gloom-y now no more, And gloom-y now no more.



## There Shall Be Showers of Blessing

EL NATHAN

JAMES MCGRANAHAN



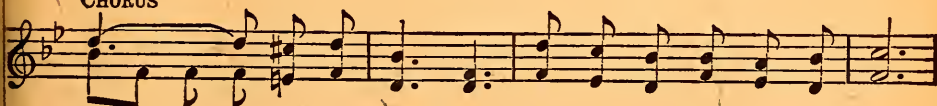
1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Pre-cious re - viv-ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Send them up-on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Oh, that to - day they might fall,



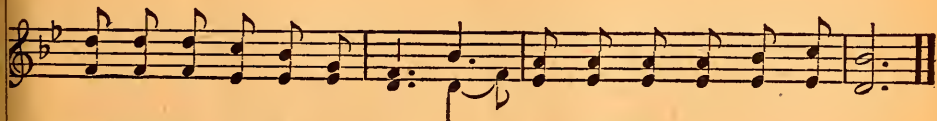
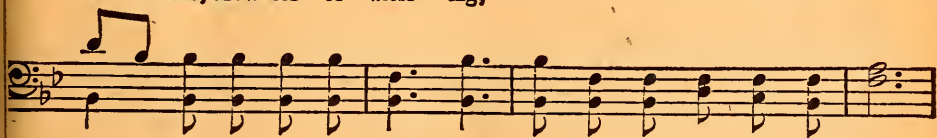
There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Father a - bove.  
 O - ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a - bun-dance of rain.  
 Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word.  
 Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as before Him we fall!



## CHORUS



Show - - ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need:  
 Show - ers, show-ers of bless-ing,



Mer-cy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead.



## In the Sunlight of To-day.

Dr. T. WILKINS.

ZAIDA BROWN KATES.

1. Let us march and nev - er wea - ry, Nev - er fal - ter by the way; Let us make the  
 2. Let us grasp the hand that smites us, And hold an - ger hard at bay; Wronging others  
 3. Let us bear each oth - ers sor - rows, And give sym - pa - thy full sway; Looking for the

## CHORUS.

world more cheer - y, In the sun - light of to - day.  
 nev - er rights us, In the sun - light of to - day. } In the sunlight of to - day, In the  
 bright to - mor - rows, In the sun - light of to - day.

sun - light of to - day: Let us make the world more cheery, In the sunlight of to - day.

## Gentle Angels, Pilot Me.

J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Gen - tle An - gels, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes - tuous sea;  
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;  
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

D.C. - Chart and com - pass came from thee, Gen - tle An - gels, pi - lot me.  
 D.C. - Psych - ic sov - 'reigns of the sea, Gen - tle An - gels, pi - lot me.  
 D.C. - May I hear thee say to, me "Fear not. I will pi - lot thee." D.C.

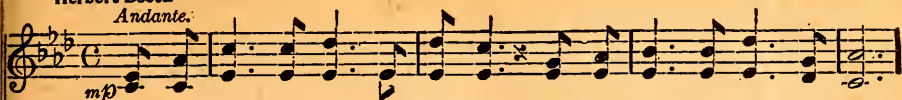
Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;  
 Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will, When thou say - est, "Peace, be still;"  
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean - ing on thy breast,



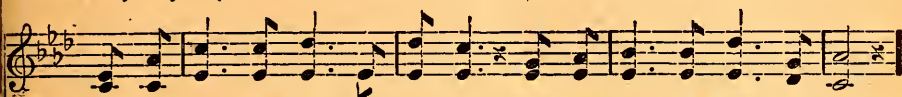
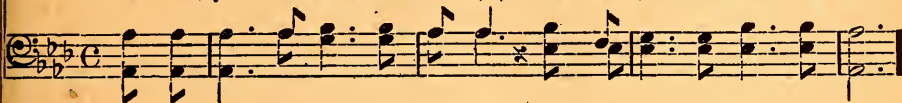
## When the Pearly Gates Unfold.

Herbert Booth

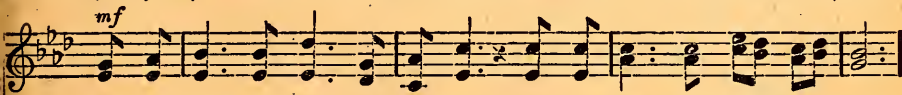
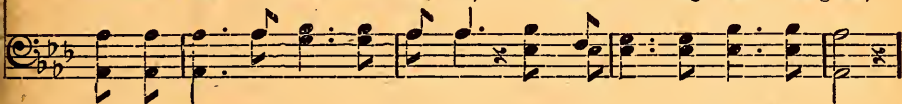
Herbert Booth.

*Andante.*

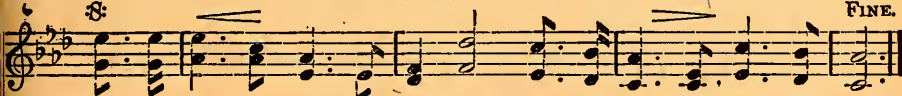
1. I have found a joy in serv-ice This dear world is much to me;  
 2. When the voice of lov'd ones call me, And the an-gels whis-per low;  
 3. Just be-yond the waves of Jor-dan, Just be-yond the swell-ing tide;



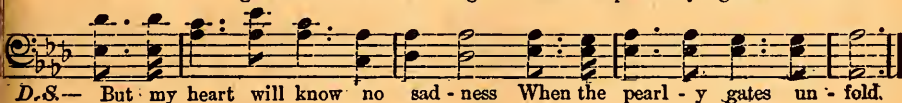
All its pleas-ures are aug-ment-ed Since the light of truth I see,  
 I will lean up-on the dear ones, Thro' the val-ley as I go;  
 Blooms the tree of life im-mor-tal, And the liv-ing wa-ters glide;



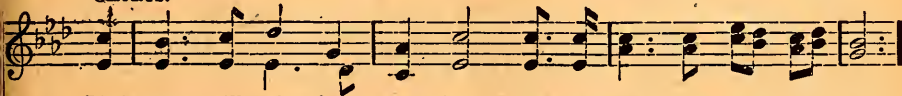
Tho' my friends de-spise, for-sake me, And on me the world looks cold;  
 I will claim their pre-cious prom-ise, Worth to me a world of gold:  
 In that hap-py land of-spir-its, Flow-ers bloom on hills of gold,



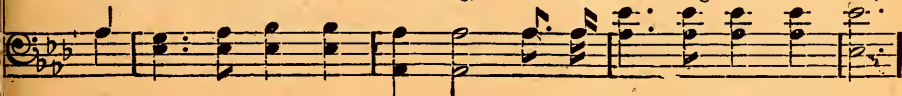
Spir-it friends will not for-get me When the pearl-y gates un-fold.  
 "Fear no e-vil," 'Till be with thee, When the pearl-y gates un-fold.  
 And the an-gels are a-wait-ing Where the pearl-y gates un-fold.



*D.S.*— But my heart will know no sad-ness When the pearl-y gates un-fold.  
 CHORUS.



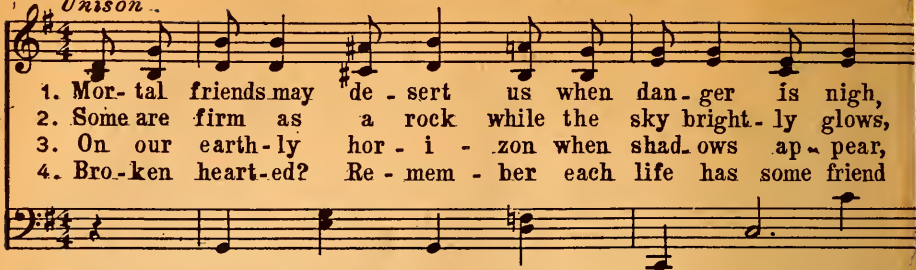
Life's morn will soon be wan-ing, And its eve-ning bells will toll;



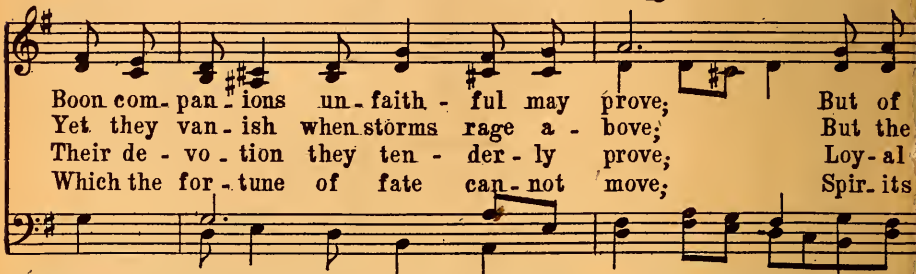
Thoro Harris

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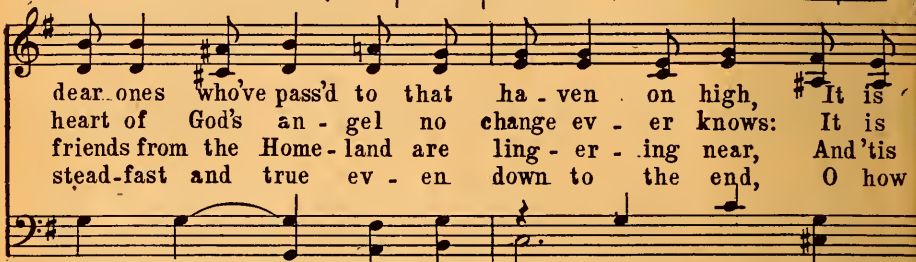
Thoro Harris

*Unison*


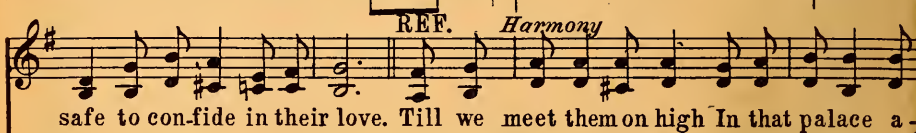
1. Mor-tal friends may de-sert us when dan-ger is nigh,  
 2. Some are firm as a rock while the sky bright-ly glows,  
 3. On our earth-ly hor-i-zon when shad-ows ap-pear,  
 4. Bro-ken heart-ed? Re-mem-ber each life has some friend



Boon com-pan-ions un-faith-ful may prove; But of  
 Yet they van-ish when storms rage a-bove; But the  
 Their de-vo-tion they ten-der-ly prove; Loy-al  
 Which the for-tune of fate can-not move; Spir-its



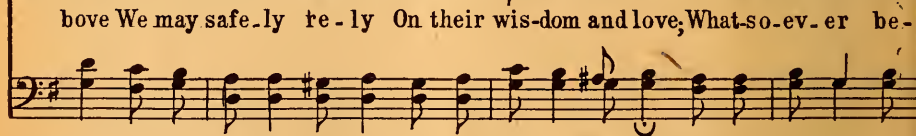
dear ones who've pass'd to that ha-ven on high, It is  
 heart of God's an-gel no change ev-er knows: It is  
 friends from the Home-land are ling-er-ing near, And'tis  
 stead-fast and true ev-en down to the end, O how



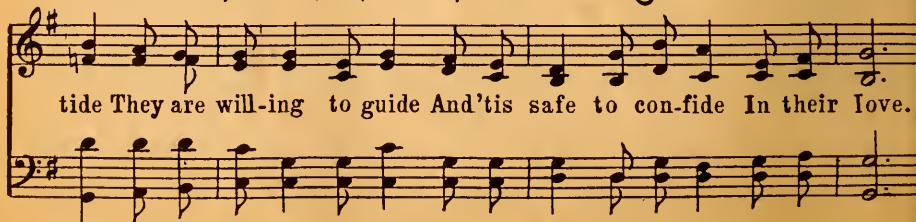
REF. *Harmony*  
 safe to con-fide in their love. Till we meet them on high In that palace a-



*cresc.*  
 bove We may safe-ly re-ly On their wis-dom and love, What-so-ev-er be-



tide They are will-ing to guide And'tis safe to con-fide In their love.



## Way Up in Glory

Thoro Harris

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Thoro Harris

1. Hap-py land, Morn-ing land, Bright and fair, Meet me there, O-ver the  
 2. Moth-er dear, Gone be-fore, Sweet and fair, Meet her there, With kindred  
 3. Fa-ther's gone Up on high: Meet him there, Meet him there, Well you re-  
 4. Loy-al hearts Don't for-get: Now pre-pare, Meet them there, There at the

riv-er where the shad-ows nev-er fall; Join that band, An-gel band.  
 spir-its thru the halls of Zi-on roam; Hear her call, Dar-ling child,  
 mem-ber how he toild be-neath the load; Oft you feel He is nigh-  
 banquet where is spread the feast of love, Where the sun Ne'er shall set,

Bright and fair O-ver there, Up in my ev-er-last-ing home, (heav-ly home).  
 Meet me there, Greet me there, Up in that ev-er-last-ing home.  
 Meet him there, Greet him there, Up in that heav-en-ly a-bode.  
 Meet them there, Greet them there, Up in that ev-er-last-ing home.

REFRAIN  
 O that home, sweet home in the sum-mer-land Where the love-ly flow'rs are

grow-ing And the streams of life are flow-ing; O the joy-ful strains from the

an-gel band Far a-way up in glo-ry! meet me there (meet me there).

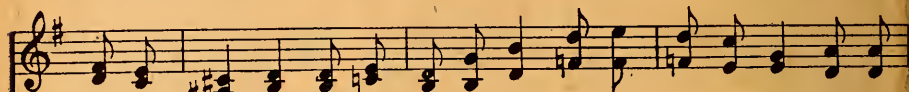


Thoro Harris

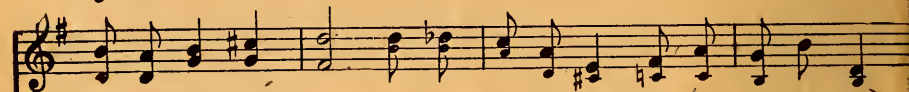
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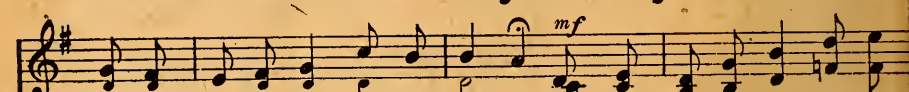
1. Earth-ly skies seem bright And our spir - its light When we hear the birds  
2. Should dark clouds a-rise, Hid - ing sun - ny skies, Tho we dread the storm



Blithe-ly sing-ing, Praising God a-bove For His ten-der love, And the  
Stern-ly brew-ing, Sim-ply trust-ing still Fa-ther's gra-cious will, We will




sun-beams round us play. As we on-ward go We re-joice to know  
lift our hands to pray. Need we 'ev-er fear While our Lord is near,

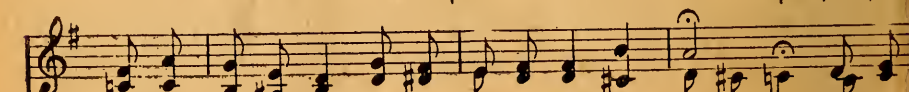


Fa-ther loves us so, Mer-cies bring-ing; And we join to raise Cease-less  
Speak-ing words of cheer? Still "pur-su - ing", As we for-ward move To our

CHORUS



songs of praise, Sing-ing glo-ry all the way. Ev -'ry - where we go  
home a - bove, Let us sing a - long the way.



Hap-py songs shall flow, Sweet-ly ring-ing all the day; Prais-ing  
live-long day;

One a - bove For His bound-less love, We will sing a - long the way.

# 43 A Sunny-Face Christian

Ada Blenkhorn Copyright 1941 by Thoro Harris in Glad Tidings Thoro Harris

1. A storm-y sky o'er me, The way dark be-fore me, No rift in the  
 2. When trou-bles per-plex me And lit-tle things vex me, To Je-sus my  
 3. My hap-pi-ness voic-ing In songs of re-joic-ing To know that He

cloud I can see. I'd look on the bright side, For it is the right-side,  
 ref-uge I flee; His kind word be-liev-ing, His bless-ing-re-ceive-ing,  
 ear-eth for me, To make the world bright-er. And sad hearts grow light-er,

CHORUS

A sun-ny-face Chris-tian I'd be. A sun-ny-face Chris-tian I'd

be, A bless-ing to each one I see; I'd look on the  
 ev-er would be, To each one I see;

bright side, For it is the right side, A sun-ny-face Chris-tian I'd be.

1. They shall not pass my con-scious-ness, these tho'ts of grim despair; I  
 2. They shall not pass! Each time I sense these mag-ic words, I know My

must ward off such en- e-mies that haunt me ev- 'ry-where. They shall not  
 God is near, at length at-tun'd to Him, I'll fear no fo. They shall not

pass: I guard the line, these imps of doubt and fear Must perish where they stand, for  
 pass, for now by faith I view the promis'd land While on the top of Pis-gah's

CHORUS

God is near.  
 my lov-ing Friend is near. They shall not pass my consciousness, for  
 high I stand.  
 like one of old I stand.

I to God be-long, Thru Him I have the vic-to-ry, His  
 I to God be-long,

pow'r hath made me strong When'er my way seems dark, when'er my lag-ging  
 pow'r hath made me strong



faith grows dim, I will de-clare we are "com-plete in Him!" com-plete in Him.

45

## Fall Into Line

Thoro Harris

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Thoro Harris

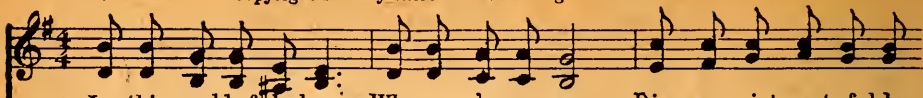
1. Du - ty is call-ing her sol-diers to-day, Call-ing for spir-its both
2. Now is the time to make known to the world Vic - to-ry's crown we are
3. E - vil may boast of her won-der-ful might: Truth shall prevail when the

faith-ful and strong. En-ter the ar-m-y, and on to the fray, Fear-less to  
striv-ing to win. Forth to the con-flict, with banners unfurld, Challenge the  
bat-tle is past. God the all-con-q'ring is leading the fight, Vict'ry will

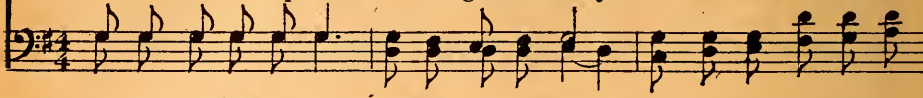
fight 'gainst the wrong. le - gions of sin! crown you at last. Fall in - to line, soldiers, fall in - to line!

Heed now the call of your Cap-tain di-vine; En-ter His ser-vice and

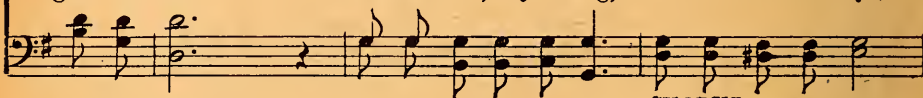
do not de-lay, Move on to the field to-day.



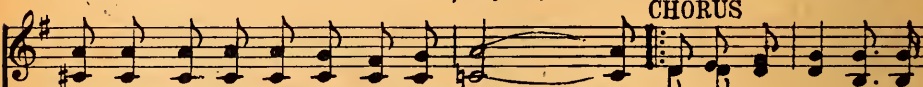
1. In this world of dark-ness Where-so-e'er we go Dis- ap-point-ments fol-low  
 2. Here de-lu-sive pleasures Tempt our feet to roam, Beck'ning us to paths that  
 3. Who can tell the rap-tures Of that glad-some day When with lov'd ones who have



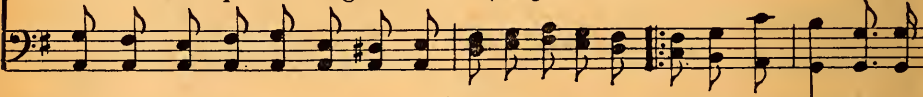
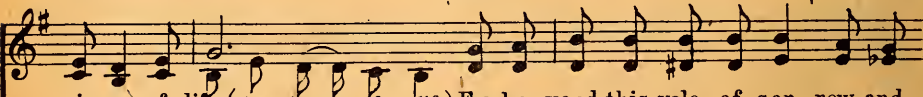
ev-'ry day; When we get to heav-en This will not be so;  
 lead a-stray; These will be for-got-ten When we reach our home  
 gone be-fore We shall rise, re-joic-ing, To a-bide for aye,



CHORUS



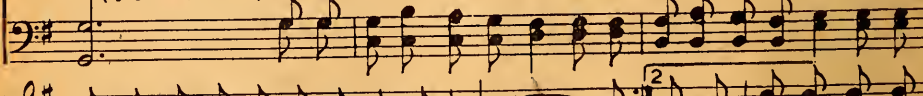
Ev-'ry tear will then be wip'd a-way (be wip'd a-way). When I sit down by the  
 In the land of ev-er-last-ing day (e-ter-nal day). When I sit down by the  
 Gath-er'd safe up-on the gold-en shore (that gold-en shore)?

riv-er of life (the riv-er of life) Far be-yond this vale of sor-row and  
 riv-er so wide (so deep and wide) At the ban-quet which the King will pro-



strife (this vale of strife) All our kindred will be there, Ho-ly an-gels bright and fair; In that  
 vide (by grace provide)



land be-yond compare You'll want to be there (Mid scenes so rare) Not a shad-ow, not a



care, Not one burden hard to bear When I sit down by the riv - er of life,

# 47 A Little While Longer

Rev. E. A. Lowell

Rev. Alynne Arde

A lit-tle while long-er I'll wait here be-low, A lit-tle while longer I'll

wait, Re-ceiv-ing love's message with heart all a-glow From Spir-it-land's

beau-ti-ful gate. A lit-tle while longer the rose with the thorn, My

heart growing stronger to wel-come the morn When lov'd ones shall greet me and

joy reign supreme, A lit-tle while longer-then love's golden dream. A - men.



1. O how sweet to know, As the sum-mer rose Ris-eth to ful-fill-ment  
 2. Ah, how blest are they Who with pa-tience wait E-ven when the fo their  
 3. 'Tis for man to prove By an ho-ly life, Faith in pow'r di-vine need

with each passing day, So the Fa-ther's plan To per-fec-tion grows, Hold-ing  
 hope would un-der-mine, By a fer-vid trust None should un-der-rate, Pois'd up-  
 nev-er wane or fall. On-ly good en-dures 'Mid the rag-ing strife, O-ver

## CHORUS

us with-in its blessed sway. Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah!  
 on the mount of His de-sign! Hal-le-lu-jah, a-men! hal-le-lu-jah a-gain!  
 com-ing fear since God is all.

Praise and glo-ry be to God Who re-de-ems us by His word; Hal-le-

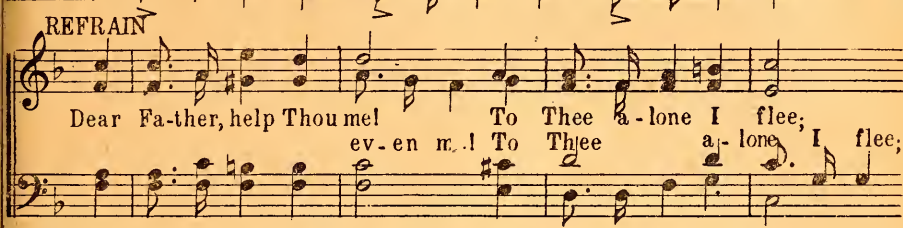
lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! Glory, glory be to God on high.  
 lu-jah a-gain, hal-le-lu-jah, a-men!

1. O gra-cious Fa-ther, Friend un-seen! The weak-est soul on Thee may lean;  
 2. Tho earth-ly friends un-faith-ful prove, Stay Thou my heart on things a-bove;  
 3. E'en tho earth comforts be de-nied, I can not-but be sat-is-fied

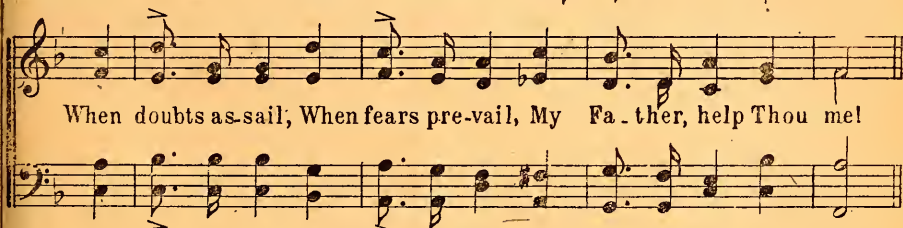


Let naught a-rise to in-ter-vene Be-tween my soul and Thee.  
To dwell in Thy un-changing love O Fa-ther, help Thou me!  
While in Thy grace I still a-bide And wor-ship none but Thee.

REFRAIN



Dear Fa-ther, help Thou me! To Thee a-lone I flee;  
ev-en more To Thee a-lone, I flee;

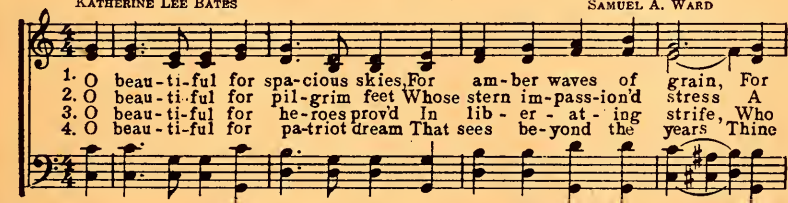


When doubts as-sail, When fears pre-vail, My Fa-ther, help Thou me!

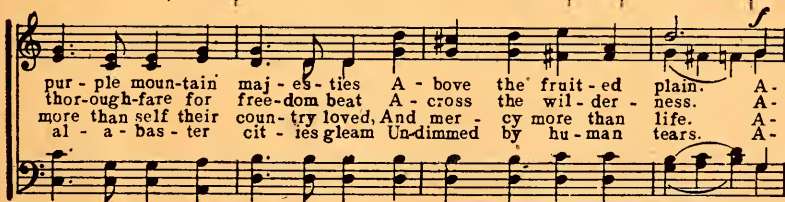
50 America the Beautiful

KATHERINE LEE BATES

SAMUEL A. WARD



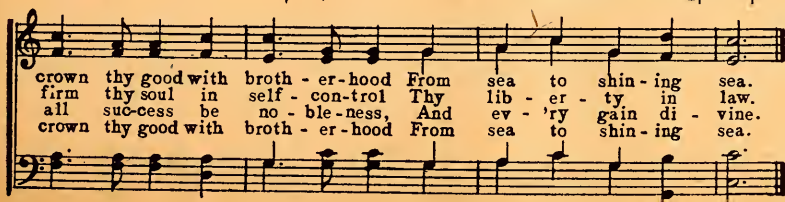
1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain, For  
2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet Whose stern im-pass-ion'd stress A  
3. O beau-ti-ful for he-ros provid In lib-er-at-ing strife, Who  
4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years Thine



pur-ple moun-tain maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain, A-  
thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness, A-  
more than self their coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life, A-  
al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam Un-dimmed by hu-man tears, A-



mer-i-cal A-mer-i-cal God shed His grace on thee, And  
mer-i-cal A-mer-i-cal God mend thine ev-'ry flaw, Con-  
mer-i-cal A-mer-i-cal May God thy gold re-fine, Till  
mer-i-cal A-mer-i-cal God shed His grace on thee, And



crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea.  
firm thy soul in self-con-trol Thy lib-er-ty in law.  
all suc-cess be no-ble-ness, And ev-'ry gain di-vine.  
crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea.

## Like as a Father

Thoro Harris

Copyright 1940 by Thoro Harris in Glad Tidings

Thoro Harris

*Andante*

1. Like as a fa - ther Cares for his child, God loves the err - ing, By  
 2. Like as a fa - ther, God of all grace, He to His bo - som Would  
 3. Like as a fa - ther, Al - ways the same, God who hath made us Know -  
 4. Like as a fa - ther Chastens His own, He for their wel - fare Scour -  
 5. Like as a fa - ther, Graciously, He In tender mer - cy Hears

1. sin be - guild, Call - ing "who - ev - er will," Wait - ing in kind - ness still,  
 2. all em - brace, Bless - ing them day by day, List - ning to hear them pray,  
 3. eth our frame; Watch - ing the stray - ing one, Shield - ing the pray - ing one,  
 4. ges each son: So shall they shar - ers be Of His own pur - i - ty  
 5. ev - 'ry plea; Far o'er the o - cean's foam Guid - ing the ex - iles home,

## REFRAIN

1. Long - ing each heart to fill, Tho long de - fil'd.  
 2. Fol - lowing where'er they stray, Know - ing each case.  
 3. Plead - ing "My way - ward son, Trust in My name?" Like as a fa - ther  
 4. Now and e - ter - nal - ly, Heirs of His throne. ten - der fa - ther  
 5. Sav - ior of souls who roam Ev - er to be.

Call - eth his chil - dren, Seek - ing the souls who roam, God leads them home  
 Pit - ieth his help - less chil - dren,

## Doubt - Faith

Thoro Harris

Doubt sees the ob - sta - cles, Faith sees the way,



Doubt sees the dark-est night, Faith sees the day; Doubt dreads to take a step,

Faith soars on high; Doubt questions, Who be-lieves? Faith answers, I.

# 53 Somebody Knows

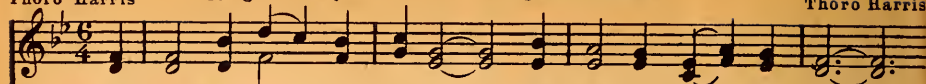
Thoro Harris Copyright 1941 by Thoro Harris in Glad Tidings Thoro Harris

1. Some-bod-y knows the con-flicts Of one who has tried and fail'd,  
 2. Some-bod-y knows the heart-throbs Of one who has lost in love,  
 3. Some one is close be-side you (You nev-er are left a-lone)

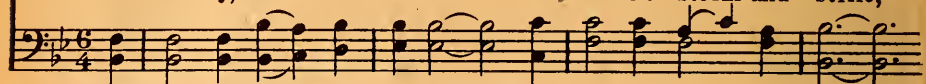
Strug-gling to meet temp-ta-tions Which long have the soul as-sail'd.  
 Bend-ing the head in sor-row, Un-mind-ful of stars a-bove.  
 Walk-ing the fi-ry fur-nace, The form of God's bless-ed Son;

Some-bod-y knows the an-guish Of him who has borne de-feat;  
 Some-bod-y feels the ar-row That pierces the heart be-reav'd;  
 And when death's darksome shadow Is o-ver the spir-it cast,

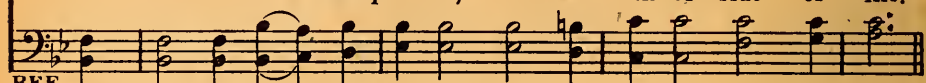
"Be of good cheer" the message He speaks as you kneel at His feet.  
 Wept He be-fore the ci-tty Which would not her Sav-ior re-ceive.  
 Some one will lead to tri-umph His low-ly dis-ci-ple at last.



1. There lies a land of glo-ry      A-cross the steep di- vide;  
 2. Here for a while we lin- ger      'Mid scenes with dan- gers rife;  
 3. Our dear ones, still they love us      And shield us day by day;  
 4. Thou wea- ry, bro- ken- hearted      A- mid the storm and strife,



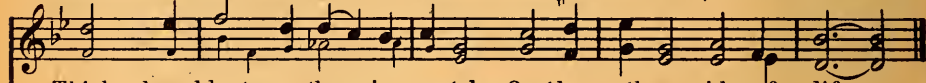
1. We hear the wel- come sto-ry From that ra- diant yon- der side.  
 2. But these are blest for- ev- er On the oth- er side of life.  
 3. They watch and wait a- bove us, Guardian an- gels all the way.  
 4. Re- mem- ber friends de- part- ed, On the oth- er side of life.



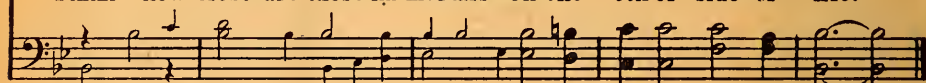
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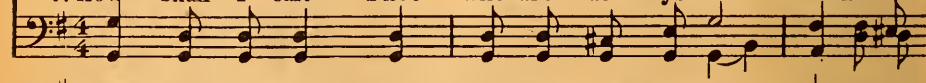
On the other side of life Lies a country free from strife;



Think how blest are those im- mortals On the oth- er side of life.

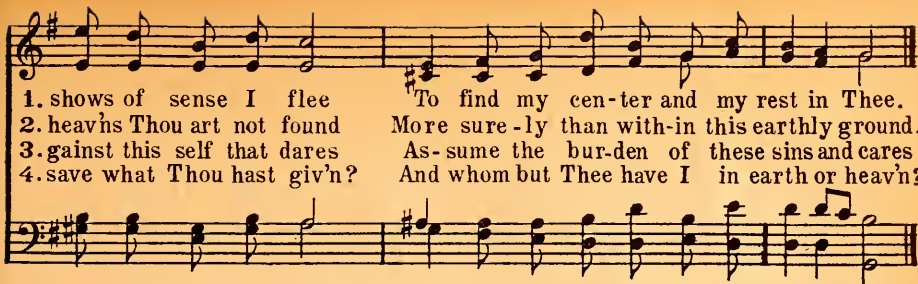


1. Thou Life with- in my life, than self more near, Thou veiled  
 2. Be low all depths Thy sav- ing mer- cy lies, Thru thickest  
 3. Take part with me a- gainst these doubts that rise, And seek to  
 4. How shall I call Thee who art al- ways here? How shall I



1. Pre- sence in- fi- nite- ly clear, From all il- lu- sive  
 2. glooms I see Thy light a- rise, A- bove the high- est  
 3. throne Thee far in dis- tant skies; Take part with me a-  
 4. praise Thee who art still most dear? What may I give Thee





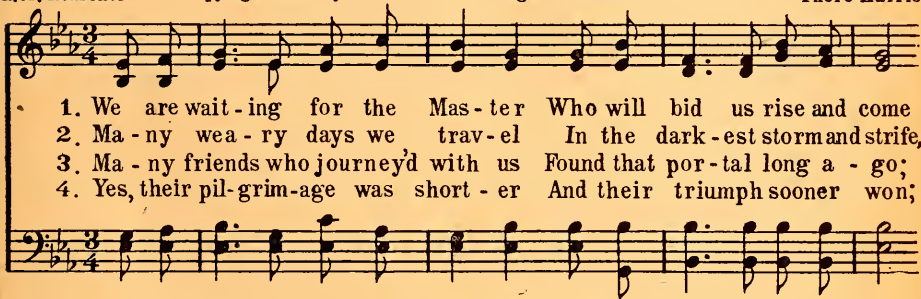
1. shows of sense I flee      To find my cen-ter and my rest in Thee.  
 2. heav'n's Thou art not found      More sure-ly than with-in this earthly ground.  
 3. gainst this self that dares      As-sume the bur-den of these sins and cares.  
 4. save what Thou hast giv'n?      And whom but Thee have I in earth or heav'n?

# 56      Waiting At the Door

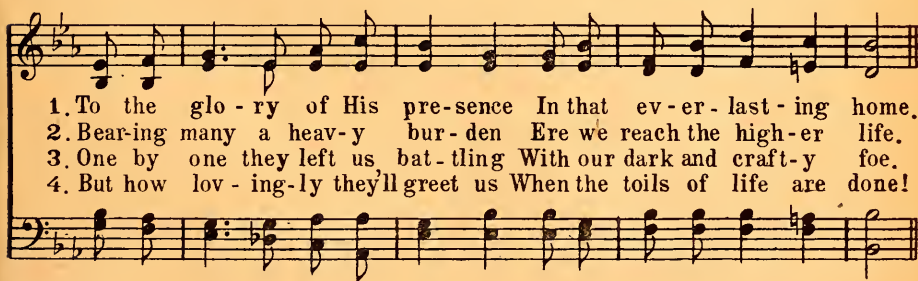
K. M. Reasoner

Copyright 1943 by Thoro Harris in "Songs of Summerland"

Thoro Harris



1. We are wait-ing for the Mas-ter Who will bid us rise and come  
 2. Ma - ny wea - ry days we trav-el In the dark-est storm and strife,  
 3. Ma - ny friends who journey'd with us Found that por-tal long a - go;  
 4. Yes, their pil-grim-age was short - er And their triumph sooner won;

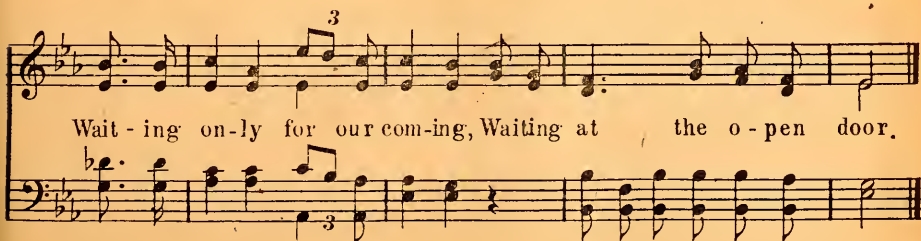


1. To the glo - ry of His pre-sence In that ev-er-last-ing home.  
 2. Bear-ing many a heav-y bur-den Ere we reach the high-er life.  
 3. One by one they left us, bat-tling With our dark and craft-y foe.  
 4. But how lov-ing-ly they'll greet us When the toils of life are done!

## REFRAIN



They are wait-ing at the por-tal, All the lov'd ones gone be-fore,



Wait-ing on-ly for our com-ing, Waiting at the o-pen door.



*p*

1. Guide me to my rest, an - gel, Guide me to my rest,  
2. Lead me day by day, an - gel, Lead me on my way

1. Guide me to my rest,

Lead thru storm or sun - shine, For Fa - ther knows what's best.  
To the shin - ing gates of heav'n, The gold - en spires of day,

Keep my feet from stumb - ling O'er life's rug - ged road;  
Till I view the glo - ry Of my home on high, thorn-y road;  
won-drous home on high,

1. Keep my feet from stumbling

*p*

May each eve - ning find me Still near - er to my God.  
And my la - bor - end - ed, I bid this world good - by.

CHORUS

Guide me safe - ly home, an - gel, Nev - er more to roam (still guide me);

Guide me safe - ly home, safe - ly home;

*rit.*

Watch - ing o'er me, Go be - fore me, Guide me safe - ly home.  
to my heav'n - ly home.

## Keep in Touch With Angels

Thoro Harris

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Thoro Harris

1. Would you help some com-rade On his home-ward way, Would you lift the fall-en  
 2. Would you prove vic-to-rious O'er each wi-ly foe, Live the life all-glo-rious  
 3. Hold-ing blest communion With your friends each day, Blissful spir-it un-ion

Who have gone a-stray, Ren-der cheer-ful ser-vice To each soul you meet,  
 Where-so-e'er you go, Nev-er more to fal-ter, Sound-ing no re-treat,  
 All a-long the way, Dil-i-gent to la-bor, Walk life's bus-y street;

REFRAIN  
 Keep in touch with an-gels; This will keep you sweet. Keep in touch with the  
 touch with

an-gels; Life can nev-er be drear While we have for com-pan-ions  
 ne'er have

Kin-dred spir-its dear, Till in yon-der king-dom  
 who guide us;

Lov-ing hearts shall meet, Keep in touch with an-gels; This will keep you sweet.  
 a-gain shall meet,

## Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

(BETHANY. 6s, 4s.)

LOWELL MASON.

S:

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross  
 2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me,  
 3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thousendest me,  
 4. Then with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my stony griefs,  
 5. Or if, on joy-ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars forgot,

D. S.—*Near-er, my God, to Thee!*

FINE.

D. S.

That rais-eth me, Still, all my song shall be—Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
 My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
 In mercy given; An-gels to beck-on me Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
 Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
 Up-ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee!

*Near-er to Thee!*

## We Gather Here.

Thoro Harris.

Joseph Haydn, Arr. by T. H.

1. Kind Shepherd, from Thy throne a-bove Where saints and angels bow,  
 2. 'Tis by Thy grace we gath-er here To learn Thy ho-ly word;  
 3. Di-rec-ted by Thy Fa-ther hand, May need-ful grace be giv'n,

O let Thine eyes, in pi-tying love, Be-hold Thy chil-dren now.  
 We wor-ship Thee with fil-ial fear And mag-ni-fy our Lord.  
 That we at last as sons may stand A-round Thy throne in heav'n.



## Joy Cometh in the Morning.

Mrs. M. M. WEINLAND.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Oh, wea-ry pil-grim, lift your head, For joy com-eth in the morn-ing!  
 2. Ye trembling saints, dis-miss your fears, For joy com-eth in the morn-ing!  
 3. Let ev-'ry bur-den'd soul look up, For joy com-eth in the morn-ing!  
 4. Our God will wipe our tears a-way, For joy com-eth in the morn-ing!

For God in His own word has said That joy com-eth in the morn-ing!  
 And weep-ing mourn-er, dry your tears, For joy com-eth in the morn-ing!  
 And ev-'ry trembling sin-ner hope, For joy com-eth in the morn-ing!  
 Sor-row and sigh-ing flee a-way For joy com-eth in the morn-ing!

## CHORUS.

Joy com-eth in the morn-ing! Joy com-eth in the morning! Weeping may en-  
 dure, may en-dure for a night, But joy com-eth in the morn-ing.  
 by permission.

## I Saw the Light

Thoro Harris.

T. H.

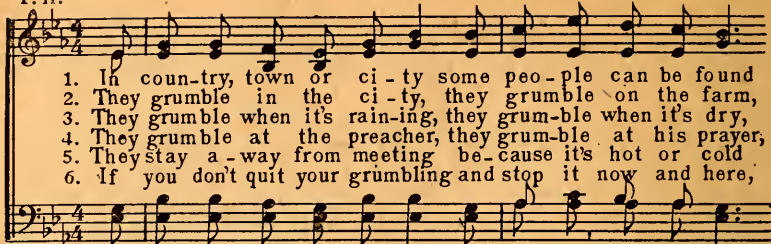
1. I saw the light, God's holy light, I saw the light, I saw the light from heaven come down.  
 2. 'Twas in the night, Sin's darkest night, 'Twas in the night I saw the light from heaven come down.  
 3. Burning and bright. How blest the sight! Burning and bright I saw the light from heaven come down.

## Grumblers

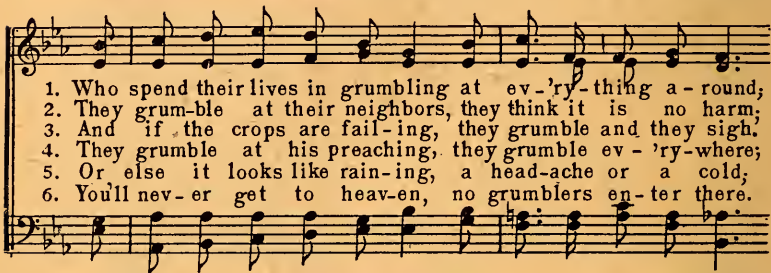
T. H.

Copyright, 1925, by Thoro Harris

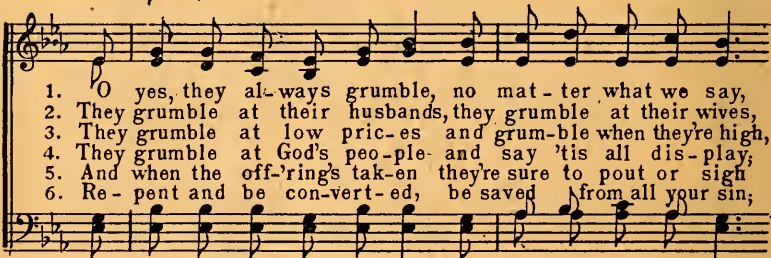
THORO HARRIS



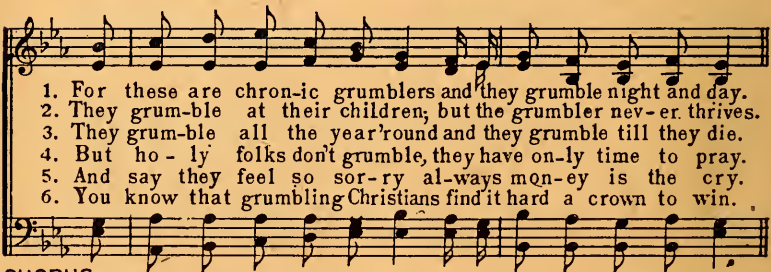
1. In coun-try, town or ci - ty some peo - ple can be found
2. They grum - ble in the ci - ty, they grum - ble on the farm,
3. They grumble when it's rain - ing, they grum - ble when it's dry,
4. They grumble at the preacher, they grum - ble at his prayer,
5. They stay a - way from meet - ing be - cause it's hot or cold,
6. If you don't quit your grum - bling and stop it now and here,



1. Who spend their lives in grum - bling at ev - 'ry - thing a - round;
2. They grum - ble at their neighbors, they think it is no harm;
3. And if the crops are fail - ing, they grumble and they sigh.
4. They grumble at his preaching, they grumble ev - 'ry - where;
5. Or else it looks like rain - ing, a head - ache or a cold;
6. You'll nev - er get to heav - en, no grumblers en - ter there.

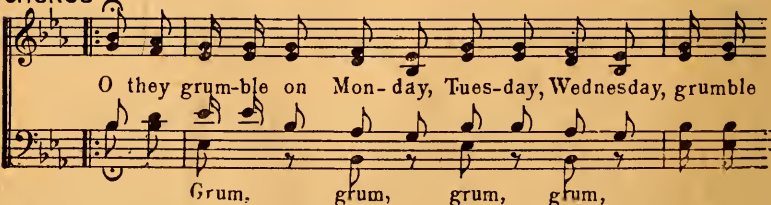


1. O yes, they al - ways grumble, no mat - ter what we say,
2. They grumble at their husbands, they grumble at their wives,
3. They grumble at low pric - es and grum - ble when they're high,
4. They grumble at God's peo - ple and say 'tis all dis - play,
5. And when the off - ring's tak - en they're sure to pout or sigh,
6. Re - pent and be con - vert - ed, be saved from all your sin;



1. For these are chron - ic grumblers and they grumble night and day.
2. They grum - ble at their children, but the grumbler nev - er thrives.
3. They grum - ble all the year 'round and they grumble till they die.
4. But ho - ly folks don't grumble, they have on - ly time to pray.
5. And say they feel so sor - ry al - ways mon - ey is the cry.
6. You know that grum - bling Christians find it hard a crown to win.

## CHORUS



O they grum - ble on Mon - day, Tues - day, Wednes - day, grumble

Grum, grum, grum, grum,

on Thursday too, Grumble on Fri-day, Sat-ur-day, Sun-day,  
Grum, grum, grum, grum,  
grum-ble the whole week thru. grum-ble the whole week thru.

64

## Work, for the Night is Coming.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work, thro' the morn-ing hours:

Work, while the dew is spark-ling, Work, 'mid spring-ing flow'rs;  
D. S. Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done.

FINE.

Work, when the day grows bright-er, Work, in the glow-ing sun;

2 Work, for the night is coming;  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest comes sure and soon.  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store:  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies.  
Work till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work, while the night is darkening,  
When man's work is o'er.



## Marching On.

R. LOWRY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

D. C.—1. Marching on! marching on! glad as birds on the wing, Come the bright ranks of  
 2. Press-ing on! press-ing on! to the din of the fray, With the firm tread of  
 3. Sing-ing on! sing-ing on! from the bat-tle we come, Ev- 'ry flag bears a

sol-diers from near and from far; Hap-py hearts, full of song, 'neath our  
 faith to the bat-tle we go; 'Mid the cheer-ing of an-gels, our  
 wreath, ev- 'ry sol-dier re-nown; Heav'n-ly an-gels are wait-ing to

FINE.

ban-ners we bring; We are sol-diers of Zi-on, pre-pared for the war.  
 ranks march a-way, With our flags point-ing ev-er right on tow'rd the foe.  
 wel-come us home, And the Sav-ior will give us a robe and a crown.

CHORUS.

Marching on! marching on! Sound the battle cry! sound the battle cry  
 march-ing on, march-ing on,

D. C.

Marching on! marching on! Shout the vic-to-ry, the vic-to-ry, the vic-to-ry!  
 march-ing on, march-ing on,

By permission.

1. O sing-ers of the mys-tic clime, Ye are not far a-way;  
 2. O not be-yond the dis-tant stars, The home of those I love,  
 3. I can-not touch their hands, I know, Their robes I can-not see;

1. For sweet-ly to my spir-its ear Come an-gels' songs to-day;  
 2. And nev-er on a far-off shore, And nev-er far a-bove,  
 3. But still I hear their mus-ic sweet, And still they talk with me.

*D.S.* 1. Ye pour your balm of heal-ing sound, The mel-o-dy of heav'n.  
 2. They guide my feet in sar-cr paths, And cheer me with their song.  
 3. The dear Lord's mes-sen-gers are they To lead me up to Him.

1. And sweet-ly to my spir-its heart, Storm-tost and tempest driv'n,  
 2. But ev-er pres-ent at my side, The dear ones walk a-long;  
 3. I fol-low where their voices lead, While earthly sounds grow dim,  
*D.S.*

## Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett.

BY PERMISSION.

Jos. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a-far; For the Fa-ther waits  
 2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me-lo-di-ous songs of the blest, And our spir-its shall  
 3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa-ther a-bove, We will of-fer our trib-ute of praise, For the glo-ri-ous

## CHORUS.

o-ver the way, To pre-pare us a dwelling place there.  
 sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall  
 gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days. In the sweet by-and-by.  
 meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.  
 by-and-by; In the sweet by-and-by.

Reginald Heber.

John B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly, in the  
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their  
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Tho' the dark - ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of

morn - ing Our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,  
 gold - en crowns A - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and Sera - phim  
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly,

Mer - ci - ful and might - y, God over all, who rules e - ter - ni - ty.  
 Fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and Ev - er - more shalt be.  
 There is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in Love, and pu - ri - ty.

69

Night.

T. H.

Thoro Harris.

1. When the day de - clin - eth O - ver wood and plain,  
 2. Dark - ness gath - ers round us, Shad - ows soft - ly creep;  
 3. Peace - ful like this gloam - ing May life's eve - ning be,

When the last beam shin - eth, Night re - turns a - gain.  
 Soon the lit - tle chil - dren Will be fast a - sleep.  
 Ush - ring in the twi - light Of e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.



# Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford.

Wm. G. Bradbury.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,  
 2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, The joy I feel, the bliss I share,  
 3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear

FINE

And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known;  
 Of those whose anx-ious spir-its burn With strong de-sires for thy re-turn!  
 To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless;

*D.S.*-And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.

*D.S.*-And glad-ly take my sta-tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

*D.S.*-I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

*D. S.*

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,  
 With such I hast - en to the place Where God, my Sav-ior, shows His face,  
 And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word and trust His grace,

## 71 Climb Up Sunshine Mountain

Climb, climb up Sunshine Mountain, Heav'nly breezes blow; Climb, climb up

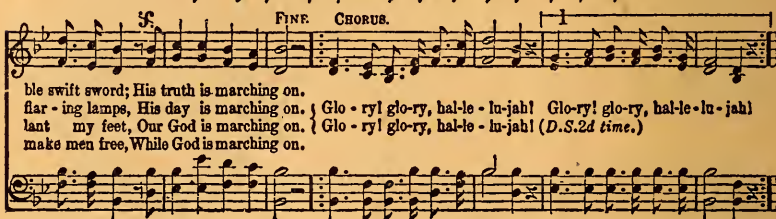
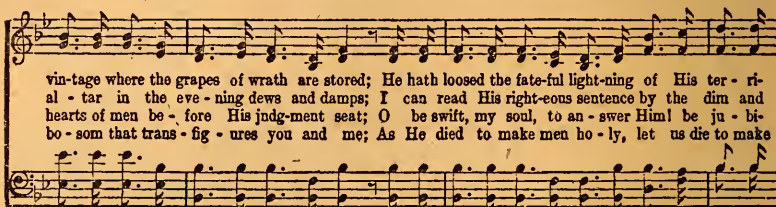
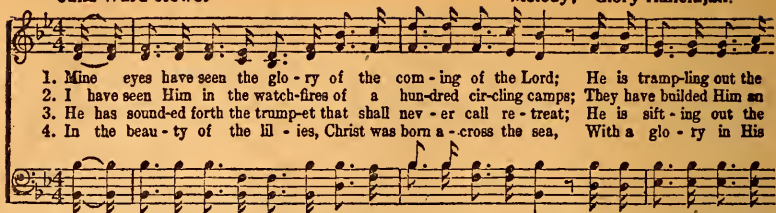
Sunshine Mountain, Fa-ces all a - glow. Turn, turn your back from doubting,

Look up to the sky; Climb, climb up Sunshine Mountain, You and I.

## Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe.

Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."

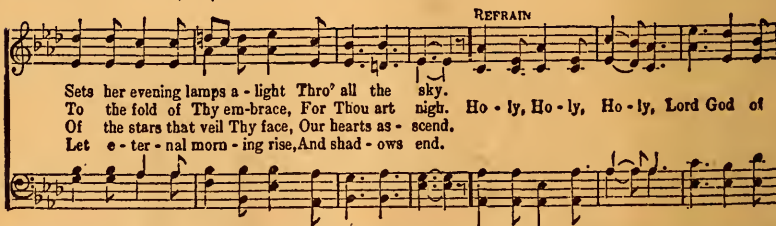
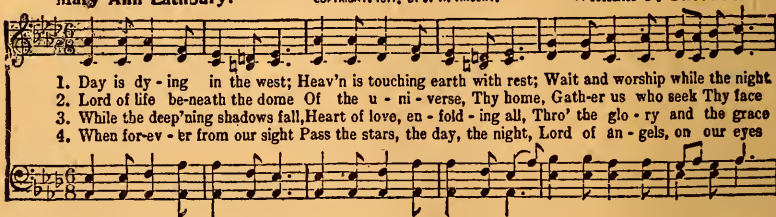


## Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury.

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William F. Sherwin.



# I FEEL LIKE TRAVELING ON.

WM. HUNTER, D. D.

Arr. by JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, I feel like trav-el-ing on,  
 2. Its glit-tring tow'rs the sun out-shine, I feel like trav-el-ing on,  
 3. Let oth-ers seek a home be-low, I feel like trav-el-ing on,  
 4. The Lord has been so good to me, I feel like trav-el-ing on,

Nor pain, nor death can en-ter there, I feel like trav-el-ing on.  
 That heav'nly mansion shall be mine, I feel like trav-el-ing on.  
 Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow, I feel like trav-el-ing on.  
 Un-til that bless-ed home I see, I feel like trav-el-ing on.

**REFRAIN.**

Yes, I feel like trav-el-ing on, I feel like trav-el-ing  
 trav-el-ing on,

on; My heav'nly home is bright and fair, I feel like trav-el-ing on.  
 trav-el-ing on;

75

## Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw.

George A. Minor.

1. { Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve; }  
 { Wait-ing for the harvest, and the time of reaping, We shall } come re-joic-ing

**FINE CHORDS.**

bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,  
 D.S.—Second time.

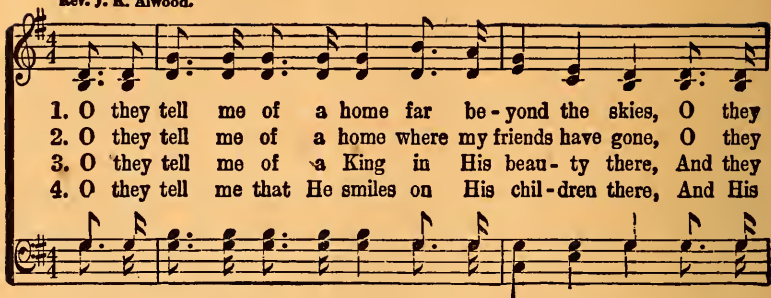
2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,  
 Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;  
 By and by the harvest and the labor ended,  
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,  
 Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;  
 When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,  
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

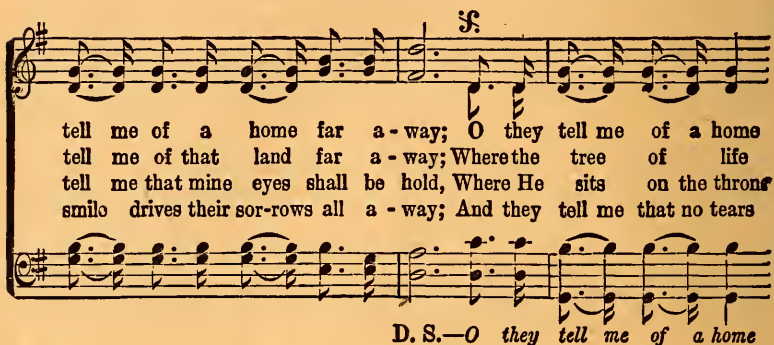


## The Unclouded Day.

Words and melody by  
Rev. J. K. Alwood.

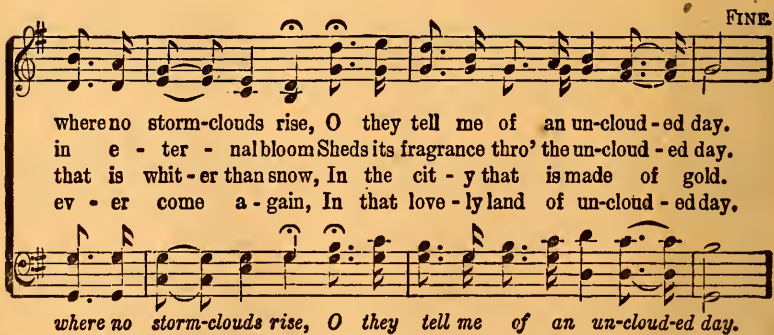


1. O they tell me of a home far be-yond the skies, O they  
2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they  
3. O they tell me of a King in His beau-ty there, And they  
4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil-dren there, And His



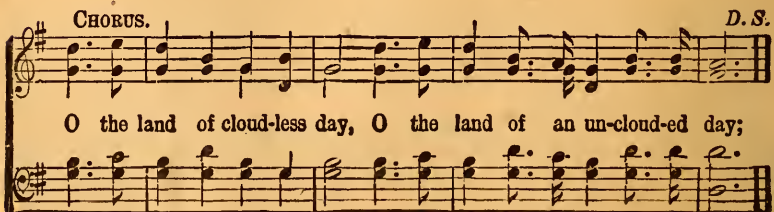
tell me of a home far a-way; O they tell me of a home  
tell me of that land far a-way; Where the tree of life  
tell me that mine eyes shall be hold, Where He sits on the throne  
smile drives their sor-rows all a-way; And they tell me that no tears

D. S.—O they tell me of a home



where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.  
in e - ter - nal bloom Sheds its fragrance thro' the un-cloud-ed day.  
that is whit-er than snow, In the cit-y that is made of gold.  
ev - er come a - gain, In that love-ly land of un-cloud-ed day.

where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.



CHORUS. D. S.  
O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un-cloud-ed day;

## Abandoned

THORO HARRIS, arr.

Copyright, 1934, by Thoro Harris

GRACE P. NICHOLSON

1. Ut-ter-ly a-ban-doned to the Ho-ly Ghost! Seek-ing all His  
 2. Ut-ter-ly a-ban-doned to the Ho-ly Ghost! O the sink-ing  
 3. Ut-ter-ly a-ban-doned to the will of God, Seek-ing for no  
 4. Ut-ter-ly a-ban-doned! no will of my own: Thru e-ter-nal  
 5. Ut-ter-ly a-ban-doned! 'tis so sweet to be Cap-tive to His  
 6. Ut-ter-ly a-ban-doned! O the rest is sweet As I tar-ry,

1. ful-ness at what-ev-er cost, Cut-ting all the shore-lines,  
 2. sink-ing un-til self is lost! Till the emp-tied ves-sel  
 3. oth-er path than Je-sus trod, Leav-ing ease and pleasure,  
 4. a-ges His, and His a-lone: All my plans and wish-es  
 5. love bonds, yet so won-drous free; Free from sin's de-vic-es,  
 6. wait-ing, at His bless-ed feet; Wait-ing for the com-ing

launching in the deep Of His might-y power, strong to save and keep  
 bro-ken at His feet, Waiteth till His fill-ing makes the work complete  
 mak-ing Him my choice, Waiting for His guidance, list'n-ing for His voice  
 lost in His sweet will, Hav-ing noth-ing, yet in Him, possessing still.  
 free from doubt and fear, Free from ev-'ry wor-ry, bur-den, grief or care.  
 of the Guest divine Who my in most be-ing shall Him-self re-fine.

*D.S. nev-er shall grow dim While I keep my vow-a-ban-doned un-to Him.*  
 REFRAIN.

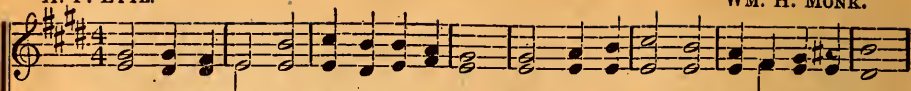
Lo He comes and fills my soul with His presence sweet, Ev-er-more re-

joic-ing, made in Him complete; And the light with-in me  
 O glo-ry!

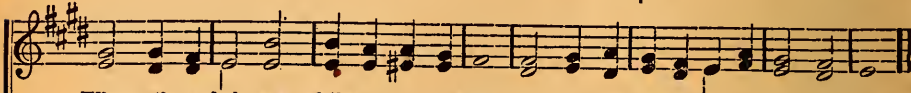
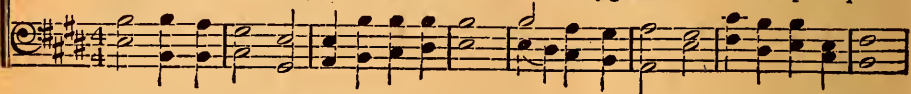
## Abide With Me.

H. F. LYTE.

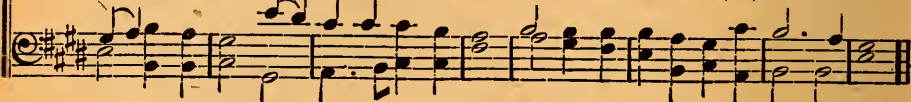
WM. H. MONK.



1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The darkness deepens Lord, with me a - bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - ry passing hour, What but thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?



When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me!  
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!  
 Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

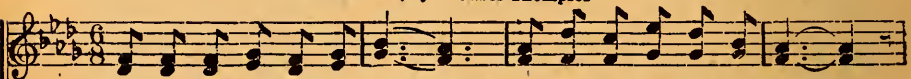


## Under the Guidance of Angels.

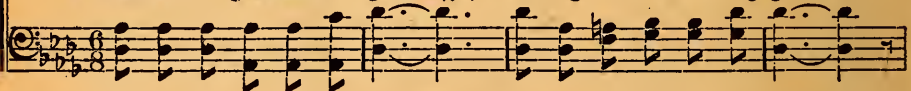
G. T. T.

Copyright, 1892, by G. Tabor Thompson

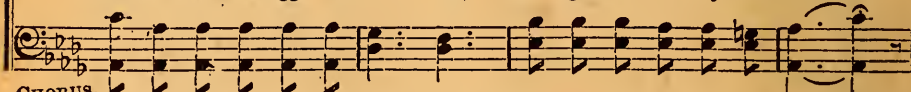
G. TABOR THOMPSON.



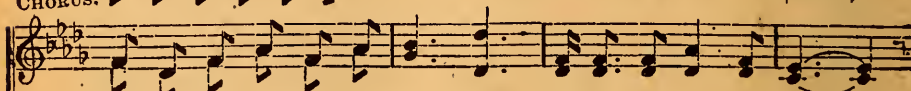
1. Un - der the guid - ance of an - gels, I am pro - gress - ing to - day:
2. Fare - well to creeds of the a - ges Those mus - ty dog - mas I dread:
3. Now with this new ris - en life, ..... Fill'd and re - fill'd from a - bove:
4. Death and the grave seem but gate - ways, Lead - ing to home ties long gone:



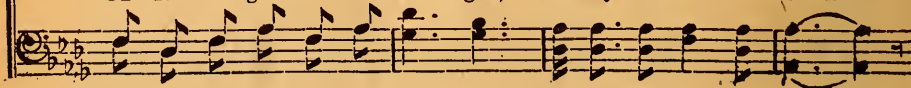
All of the past with its fail - ures, Were stepping stones in my way.  
 Hail to the truth on the soul plane, Let us a - rise from the dead.  
 All of my in - ner - most be - ing, Tin - gles with hope and with love.  
 When earth's last struggle is o - ver, An - gels will car - ry me home.



CHORUS.



Un - der the guid - ance of an - gels, Victory is sure to come!





## Under the Guidance of Angels.—Concluded.

Turn-ing t'ward light like the sun - flow'r, Ev'ning will find me at home.

*colla voce.*

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## Till I See Death's Lifted Curtain.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.

GRACE UNDERGRAFF.

1. An - gel, hide me close beside thee When the storms are raging wild; Keep me near thee, let me  
 2. Thro' the myst'ry of life's hist'ry Lead me, dear one, safe above. Up the mountain, to the  
 3. When in sorrow, let me borrow Sunshine from the world of light; In my sadness, give me

CHORUS.

hear thee When thou speakest to thy child.  
 fountain, Where is ev - er - last - ing love.  
 gladness, To o'er - come the darkest night.

Doubting nev - er, trust - ing ev - er, An - gel,

*rit.*

I will fol - low thee, 'Till I see death's lift - ed curtain, Let me hide my - self in thee.

## Win Another!

Thoro Harris, arr.

Win an - oth - er Friend or broth - er, Wondrous grace you will dis-  
 cov - er In the win - ning of an - oth - er; Win an - oth - er,  
 win an - oth - er Fel - low pil - grim for the heav'n - ly land.

The musical score is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

## If We All Pull Together

If we all..... pull to - geth - er, to - geth - er, to - geth - er,  
 If we all..... pull to - geth - er How hap - py we'll be!  
 For your work is my work, and our work is God's work;

The musical score is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score includes a repeat sign and a 'FINE' marking.

## On the Victory Side

T. H.

THORO HARRIS

*Allegretto*

1. Let us shout and sing hal-le-lu-jah To the glo-rious King of  
 2. Let us shout and sing hal-le-lu-jah For the wel-come prom-ise  
 3. We will shout and sing hal-le-lu-jah, For the dawn of day we

heav'n, While we march a - long, In His strength made strong, To the  
 giv'n Of a bat-tle won At the set of sun, And the  
 see When the ar-mies bright Of the King of light Tri-umph

## REFRAIN

bat-tle 'gainst the wrong.  
 reign of peace be-gun.  
 in the cause of right. On the vic-t'ry side, On the vic-t'ry

side In the midst of the fight we stand; On the vic-t'ry  
 bold - ly stand,

side We will still a-bide Till we reach the prom-ised land.



1. We shall greet the friends we love When we meet with them a - bove  
 2. Our Re - deem - er led the way To the shin - ing gates of day,  
 3. When the sands of time are run And e - ter - ni - ty be - gun,

In the ci - ty just be - yond the great di - vide; We shall know as  
 Then He met with those He lov'd and left be - low; E - ven so to -  
 From this mor - tal house of bondage we shall rise, We shall gath - er

we are known, We shall reap what we have sown When we gath - er  
 day we see Signs of com - ing vic - to - ry When we meet a -  
 home a - bove With the dear ones whom we love To that gar - den

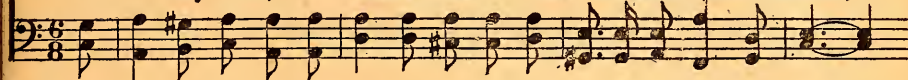
safe - ly on the oth - er side; (the oth - er side) - Hal - le - lu - jah  
 gain the friends on earth we know. (the friends we know) Hal - le - lu - jah  
 of the blest in Par - a - dise. (in Par - a - dise)

to our God! Just be - yond the rag - ing flood Lies the sum - mer land of  
 to our God! We shall leave this earth - lysod For that Par - a - dise a -

glo - ry bright and fair, (so bright and fair), wait - ing o - ver there. (o - ver there)



1. The world knows more Of the spoils of war And the glory of he - ro deeds;
2. 'Tis not for fame Or a might-y name Or to mer-it the world's ap - plause,
3. The world may blame, Nor the deeds ac-claim. Of these fear-less and quenchless men,



Of strug-gles won And the great things done, And the na-tion at-ten-tive heeds.  
They set their heart To the stead-fast part Of a wor-thy and no-ble cause.  
Nor bron-zes flame Far a-broad their name Un-to those who may come a - gain;



But I would side With the true and the tried Who walk on life's qui-et street  
One pole-star clear Of a du-ty so near, The light to their tire-less feet,  
But right shall win In the bat-tle with sin And wrong meet a sure de - feat



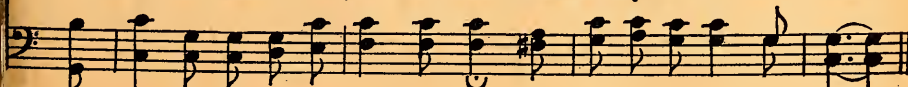
With pur-pose strong To re-sist the wrong, The ar-my of No Re-treat.  
Un-mov'd they tread In the path a-head, The ar-my of No Re-treat.  
Be-cause they give Us the lives they live, This ar-my of No Re-treat.



No re-treat, no re-treat, no re-treat, no re-treat!



Un-mov'd they tread In the path a-head, God's ar-my of No Re-treat.



## Publish Glad Tidings.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.

J. WALCH.

1. O work-ers, haste, thy mis-sion high ful-fill-ing, To tell to all the  
 2. Be-hold how ma-n-y mill-ions still are mourn-ing, Bound in the dark-some  
 3. Give of thy kin' to bear the mes-sage glo-rious, In-vest thy gold to

world a truth sub-lime; Life ev-er-more both here and o-ver yon-der,  
 pris-on house of creed; With none to tell them of the spir-it mes-sage,  
 speed them on their way. Pour out thy soul in hon-est, earn-est ef-fort,

CHORUS.

This is for ev-'ry na-tion, peo-ple, clime. }  
 Go forth and tell! Till ev-'ry soul is freed. } Pub-lish glad ti-dings,  
 And all thou spend-est an-gels will re-pay. }

ti-dings of love; Death has been vanquished And all shall live a-bove.

## In That Sunny Land.

CHARLIE C. BARNES.

1. We will all be hap-py in that land, In that land, that sun-ny, sun-ny land;  
 2. We shall know each oth-er in that land, In that land, that sun-ny, sun-ny land;  
 3. We shall meet our loved ones in that land, In that land, that sun-ny, sun-ny land;



## In That Sunny Land.—Concluded.



We will all be hap - py in that land, In that sun - ny land.  
 We shall know each oth - er in that land, In that sun - ny land.  
 We shall meet our loved ones in that land, In that sun - ny land.

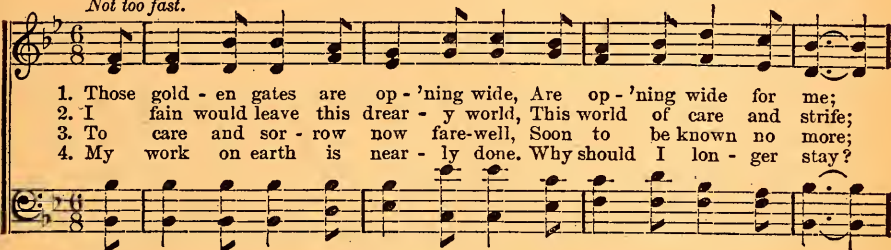
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## Those Golden Gates.

Dr. R. ANNA SCHEMERHORN.

THEO. E. PERKINS.

*Not too fast.*



1. Those gold - en gates are op - 'ning wide, Are op - 'ning wide for me;  
 2. I fain would leave this drear - y world, This world of care and strife;  
 3. To care and sor - row now fare-well, Soon to be known no more;  
 4. My work on earth is near - ly done. Why should I lon - ger stay?



Soon as I see that glo - rious land, My spir - it will be free.  
 My feet they long to wan - der there, Far from this wea - ry life.  
 I'm go - ing home to that fair land My feet are on the shore.  
 The crest - ed waves bear me a - long To ev - er - last - ing day.

CHORUS.



We hear the an - gels song of love, Of joy and rest and peace;



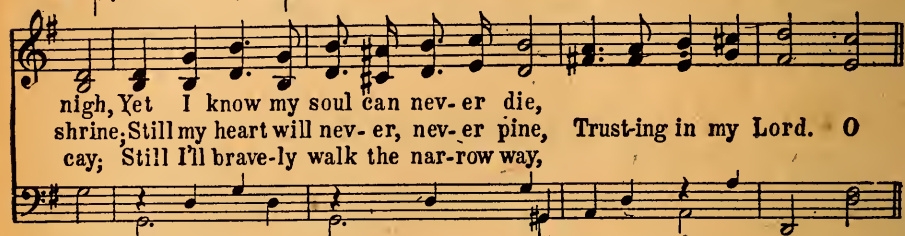
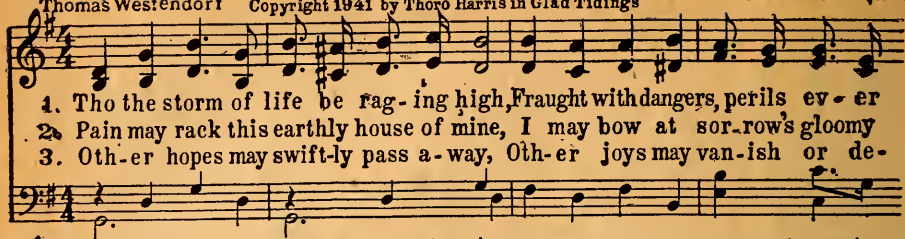
We'll join with loved ones gone be - fore In songs that nev - er cease.

## Trusting in the Lord

Thomas Westendorf

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Thoro Harris, afr.

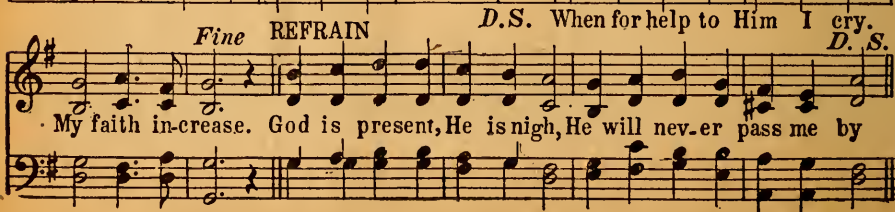
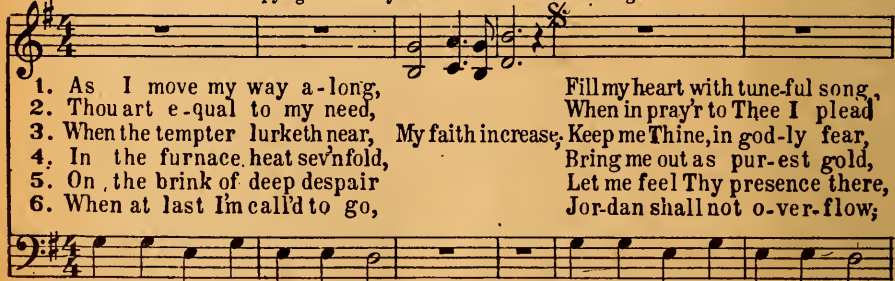


## My Faith Increase

Thoro Harris


Copyright 1940 by Thoro Harris in Glad Tidings

Thoro Harris



# In the Summerland Above

Rubye Bryant Harris      Copyright 1943 by Thoro Harris in Songs of Summerland      Thoro Harris



1. There's a land of light and love Where the flow'rs are ev-er springing And the air is  
2. From the Sum-mer-land a - bove Where the light serene and ten-der Shines up-on the  
3. They are standing at the gate; See them beck'ning, hear them calling, Call-ing to the



fragrant with the breath of morn (the breath of morn); There the crys-tal streams are flowing,  
ver-dant fields of liv-ing green (per-en-nial green); Hark! I hear the voice of sing-ing,  
man-y man-sions o - ver there (so bright and fair); We shall dwell with them for-ev - er,



Wondrous peace and joy be-stow-ing;  
An-gels with their glad harps ring-ing; In the Sum - mer-land a - bove.  
Friends and lov'd ones part, no, nev-er, the Sum-mer-land a-bove.



In the Summerland, sweet Summerland a-bove.

CHORUS



Sum - mer-land where the ro - ses bloom



In the Sum-mer-land a-bove, In that home of ho - ly love, We shall rest 'neath the



shad-ow of the tree (of life im-mor-tal). O'twill be a glo-rious meeting, All our



a - boye.



dear ones fond-ly greet-ing, In the Sum - mer-land a - bove.  
the Sum-mer-land a-bove.)



Summerland, sweet Summerland a - bove.



1. Our Fa-ther's all a - bound-ing love To man is now re-veal'd,  
 2. His might - y hands are strong to keep His trust-ing lamb so frail,  
 3. I know His pur - pose stand-eth fast As in the days of yore,  
 4. Some day His gra - cious voice will call His wait - ing child to come;

1. And now for high - er worlds a - bove His, chos - en saints are seal'd.  
 2. And since I'm num - ber'd with His sheep He will not let me fail.  
 3. And thru His prov - i - dence at last I'll live on yon - der shore.  
 4. But He who is my All in all Will guide me safe - ly home.

REFRAIN

For I know Him whom I've be - liev - ed And am per - suad - ed that He is

a - ble To keep that which I've com - mit - ted Un - to Him a - gainst that day.

1. Light af - ter dark - ness, Gain af - ter loss, Strength af - ter weak - ness,  
 2. Sheaves af - ter sow - ing, Sun af - ter rain, Sight af - ter mys - try,  
 3. Near af - ter dis - tant, Gleam af - ter gloom, Love af - ter loneliness.

Crown af - ter cross, Sweet af - ter bit - ter, Hope af - ter fears,  
 Peace af - ter pain, Joy af - ter sor - row, Calm af - ter blast,  
 Life af - ter tomb, Af - ter long ag - o - ny Rap - ture of bliss,

REFRAIN

Home af - ter wand'ring, Praise af - ter tears.  
Rest af - ter weariness, Sweet rest at last. Now is the weep - ing,  
Right was the path-way Lead - ing to this.

Then the glad reap - ing, Now comes the la - bor hard, Then the re - ward.

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# The One I Love

Oswald J. Smith

Copyright 1944 by Thoro Harris in Glad Tidings

Lloyd Tyrrell

1. Thou art the One that I love, Life holds no oth - er so dear;
2. Oth - ers will come and will go, Thou wilt for ev - er re - main;
3. Foes may my path-way op - pose, Darkness o'er - shadow my day;

Earth is a heav - en to me, When Thou, my Sav - ior, art near.  
This is Thy promise to me, I have not trusted in vain.  
Still Thou wilt nev - er for - sake, No one can take Thee a - way.

REFRAIN

Thou art the One that I love, Lord, Thou art the One that I love;

No one on earth is so precious to me, Thou art the One that I love.

## I Need Thee Every Hour

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks

Rev. Robert Lowry

1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like  
 2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta - tions lose their  
 3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a -  
 4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-

## CHORUS

Thine Can peace af - ford.  
 pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I  
 bide, Or life is vain.  
 deed, Thou bless - ed Son!

need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!

## O For a Faith That Will Not Shrink

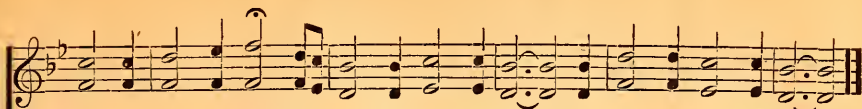
William H. Bathurst

Dr. T. Hastings

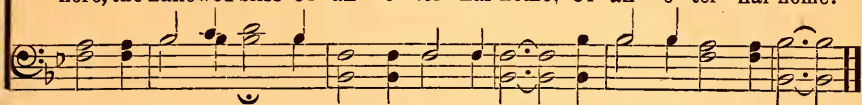
1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by ev-'ry foe, - That will not  
 2. That will not murmur nor complain Be-neath the chast'ning rod, But, in the  
 3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without, That, when in  
 4. Lord, give us such a faith as this, And then, what'e'r may come, We'll taste, e'en



## O For a Faith That Will Not Shrink



trem-ble on the brink Of an - y earth-ly woe; Of an - y earth-ly woe;  
 hour of grief or pain, Will lean up-on its God; Will lean up-on its God;  
 dan-ger, knows no fear, In dark-ness feels no doubt, In dark-ness feels no doubt.  
 here, the hallowed bliss Of an e - ter - nal home, Of an e - ter - nal home.

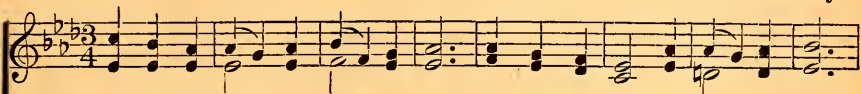


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## Faith of Our Fathers

Frederick W. Faber

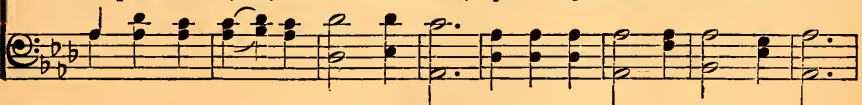
H. F. Hemy



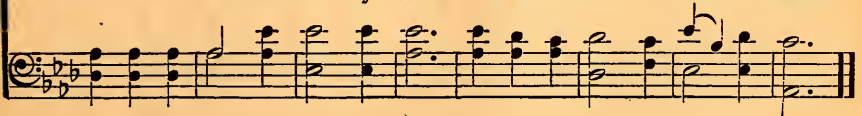
1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword:
2. Our fa - thers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:



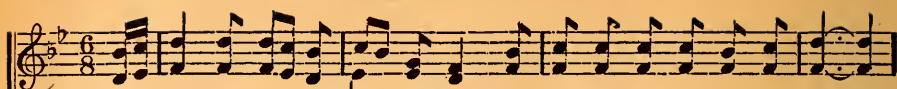
O how our hearts beat high with joy Whene'er we hear that glo-rious word!  
 How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!  
 And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life:



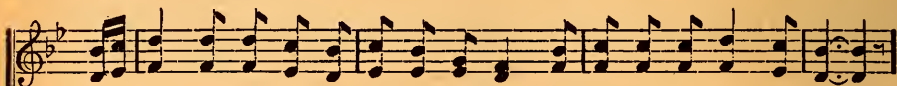
Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!  
 Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!  
 Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!



## Evergreen Shore.



1. This world of strife is not our home; We're bound for the ev - er - green shore,
2. They beck - on on our way a - long! We press for the ev - er - green shore;
3. There fade - less gar - lands ev - er bloom In paths on the ev - er - green shore,



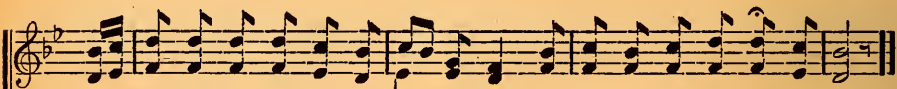
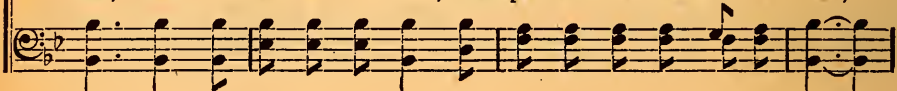
That land of beau - ty where lov'd ones have gone, Our lov'd ones for ev - er - more.  
We soon shall en - ter that heav - en - ly throng Where parting shall be no more.  
Where pain and sick - ness, be - reave - ment and gloom, Shall mar our re - pose no more.



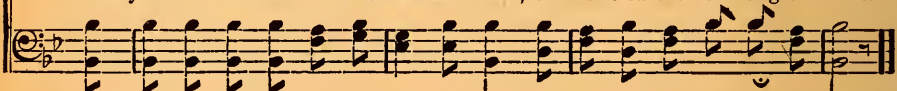
## CHORUS.



Rest, rest! For - ev - er at home, Where pain and dis - tress shall be o'er,

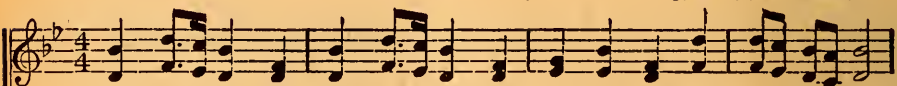


We yearn to be free in those realms to roam, Our home on the ev - er - green shore.



## Progress.

C. M. VON WEBER.



1. Step by step we climb the mount - ain, Inch by inch the oak tree grows;
2. Mak - ing each year some small chang - es, In the coast - line, on the rocks;
3. Straw by straw a nest is build - ed; Brick by brick a house is made;
4. Be not down - cast, low - ly work - er, If you do not seem to grow,



## Progress.—Concluded.

Back and forth with tire-less mo-tion, Grand old o - cean ebbs and flows,  
 While they stand in pose - de - fi - ant, Guard-ing us from Nep-tune's shocks.  
 Day by day with con-stant ef - fort, Schol-ar climbs to high - er grade.  
 Do your best each day and mo - ment, And the years will pro - gress show.

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## Destiny at My Command.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.

T. HASTINGS.

*mf*  
 1. Sol - id rock of truth di - vine, Sure foun - da - tion, ev - er mine;  
 2. On the rock of truth I stand, Des - ti - ny at my com - mand:  
 3. High - est heights in truth's do - main, I shall reach and thus ob - tain

*dim.*  
 Safe, se - cure, I shall re - main Free from ev - 'ry care and pain;  
 Fill'd with unc - tion from on high, Bound-less good for - ev - er nigh;  
 Ev - 'ry long - ing of my heart, For no bless - ing can de - part;

*cres.*  
 Liv - ing al - ways for the right, Climb-ing high - er in the light.  
 Ev - er in my heart the song An - gels sing, so firm and strong.  
 All of health and good are mine, Since like God, I am di - vine.



## Life That Knows No Ending.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.

F. C. MAKER.

*p*

1. Brief life is here our por - tion; Brief sor - row, short-lived care; That life that knows no  
 2. And now we fight the bat - tle, But then shall wear the crown Of full and ev - er -  
 3. The morn - ing shall a - wak - en, The shad - ow shall de - cay; And each true heart - ed

*pp*

end - ing - The tear - less life, is there. O hap - py re - tri - bu - tion: Short  
 last - ing And pas - sion - less re - nown. But they who now in - struct us Shall  
 serv - ant Shall shine as doth the day. There fa - ther, mother, chil - dren, Shall

*cres.*


toil, e - ter - nal rest; For ev - 'ry son of A - dam A man - sion with the blest.  
 then be seen and known; And they who know and see them Shall have them for their own.  
 see each oth - er's face; And we be - hold for - ev - er A hap - py hu - man race.

## America.

Rev. S. F. SMITH.

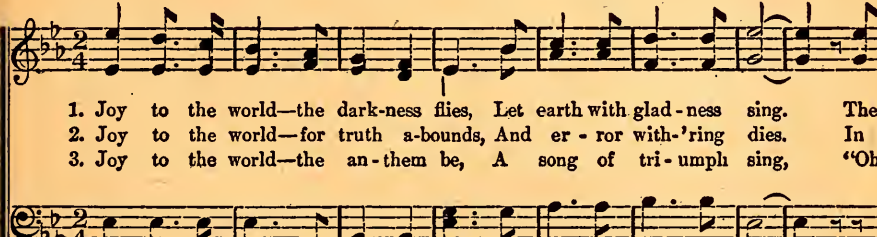
1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my  
 2. My na - tive coun - try thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy  
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal  
 4. Our fathers' God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty; To thee we sing: Long may our

## America.—Concluded.

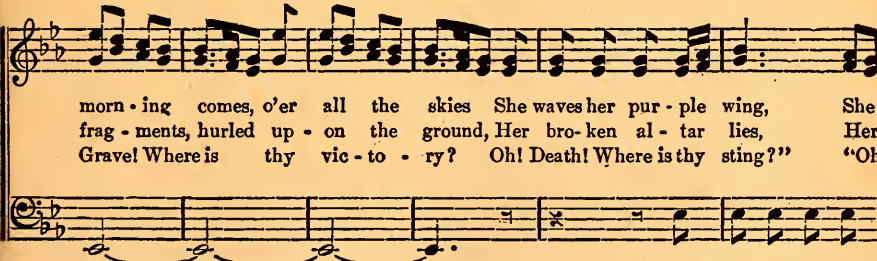


fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev-'ry moun-tain side Let freedom ring!  
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a-bove-  
 tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound prolong.  
 land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro- tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

## 103 Joy to the World.

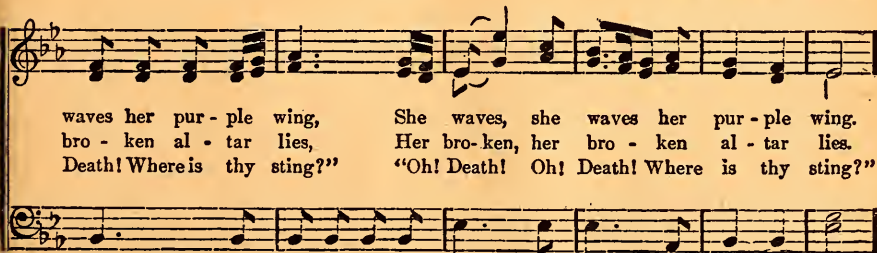


1. Joy to the world—the dark-ness flies, Let earth with glad-ness sing. The  
 2. Joy to the world—for truth a-bounds, And er-ror with-'ring dies. In  
 3. Joy to the world—the an-them be, A song of tri-umph sing, "Oh!



morn-ing comes, o'er all the skies She waves her pur-ple wing, She  
 frag-ments, hurled up-on the ground, Her bro-ken al-tar lies, Her  
 Grave! Where is thy vic-to-ry? Oh! Death! Where is thy sting?" "Oh!

1. She waves her pur-ple



waves her pur-ple wing, She waves, she waves her pur-ple wing.  
 bro-ken al-tar lies, Her bro-ken, her bro-ken al-tar lies.  
 Death! Where is thy sting?" "Oh! Death! Oh! Death! Where is thy sting?"

wing. She waves her pur-ple wing, She waves her pur-ple wing.

## When the Morning Dawns.

T. H., Arr.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS.

Thoro Harris, Arr.

1. We are oft - en tossed and driv'n on the rest - less sea of time,  
 2. We are oft - en des - ti - tute of the things that life de - mands,  
 3. Tri - als press on ev - 'ry hand, and we can - not un - der - stand  
 4. Here temp - ta - tion's hid - den snare oft - en takes us un - a - ware,

Roll - ing clouds and howl - ing tem - pest oft suc - ceed a gold - en clime;  
 Want of shel - ter and of food, with thirst - y hills and bar - ren lands;  
 All the ways that God will lead us to that bless - ed prom - ised land;  
 And our hearts are made to bleed by some thoughtless word or deed,

In that land of per - fect day, when the mist is rolled a - way, We will  
 But we're trust - ing in the Lord, and ac - cord - ing to His word, We will  
 But He'll guide us with His eye, and we'll fol - low till we die, We will  
 And we won - der why the test when we try to do our best; But we'll

## REFRAIN.

un - der - stand it bet - ter by and by. By and by, when the morn - ing

dawns, All the saints of God are gathered home, We will sing the sto - ry





how we o-ver-come, And we'll un-der-stand it bet-ter by and by.

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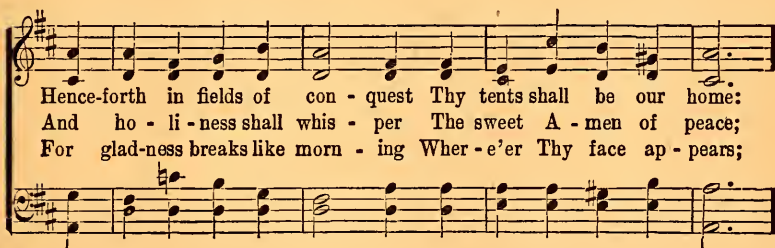
## Lead on, O King Eternal.

Ernest W. Shurtleff.

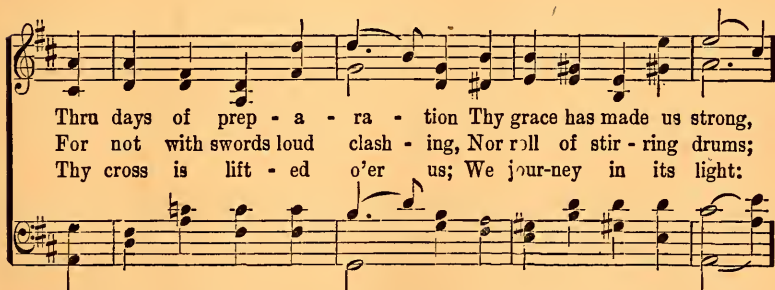
Henry Smart.



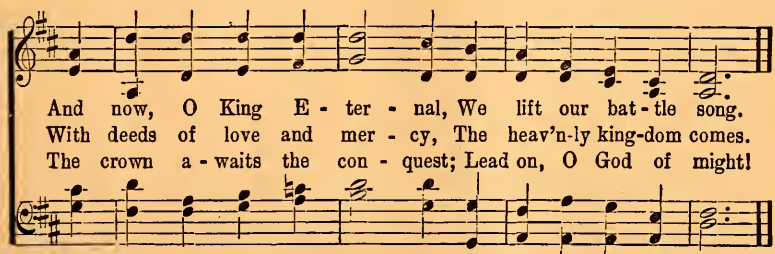
1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, The day of march has come;
2. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
3. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, We fol - low, not with fears;



Hence-forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home:  
And ho - li - ness shall whis - per The sweet A - men of peace;  
For glad-ness breaks like morn - ing Wher - e'er Thy face ap - pears;



Thru days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy grace has made us strong,  
For not with swords loud clash - ing, Nor roll of stir - ring drums;  
Thy cross is lift - ed o'er us; We jour-ney in its light:



And now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat-tle song.  
With deeds of love and mer - cy, The heav'n-ly king-dom comes.  
The crown a - waits the con - quest; Lead on, O God of might!

B. M. LAWRENCE.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. Thousource of Life, O hear my pray'r, For guidance thro' each day; May thy pure guid-ing  
 2. Thou source of Light, O hear my pray'r, Send sunshine to my soul; Be thou my guide on  
 3. Thousource of Love, O hear my pray'r, Let me not live in vain; Teach me to place more  
 4. Thou source of Truth, O hear my pray'r, That all mankind may know Our lov'd ones can re-

CHORUS.  
 an - gels keep My feet in wisdom's way.  
 life's dark sea When billows round me roll.  
 trust in thee, Make all my du - ties plain.  
 turn to earth, And bringsweet heav'n below. } Hear my pray'r, O hear my pray'r, Guard and

keep me in thy care; Lov - ing Fa - ther, hear my pray'r, Hear, O hear my heartfelt pray'r!

## The Great Oversoul.

R. S. WILLIAMS.

L. MASON.

*mf*  
 1. I know God's presence ev - er In all things doth a - bide, I see it in the  
 2. The shin - ing wings of morn - ing, Can nev - er car - ry me Where God's real presence

heav - ens, No dark - ness e'er can hide. I see it in the wa - ters The  
 fail - eth, Where God can nev - er be. This truth is pre - cious ev - er, This

sea's re - lent - less tide: I'll sing this truth for - ev - er, All things in God a - bide.  
 thought is dear to me: As I in God a - bid - eth, So God a - bides in me.

Rev. A. J. LOCKHART.

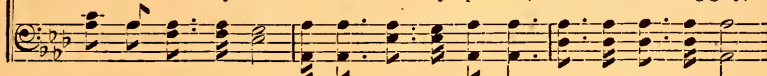
S. W. TUCKER.



1. Wait-ing 'mid the shad-ows, pa-tient, faith-ful still: Do-ing and en-dur-ing
2. Wait-ing 'mid the shad-ows, while thro' gates of dawn, Tri-umph-ing, re-joic-ing,
3. Wait-ing 'mid the shad-ows, yet not all a-lone, Thou art my com-pan-ion,
4. Wait-ing 'mid the shad-ows, thro' the lone-ly years, Breaking bread in sor-row



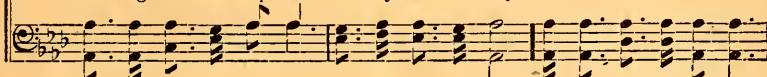
my good Mas-ter's will, Wait-ing till the tri-al shall my soul re-fine,  
 my be-loved have gone: Va-cant in the home-stead shall their place re-main,  
 bright and ho-ly One: Thou a-midst the des-ert, fount-ains hast un-sealed,  
 moist-en'd with my tears: Rest-less on my pil-low, till the dawn-ing gray,



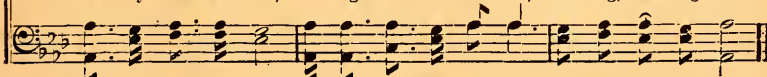
## CHORUS.



Till the clouds shall scat-ter, and the sun shall shine.  
 But be-yond the shad-ows we shall meet a-gain. } Waiting 'mid the shad-ows,  
 Show-ing me thro' dark-ness glo-ries un-re-veal'd.  
 Wait-ing one who wip-eth all my tears a-way.



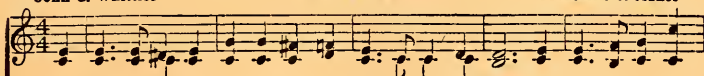
'tis my Mas-ter's will, Wait-ing 'mid the shad-ows, watch-ing, wait-ing still.



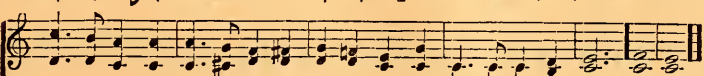
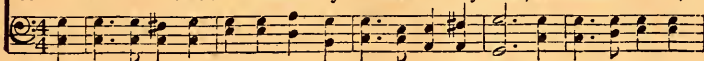
John G. Whittier

ELTON 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

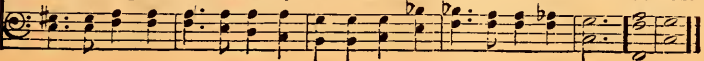
Frederick C. Maker



1. Dear Lord and Father of mankind, Forgive our fev'rish ways! Reclothe us in our
2. In simple trust, like theirs who heard, Beside the Syrian sea, The gracious calling
3. O Sabbath rest by Gal-i-lee! O calm of hills a-bove, Where Jesus knelt to
4. Drop Thy still dews of qui-et-ness, Till all our strivings cease; Take from our souls the
5. Breathe thro' the heats of our desire Thy coolness and Thy balm; Let sense be dumb, let



rightful mind; In pur-er lives Thy serv-ice find, In deeper rev'rence, praise.  
 of the Lord, Let us, like them, without a word, Rise up and fol-low Thee.  
 share with Thee The silence of e-ter-ni-ty, In-ter-pret-ed by love!  
 strain and stress, And let our ordered lives confess The beauty of Thy peace.  
 flesh retire: Speak thro' the earthquake, wind and fire, O still small voice of calm! A-men.





1. Ev - 'ry day is a fresh be - gin - ning, Ev - 'ry morn is the  
 2. All the past now hath flown for - ev - er, Toils are done and the  
 3. Let them go; we can - not re - lieve them, Tho our sins we would  
 4. Here the skies all are bur - nish'd bright - ly, Here the earth is a -

1. world made new; Ye who are wea - ry and ti - red of sin - ning,  
 2. tears are shed; Yes - ter - day's er - rors let yes - ter - day cov - er,  
 3. fain a - tone; God in His mer - cy re - ceive and for - give them!  
 4. gain re - born; Here are the tird limbs now spring - ing so light - ly,

## REFRAIN

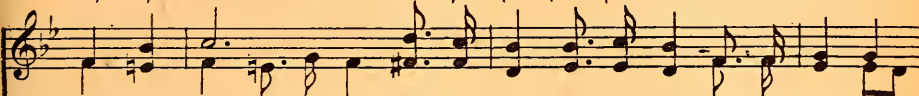
1. Here is a beau - ti - ful hope for you.  
 2. Healed with the healing which night has shed.  
 3. On - ly to - day may we call our own. Ev - 'ry day is a fresh be -  
 4. Fac - ing the sun and the cool of morn.

gin - ning; Lis - ten, dear soul, to the glad re - frain; And spite of sor - row and  
 And spite of cank ring sorrow and

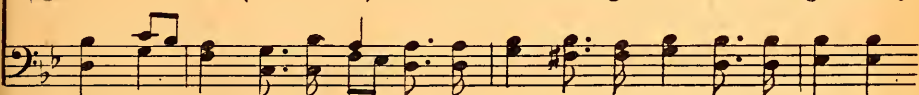
old - er sin - ning, Take heart with the day and be - gin a - gain.  
 spite of old - er sin - ning,



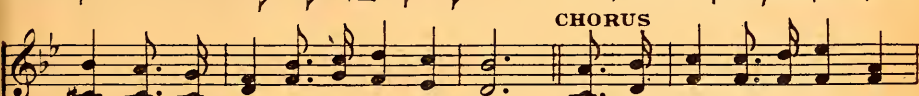
1. God is gra-cious and kind To the seek-ing mind Who to sum-mits of
2. We will trust ev-'ry hour In Je-ho-vah's pow'r Till the storms of this
3. How we cher-ish the love Of the saints a-bove! Will their spir-its re-
4. All the faith-ful of earth Born of heav'nly birth Who have travel'd this
5. Friends and comrades so dear Whom we still re-vere, And the Sav-ior we



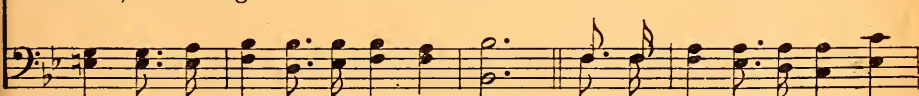
1. truth would soar (bravely soar); As to sa-ges of old Will His word un-
2. life are o'er (ev-er more); We will walk in the way To the realm of
3. turn no more (nev-er more)? E-ven now they are near, We be-hold them
4. path be-fore (gone be-fore) Sweetest com-fort im-part To the ach-ing
5. all a-dore (ev-er more) See with beck-on-ing hand On the hights they



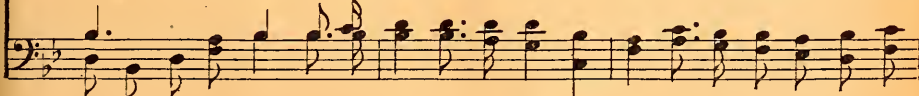
## CHORUS



1. fold By the light from the Golden Shore.
2. day By the light from the Golden Shore.
3. here By the light from the Golden Shore. In the strength of the Lord We
4. heart By the light from the Golden Shore.
5. stand, Beacon lights from the Golden Shore.

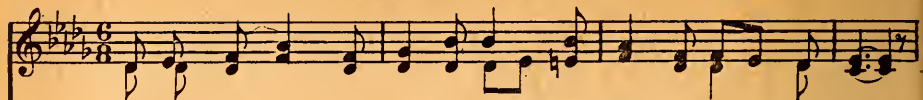


on-ward move, And His grace we will doubt no more. Clouds may  
on to Zi-on (God is faithful)

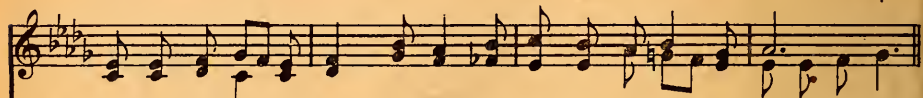
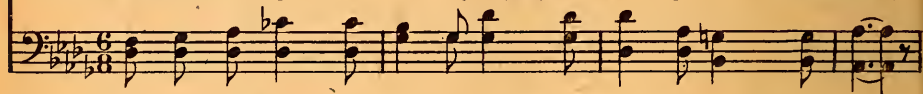


ga-ther be-low, Yet by faith we know There is light from the Golden Shore

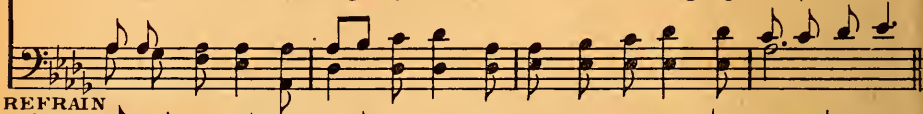




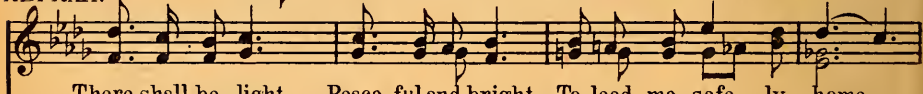
1. Will there be light As in the night - I cross the nar - row sea?
2. When I draw near That land so dear Will white-rob'd an - gels come,
3. God will send light As nears my night, My sink-ing soul to save;



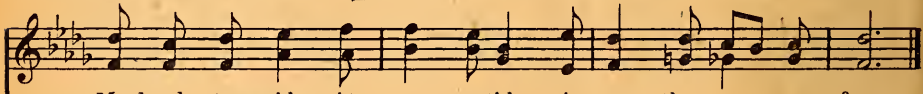
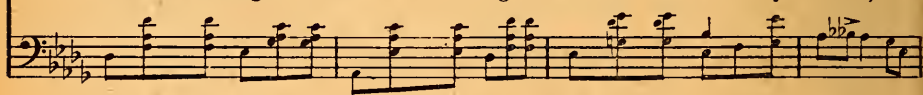
Will hope's clear ray Di-rect my way And lov'd ones ap-pear to me (e-ven me)?  
 Beck-on and smile - Friends lost a while - To wel-come me to my home (to my home)?  
 His stars di-vine Shall brightly shine Far o - ver the surg-ing wave (o'er the wave)



## REFRAIN



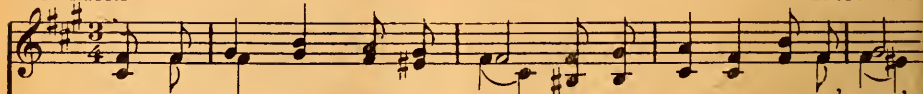
There shall be light Peace-ful and bright To lead me safe - ly home,



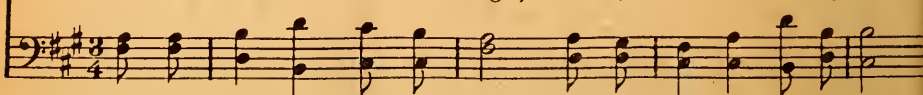
My bark to guide At e - ven tide A-cross the o - cean foam.



Copyright 1943 by Thoro Harris in "Songs of Summerland"



1. In the fierce, tem - pes-tuous hour When I sense the tempter's pow'r
2. When my heart is sore a - fraid, Wea-ry, des - o - late, dis-may'd,
3. Strengthen me, for I am weak And my sink-ing heart will break
4. Leave me not to weep a - lone; Lest my soul be o - ver-thrown,
5. When life's fi - nal hour is nigh, Tho my foes be lurk-ing by







1. And the clouds of sor-row lour,
2. Tell me help on One is laid,
3. If Thy child Thou shouldst for-sake. Father, strengthen me.
4. Let Thy sav-ing grace be shown,
5. I shall on Thy grace re-ly.

A-men.



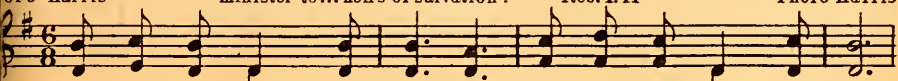
14

## Beautiful Band of Angels

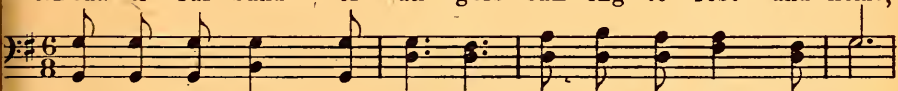
Thoro Harris

"Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to... heirs of salvation?" Iteb. 1:14

Thoro Harris



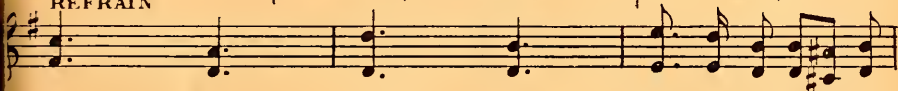
1. Beau-ti-ful band of an-gels Speak-ing from heav'n to me,
2. Beau-ti-ful band of an-gels Bid-ding us doubt no more;
3. Beau-ti-ful band of an-gels Tell-ing of love di-vine;
4. Beau-ti-ful band of an-gels Call-ing to rest and home;



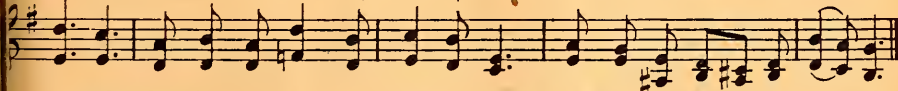
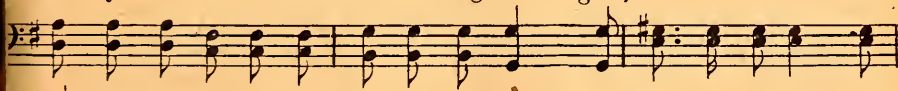
1. Charm-ing my anx-ious spi-rit With ho-ly ec-sta-cy.
2. Your price-less words of wis-dom Add to our earth-ly store.
3. Ye are God's blest e-van-gels, Cheer-ing this heart of mine.
4. Soon we shall hear your wel-come, Soon to your arms we'll come.



### REFRAIN



An-gels, an-gels, Beau-ti-ful band of  
Dai-ly we welcome these min-ist-ring an-gels,



an-gels, Spirits of light to cheer our night, Beautiful band of an-gels.



## God Will Reign Supreme

Thoro Harris

Copyright 1941 by Thoro Harris in Glad Tidings

Thoro Harris

*Maestoso*

1. Bro-ken down the haught-y works of man, Foes con-spire to o-ver-  
 2. Some have fall-en in the fear-some fight, Head-long plung-ing to the  
 3. In that glo-rious, glad tri-um-phant day When the powrs of dark-ness

throw Love's plan, Yet shall grace complete what He be-gan,  
 shades of night, Heav'n will vin-di-cate the cause of right, God will reign supreme!  
 flee a-way, God will be His peo-ple's hope and stay,

## CHORUS

God will reign in maj-es-ty su-preme, Far o-ver ev-'ry land and

sea. Rays of truth on ev-'ry life shall gleam To set all nations free.  
 for-ev-er.

## Evening Prayer.

J. EDMESTON.

Copyright, 1900, by Geo. C. Stebbins. Renewal. By per.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re- pose our spir- its seal;  
 2. Tho' de- struction walk a- round us, Tho' the ar- rows past us fly,  
 3. Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch be- come our tomb,

Sin and want we come con-fess-ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.  
 An - gel-guards from Thee surround us; We are safe if Thou art nigh.  
 May the morn of glo-ry wake us, Clad in heav'n's e-ter-nal bloom.

## Praise the Lord

Copyright, 1929 by Thoro Harris

Thoro Harris, arr.

Praise the Lord, O my soul, praise the Lord, all ye peo - ple, Praise  
Hal - le - lu - jah,

ye the Lord; ye the Lord. Praise His name, hal-le-lu - jah! Spread His

fame, hal-le-lu - jah! Praise His name, hal-le-lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord.

## Down in My Heart

T. H.

Copyright, 1929, by Thoro Harris

Thoro Harris, arr.

1. He gives me joy, joy, joy, joy, down in my heart, Down in my heart,

down in my heart; He gives me joy, joy, joy, joy, down in my heart.

Glo - ry to His name.

2. For Christ Himself is dwelling.
3. And I love Jesus, Jesus.
4. The fire is brightly burning.
5. He keeps me singing, singing.
6. The kingdom's coming, coming.



T. H.

Copyright, 1928, by Thoro Harris

THORO HARRIS

1. Some fair morn I shall stand On that beau-ti-ful strand In the  
 2. Soon the cross I'll lay down For a glo-ri-ous crown When I  
 3. In that cit-y of gold 'T will be joy to be-hold Man-y

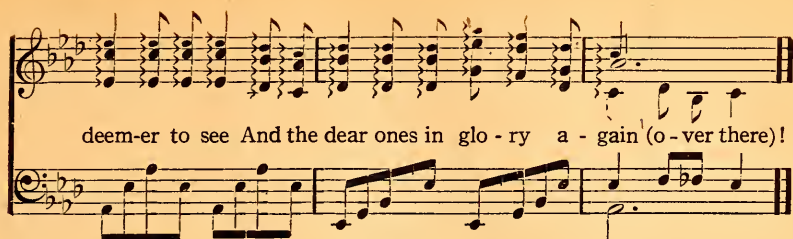
shade of the life-giv-ing tree; By life's riv-er so fair I shall  
 come to the end of the road; There to join in the song Of the  
 friends who have lighten'd my way Up the steep, rug-ged hight To those

meet o-ver there Man-y dear ones now wait-ing for me.  
 an-gel-ic throng In that beau-ti-ful gar-den of God.  
 man-sions of light In that land of per-en-ni-al day.

REFRAIN

Yes, there's mu-sic up there In yon cit-y so fair Free from sorrow, temp-

ta-tion and pain;..... O what rap-ture 't will be Our Re-  
 free from pain;



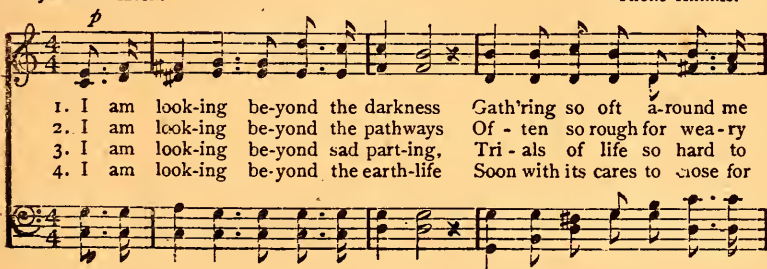
deem-er to see And the dear ones in glo - ry a - gain (o-ver there)!

120

# Looking Beyond.

JENNIE WILSON.

THORO HARRIS.

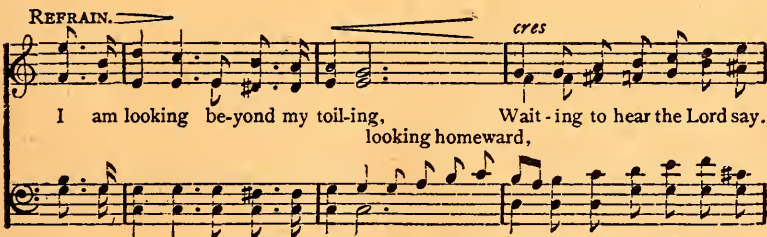


*p*

1. I am look-ing be-yond the dark-ness Gath'ring so oft a-round me
2. I am look-ing be-yond the path-ways Of - ten so rough for wea-ry
3. I am look-ing be-yond sad part-ing, Tri - als of life so hard to
4. I am look-ing be-yond the earth-life Soon with its cares to close for



here; And a bless-ed, a ho - ly vis - ion Lends to my soul sweet cheer  
feet, To the rap-ture of pure redeem'd ones Treading the gold-en street  
bear, To the meet-ing in God's fair cit - y: Sor - row comes nev-er there  
me; And by faith, in the realms e - ter - nal Glo - ries un - told I see



REFRAIN. *cres*

I am looking be-yond my toil-ing, Wait - ing to hear the Lord say.  
looking homeward,

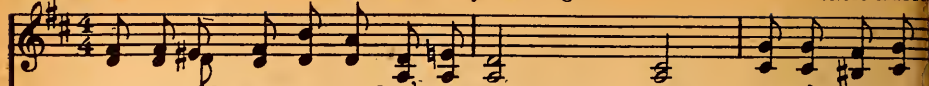


Come; Then with him I shall rest for - ev - er Safe in my heav'n-ly home

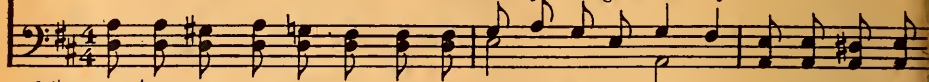
## At the Golden Gate

"We will wait for you at the gate"

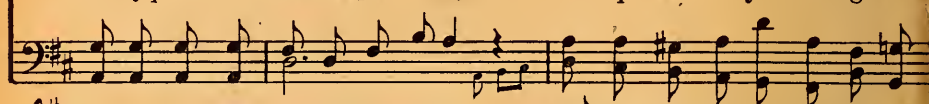
Thoro Harris



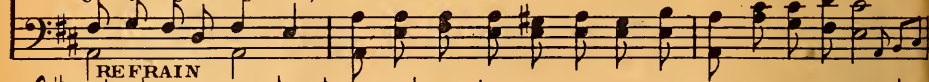
1. At the gold-en gate our lov'd are wait - - ing, Gather'd there be-  
     waiting, ev-er wait-ing,  
 2. O how thin the veil that lies be-tween us And the friends so  
     be-tween us, lies be-tween us  
 3. All the sons of God are but one fam - - 'ly Whether on this  
     fam-ly, one great fam-ly



yond the great di- vide (the great di- vide); And at times we hear their ten- der  
 dear we lost a while (we lost a- while)! We may al- most see their radiant  
 earthly plane be- low (this plane be- low) Or up there on yon- der highs of



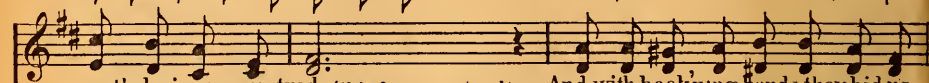
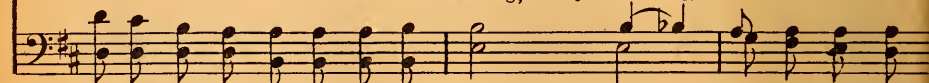
voi - ces Call- ing to us from life's other side (life's other side).  
 voi-ces, hear their voi-ces  
 fa - ces, We may al- most catch their gracious smile (their gracious smile)  
 fa-ces, their sweet fa-ces;  
 glo - ry; We are join'd in heart with them, we know (O yes, we know).  
 glo-ry, highs of glo- ry;



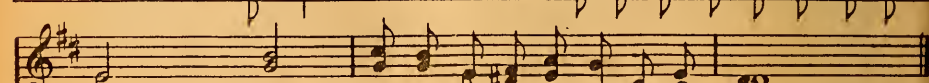
## REFRAIN



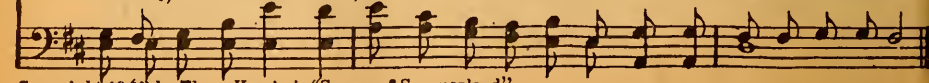
At the gold-en gate our lov'd are wait - ing, They who once this  
     waiting, fondly wait - ing,



earth-ly jour-ney trod (this journey trod); And with beckning hands they bid us



wel - come, Welcome to the Par-a-dise of God.  
 welcome, bid us wel- come, the Par-a-dise of God.





## Hark, Hark, My Soul!

*Allegro.*

1. Hark, hark, my soul! an-gelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's  
 2. Far, far a-way, like bells at evening pealing, The voice of Je-sus sounds o'er  
 3. Rest comes at length; tho' life be long and dreary; The day must dawn, and darksome

wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling Of that new  
 land and sea; And laden souls by thousands, meekly stealing, Kind Shepherd,  
 night be past, All journeys end in welcome to the weary, And heav'n the

## CHORUS.

life when sin shall be no more! }  
 turn their wea-ry steps to thee. } Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;  
 heart's true home, will come at last. }

Sing us sweet fragments of your songs a-bove; Till morning's joy shall  
 Till morning's joy  
 of your songs a-bove;

end the night of weep-ing, - And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

1. Have you heard the voice of an - gels From the high - er spheres of life?  
 2. As of yore God's faith - ful heard it, "Peace di vine to those we love";  
 3. They as - sure us of their pres - ence In this qui - et eve - ning hour;  
 4. Words of wis - dom, time - ly warn - ing, To the trust - ing they im - part,  
 5. O these ten - der min - is - tra - tions As they watch and fond - ly wait  
 6. Come and join this sacred cir - cle: You are wel - come as our guest,

1. Have you caught their kind - ly whis - pers Far be - yond earth's din and strife?  
 2. So to - day our friends are send - ing Greet - ings from the world a - bove.  
 3. We can hear the voice of an - gels, We can feel the touch of pow'r,  
 4. And this fel - low - ship un - brok - en Cheers the sad and faint - ing heart.  
 5. Till they bear us o'er the riv - er Safe with - in the gold - en gate!  
 6. En - ter now this sweet com - mun - ion With the spir - its of the blest.

## REFRAIN

Are you in the Spir - it Cir - cle? Are you tuned to heav'n to - night?

Do you prize (aright) their vis - i - ta - tions From the up - per world of light?

1. Gra - cious God, how much I need Thee, Err - ing, weak and blind;  
 2. Ev - 'ry day and ev - 'ry hour... Trust - ing all to Thee,  
 3. All my fu - ture lies be - fore Thee, Tho' to me un - known;

Take me by the hand, and lead me: Strength in Thee I find.  
 Man-i-fest Thy sav-ing pow-er, My De-fend-er be.  
 Naught of dan-ger shall pass o'er me—Thou art still my own. A-men.

# 125 Victory is Coming

Thoro Harris

Copyright 1943 by Thoro Harris in Songs of Summerland

Thoro Harris

1. Hark-en, brothers, hark-en! List the echoing strains Speeding thru the val-ley,
2. For-ward, soldiers, for-ward! Heav'n is on our side; Safe-ly thru the conflict
3. May we all take courage, Strong and fear-less be; Soon the foe, re-treat-ing,
4. Ev-'ry word we've spoken For the cause we love, Ev-'ry blow de-liv-er'd

Rush-ing o'er the plains: Right shall be vic-to-rious, God His truth maintains.  
 God his own will guide; To His val-iant le-gions Strength shall be supplied.  
 From the field shall flee; Then from sin and e-vil Shall the earth be free.  
 Shall our feal-ty prove. On-ward move to glo-ry, Trust-ing Him a-bove.

CHORUS

Vic-to-ry is com-ing, for Je-ho-vah reigns. Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry!

near the tune-ful strains: Vic-to-ry is com-ing, for Je-ho-vah reigns.  
 for Je-ho-vah reigns.



# CHRISTMAS

126

## Shine On.

Thoro Harris

(CHRISTMAS - PROCESSIONAL.)

THORO HARRIS.

UNISON. *mp*

1. Shine on, O star of beau - ty, All glo - ri - ous and bright, A - mid the deep'n'ni  
2. Shine on, O star of prom - ise, To cheer the darksome night, And lead us to our

*mf* HARMONY.

shad - ows, And cheer the lone - ly night. To Beth - le - hem we has - ten To  
Sav - ior, The ev - er - last - ing Light. O guide our wand'ring foot - steps Till,

*f*  
seek the promised One, De - sire of ev - 'ry na - tion, God's well be - lov - ed Son.  
earth's vain shadows past, We reach the gold - en cit - y, And find our rest at last.

CHORUS. *mp*

*mf*

Shine on, Shine on, bright star, shine on, And guide us to the place,  
Shine on, shine on, shine on, sa - cred place, Whe

*Cres.*

*ff*

Je - sus is born The first Christmas morn: O lead us on to Beth - le - hem.

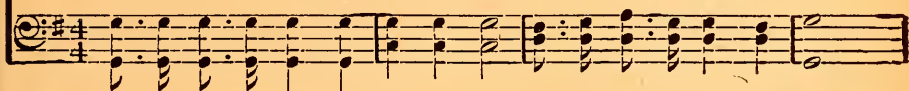
## Glory in the Highest.

T. H.

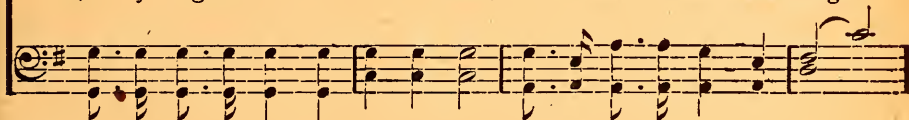
THORO HARRIS.



1. Hark! I hear ten thousand voi - ces sing, Glo - ry be to God on high!
2. Now o'er all the world his ban - ner waves, Let the saints glad voi - ces raise;
3. Sound the proc - la - ma - tion loud and grand, Spread the tidings far and near,
4. Haste, proclaim the year of ju - bi lee, Shout a - loud the glad re - frain,



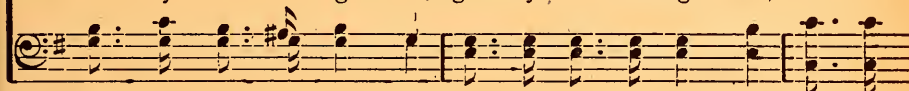
While the choirs of an - gels hail their King, "Glo - ry!" let the earth re - ply.  
 Hail the promised Christ who Is - rael saves, Swell the notes of ho - ly praise..  
 Tell the joy - ful news to ev - 'ry land, Let the wait - ing na - tions hear.  
 "Lo, thy King re - turn - eth un - to thee, Christ o'er all the world shall reign."



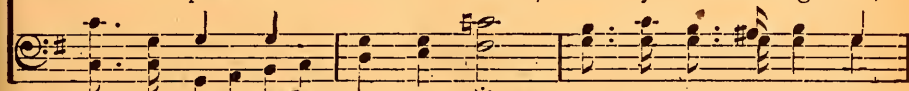
## CHORUS.



Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry in the high - est, Sound his



match - less praise from shore to shore; Glo - ry in the high - est,

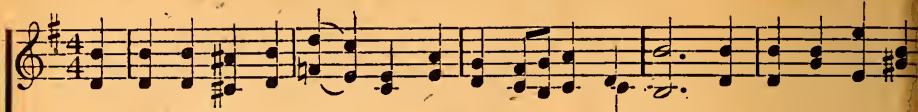


glo - ry in the high - est, Glo - ry, glo - ry ev - er - more!

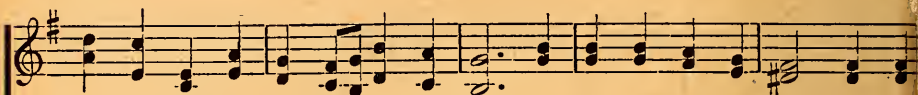
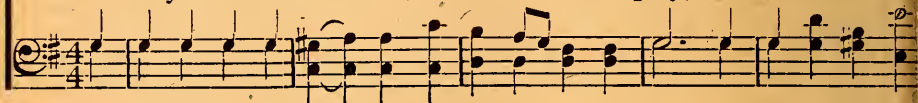


PHILLIPS BROOKS

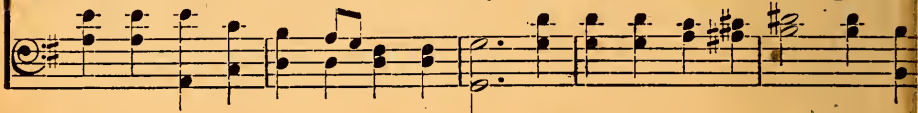
LEWIS H. REDNER



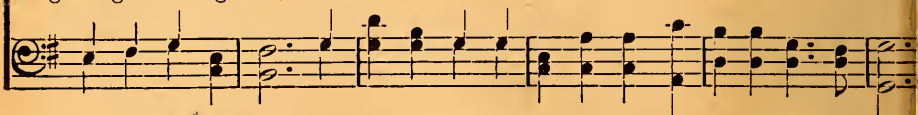
1. O lit-tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep a
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gathered all a - bove, While mortals sleep,
3. How si-lent-ly, how si-lent-ly The wondrous gift is giv'n! So God im-parts to
4. O ho-ly Child of Beth-le-hem, De-scend to us, we pray; Cast out our sin and



dreamless sleep The si-lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shin-eth The  
 an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love. O morn-ing stars, to - geth - er Pro  
 hu-man hearts The bless-ings of His Heav'n. No ear may hear His com-ing; Bu  
 en - ter in.—Be born in us to - day. We hear the Christmas an - gels The



ev - er-last-ing Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night  
 claim the ho - ly birth, And prais-essing to God the King, And peace to men on ear  
 in this world of sin, Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in  
 great glad tidings tell,—O come to us, a-bide with us, Our Lord Em-man-u-el.

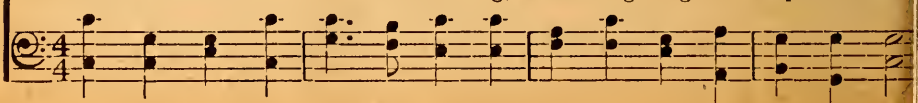


JAMES MONTGOMERY

H. SMART



1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth
2. Shep-herds, in the field a - bid - ing, Watch-ing o'er your flocks by night
3. Sag - es, leave your con-tem-pla-tions, Bright-er vis-sions beam a - far;
4. Saints be - fore the al - tar bend-ing, Watch-ing long in hope and fear





# Angels, From the Realms of Glory

Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's birth:  
 God with man is now re - sid - ing, Yon - der shines the in - fant - Light;  
 Seek the great De - sire of na - tions, Ye have seen His na - tal star;  
 Sud - den - ly the Lord, de - scend - ing, In His tem - ple shall ap - pear;

Come and wor-ship, come and wor-ship, Wor-ship Christ, the new - born King.

## 130 Silent Night! Holy Night!

JOSEPH MOHR

FRANZ GRUBER

1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is dark, save the light  
 2. Si - lent night! Peace - ful night! Dark-ness flies, all is light;  
 3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Guid - ing Star, lend thy light!  
 4. Si - lent night! Ho - li - est night! Won - drous Star, lend thy light!

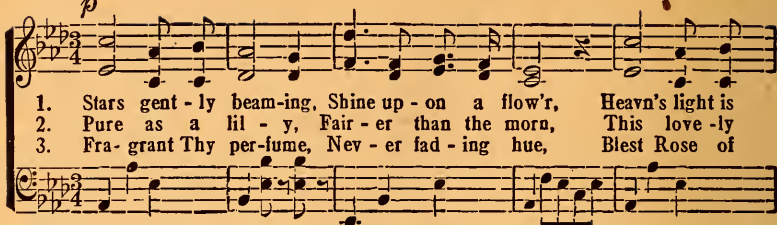
Yon - der, where they sweet vig - ils keep, O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep  
 Shep - herds hear the an - gels sing, "Al - le - lu - ia! hail the King!  
 See the East - ern wise men bring Gifts and hom - age to our King!  
 With the an - gels let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to our King!

Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace.  
 Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born."  
 Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born!  
 Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born!

T. H.  
Duet  
*p*

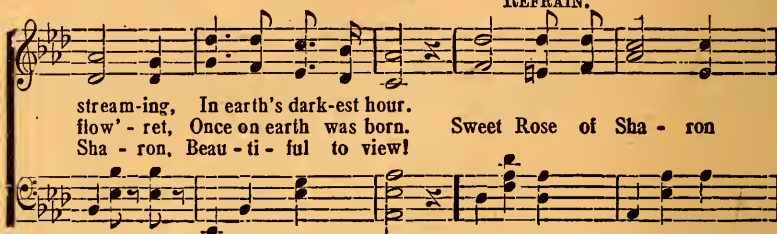
Copyright 1923, Thoro Harris

Thoro Harris



1. Stars gent - ly beam-ing, Shine up - on a flow'r, Heavn's light is  
 2. Pure as a lil - y, Fair - er than the morn, This love - ly  
 3. Fra - grant Thy per-fume, Nev - er fad - ing hue, Blest Rose of

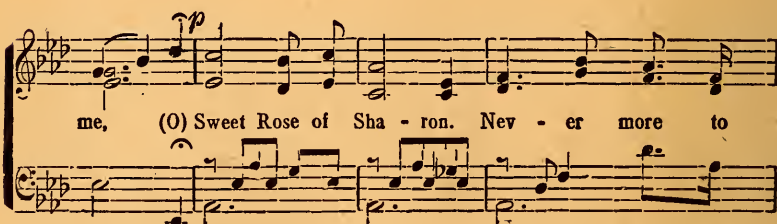
## REFRAIN.



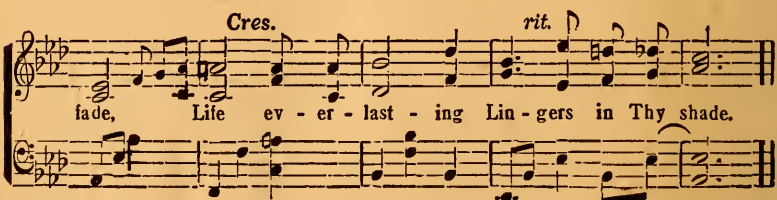
stream-ing, In earth's dark-est hour.  
 flow' - ret, Once on earth was born. Sweet Rose of Sha - ron  
 Sha - ron, Beau - ti - ful to view!



Beau - ti - ful to see. (Dear) Flow'r fair and fra-grant, Blos-som-ing for



me, (O) Sweet Rose of Sha - ron. Nev - er more to



*Cres.* *rit.*  
 fade, Life ev - er - last - ing Lin - gers in Thy shade.

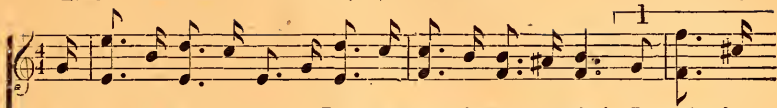
## My Secret.

For a little girl, holding a doll.

Elsie Duncan Yale.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS.

Thoro Harris.



1. { I hold a se-cret, dol-ly, Just the love-li-est sur-prise! I real-ly  
I'm going to take your picture: Do you think you could have guessed?
2. { Your dress I'll trim with ruffles And a dain-ty sash of blue; I'll tie your  
With stockings blue, and slippers, O you'll look so ver-y fine!



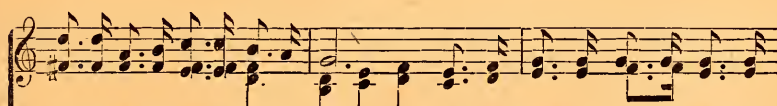
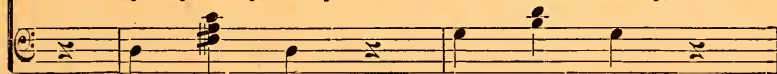
think you know it, I can see it in your eyes. Now dress up in your Sun-day best.  
curls up, dol-ly, With a pret-ty rib-bon, too. I'm proud to own you, dol-ly mine.



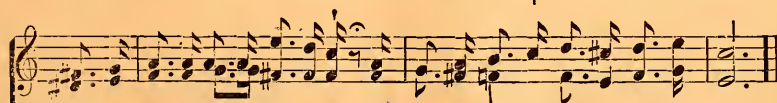
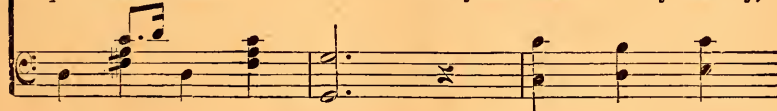
## REFRAIN.



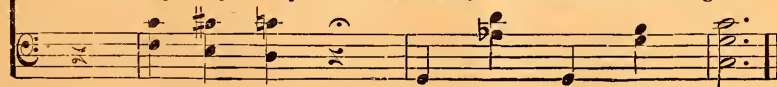
When I say, "My dol-ly, read-y!" You must sit so still and stead-y, Just as



qui-et as a mous-ie ev-er could. Fold your hands so ver-y neat-ly,



Smile so ver-y, ver-y sweetly. Click! it's ta-ken; and I'm sure it must be good.





Tr. by FREDERICK OAKELEY

WADE's Cantus Diversi

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, joy - ful and tri - um - phant, O  
 2. Sing, choirs of an - gels, sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, O  
 3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this hap - py morn - ing,

come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him,  
 sing, all ye bright hosts of heav'n a - bove; Glo - ry to God, all  
 Je - sus, to Thee be all glo - ry giv'n; Word of the Fa - ther,

## REFRAIN

born the King of an - gels.  
 glo - ry in the high - est. O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a -  
 now in flesh ap - pear - ing.

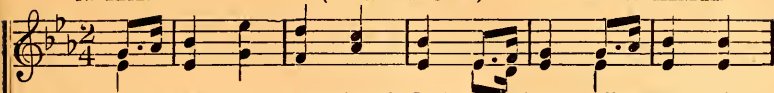
dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord. A - men.

## While Shepherds Watched.

N. TATE.

(CHRISTMAS. C. M.)

Arr. fr. HANDEL.



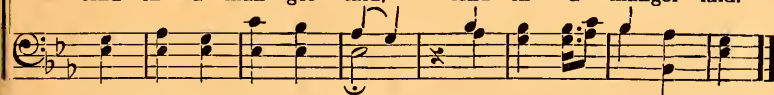
1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed  
 2. "Fear not," said he,— for might - y dread Had seized their  
 3. "To you, in Da - vid's town this day, Is born of  
 4. "The heav'n-ly babe you there shall find To hu - man



on the ground, The an - gel of the Lord came down,  
 troub - led mind, "Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring,  
 Da - vid's line, The Sav - ior, who is Christ, the Lord,  
 view dis - played, All mean-ly wrapp'd in swath-ing bands,



And glo - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round.  
 To you and all man - kind, To you and all man - kind.  
 And this shall be the sign, And this shall be the sign.  
 And in a man - ger laid, And in a manger laid."

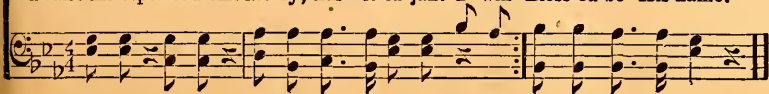


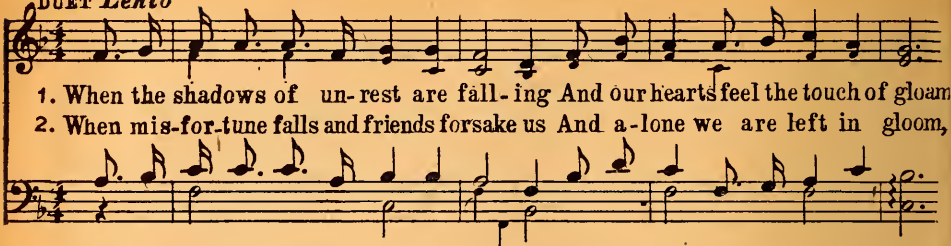
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
 Appeared a shining throng  
 Of angels, praising God, who thus  
 Addressed their joyful song.
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,  
 And to the earth be peace;  
 Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men  
 Begin, and never cease."

## Praise Him!

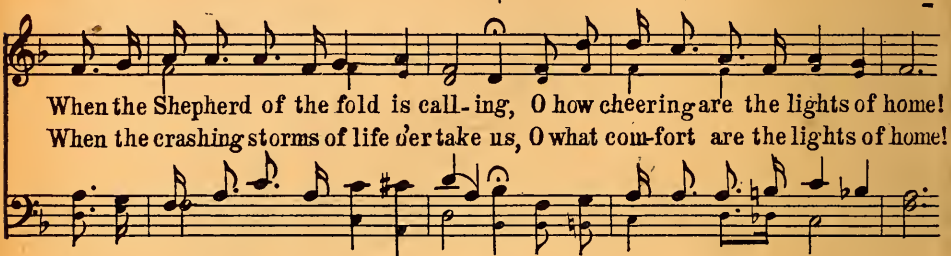


Praise Him! praise Him! Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah! I will Bless-ed be His name.

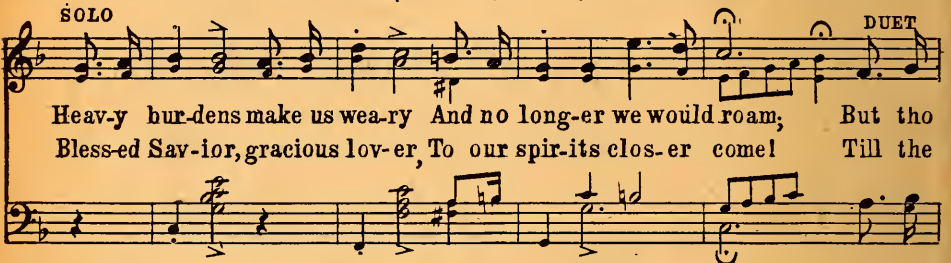


DUET *Lento*


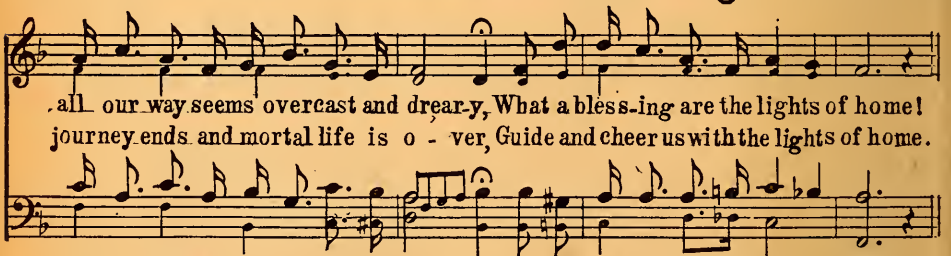
1. When the shadows of un-rest are fall-ing And our hearts feel the touch of gloam  
2. When mis-for-tune falls and friends forsake us And a-lone we are left in gloom,



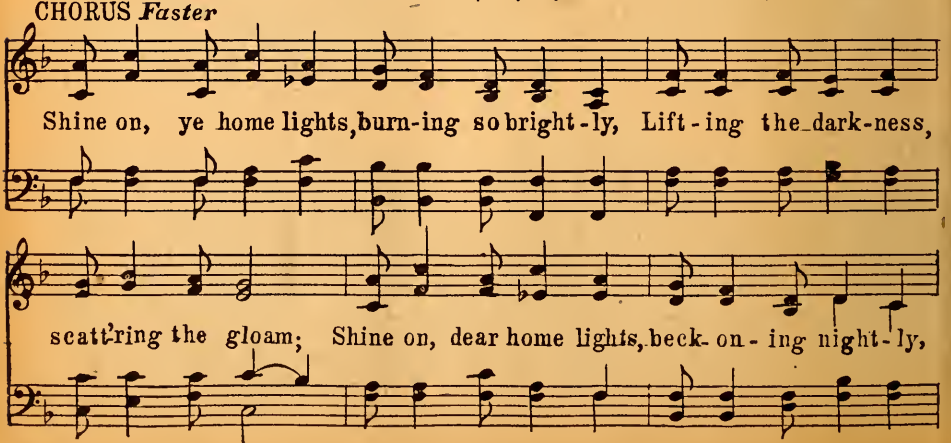
When the Shepherd of the fold is call-ing, O how cheering are the lights of home!  
When the crashing storms of life o'er take us, O what com-fort are the lights of home!



SOLO DUET  
Heav-y bur-dens make us wea-ry And no long-er we would roam, But tho  
Bless-ed Sav-ior, gracious lov-er, To our spir-its clos-er comel Till the



all our way seems overcast and dreary, What a bless-ing are the lights of home!  
journey ends and mortal life is o-ver, Guide and cheer us with the lights of home.



CHORUS *Faster*  
Shine on, ye home lights, burn-ing so bright-ly, Lift-ing the dark-ness,  
scat-tring the gloam; Shine on, dear home lights, beck-on-ing night-ly,



Cheer-ing our spir-its, lighting us home, Point out the path that leads the pilgrim home.

# 137 We Want the World to Know It

Thoro Harris

Copyright 1943 by Thoro Harris in Songs of Summerland

Thoro Harris

1. We sing our Mak-er's matchless praise Whose pow'r prolongs ourearthly days,
2. He speaketh peace, He giv-eth rest, He keeps the soul se-rene-ly blest;
3. His smile dis-pels all car-nal cares, He free-ly ev-'ry bur-den bears,
4. He longs that all man-kind should see The proof of im-mor-tal-i-ty,
5. And when the storms of wrath we meet Our Rock provides a safe re-treat;
6. Come, en-ter now this glorious way: Your path will brighter grow each day,

1. Who leads His own in wis-dom's ways, For we want the world to know it.
2. The Fa-ther's will is al-ways best, And we want the world to know it.
3. His ear is o-pen to our pray'rs, And we want the world to know it.
4. That death is not re-al-i-ty, And we want the world to know it.
5. God's child shall nev-er face de-feat, And we want the world to know it.
6. No seek-ing heart Love turns a-way, And we want the world to know it.

REFRAIN

We want the world to know it, And so to all we show it,

Sound-ing far a-broad the grace of God-We want the world to know it.

Sallie K. Best. Copyright 1941 by Thoro Harris in Glad Tidings. Thoro Harris.

1. God is call-ing, God is call-ing, His com-mand-ing voice we hear;  
 2. Gath-er quick-ly all the lost ones, Speak to them a gen-tle word;  
 3. Seed has fall-en by the way-side, And some gold-en grain it yields;  
 4. Homeward coming from the har-vest, Bring to him the gold-en sheaves;

He is read-y for the har-vest; In his serv-ice vol-un-teer.  
 To His king-dom you may bring them, If your voice in love is heard.  
 Stoop and gather when you find it, 'Tis as pre-cious as the fields.  
 You can nev-er win his fa-vor If you gar-ner but the leaves.

CHORUS.

God is call-ing, God is call-ing Ev-'ry hour and ev-'ry day;

He is call-ing, he is call-ing To the har-vest field a-way!

God is call-ing, God is call-ing Ev-'ry hour and ev-'ry day;

*Dim.*

He is call-ing, He is call-ing To the har-vest field a-way!

139

## Gentleness

Thoro Harris. Copyright 1941 by Thoro Harris in Glad Tidings

Thoro Harris.

1. Gen - tly, gen - tly kneel and pray, Gen - tly come and go;.....
2. Kind - ly, kind - ly speak to all At our work or play;....
3. Dear - ly, dear - ly let us love Ev - 'ry - one we know;....
4. Sweet-ly, sweet - ly sing the praise Of our glo - rious King....

1. Spir - it eyes are watch - ing us, They would have it so.
2. List - ning an - gels al - ways hear Ev - 'ry word we say.
3. Brothers, sis - ters, friends are we, God hath made it so.
4. With our hearts and with our voice: An - gels hear us sing.

REFRAIN. *p*

Gen - tly, gen - tly shine the stars, Gen - tly grow the love - ly flow'rs,

Gen - tly smiles the love of God, And his love is ours.



## My Father is King of Kings

James Rowe

Copyright 1941 by Thoro Harris in Glad Tidings

Thoro Harris

*Duet*

1. A message has come, Glad tidings from home, Which banishes all my care;  
 2. No long-er shall I For earth's riches sigh, For getting my Father's love;  
 3. I'll risk nev-er more My soul that may soar To highs of e - ter - nal ioy,  
 4. To meet Him a - bove And live in His love, His true faithful child I'd be;

1. It tells me no more To think I am poor, For some day a crown I shall wear.  
 2. For treasures of earth But lit-tle are worth, Compar'd to my mansion a - bove.  
 3. For pleasures that stay An hour or a day, For pleasures that blight and destroy.  
 4. O - bey-ing His will, Till bid-den to fill The place that is waiting for me.

CHORUS *cresc.*

My Fa-ther is King of kings! What rap-ture the mes-sage brings! I'm  
 the King of kings!

heir to a throne, A crown I shall own; My Fa-ther is King of kings.

## Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

*A. Reed.**Gottschalk*

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;

2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,  
 Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,  
 Long hath sin without control,  
 Held dominion o'er my soul.

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,  
 Cheer this saddened heart of mine;  
 Bid my many woes depart,  
 Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

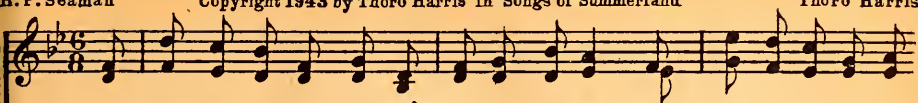
4 Holy Spirit, all divine,  
 Dwell within this heart of mine;  
 Cast down ev'ry idol throne,  
 Reign supreme—and reign alone.

# 142 He Holdeth My Life In His Hand

H. P. Seaman

Copyright 1943 by Thoro Harris in "Songs of Summerland"

Thoro Harris



1. My feet were fast slipping: I'd fall-en in sin; By flesh-ly am-bi-tion
2. He lift-ed my soul from the mire and the clay, He plant-ed my feet on
3. Each moment His won-der-ful pow'r I can feel, It cheers me when weary,
4. My friend, are you wand'ring in sad-ness to-day? God's an-gels are near you

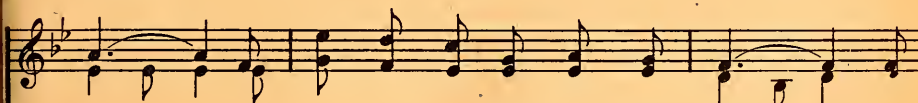
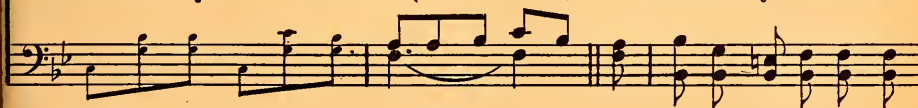


1. no peace could I win; Love o-pen'd my heart, and His glo-ry came in Who
2. the rock, there to stay; With con-fi-dence on-ward I press day by day: God
3. it grow-eth more real; His Spir-it has come, on my heart left His seal; He
4. each step of the way; Be-lieve in His goodness and grate-ful-ly say, He

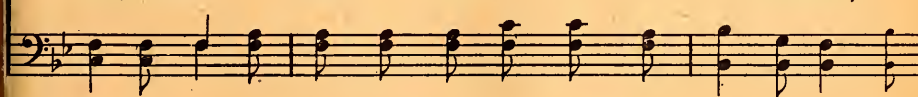


## CHORUS

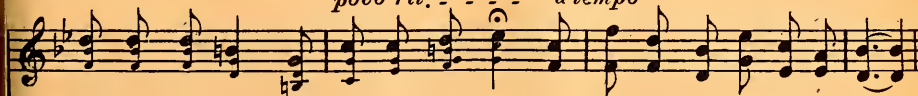
hold-eth my life in His hand (in His hand). He hold-eth my life in His



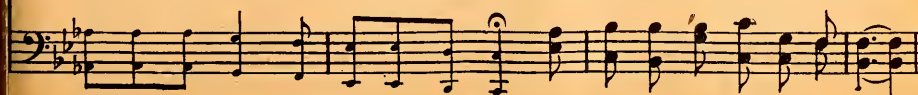
hand (His hand) I'm safe on the sea and the land (the land); In



*poco rit.* - - - *a tempo*



times of dis-tress When foes would oppress, He hold-eth my life in His hand.



1. A - bide with me, dear Spir-it, Thy in-most self re-veal; In  
 2. A - bide with me, great Spir-it, And all my life con-trol; When  
 3. A - bide with me, sweet Spir-it, And nev-er cease Thy care; For  
 4. A - bide with me, blest Spir-it, When comes the fi-nal strife; On

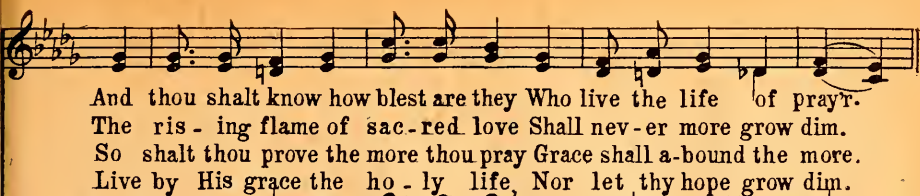
mer-cy speak to one so weak As 'low in pray'r I kneel. Thy  
 foes mo-lest, be Thou my rest And heal my trou-bled soul. O  
 all the ways of fu-ture days My will-ing heart pre-pare. O  
 wings of love bear me a-bove To realms of end-less life. And

change-less love I dai-ly prove, For Thou art al-ways near; On  
 per-fect me till I am free From all the sins of yore; Cleanse  
 calm the deep to si-lent sleep, As-suage the threat-n'g wave; When  
 when at last, all tri-als past, I view the peace-ful shore, My

Thee for aid my heart is stay'd, No want my soul shall fear.  
 Thou my heart in ev-ry part And peace to me re-store.  
 sur-ges swell, the bil-lows quell My soul from death to save.  
 psalm of praise to Thee I'll raise At home, for-ev-er-more.

1. Take time to be a-lone with God, With Him com-mun-ion share,  
 2. Take time to be a-lone with God, Sweet converse hold with Him;  
 3. Take time to be a-lone with God And talk each problem o'er,  
 4. Take time to be a-lone with God In fel-low-ship with Him;





And thou shalt know how blest are they Who live the life of pray'r.  
The ris - ing flame of sac - red love Shall nev - er more grow dim.  
So shalt thou prove the more thou pray Grace shall a - bound the more.  
Live by His grace the ho - ly life, Nor let thy hope grow dim.

REFRAIN



A - lone with God, a lone with God, En - gage in fer - vent pray'r;  
His love will light - en all thy way, His bless - ing thou shalt share.

# 145 The Lord Will Make a Way

Copyright 1943 by Thoro Harris in Songs of Summerland

Thoro Harris, arr.



I know the Lord will make a way for me, I know the Lord will make a  
way for me. If I live a ho - ly life, Trust in God and do the  
right, I know the Lord will make a way for me.

## Hallelujah!

*Allegro.*

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*mf*

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah!

*ff*

Hal - - le - lu - - jah, hal - - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - - - - - le -

*ff*

lu - jah, Hal - - le - lu - - jah, hal - - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah!

lu - jah! Hal - - - - - le - lu - jah!

*m* *cres.* *ff*

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hallelujah, hal - le - lu - jah, a - men, a - men,

Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men, hal - le - lu - jah, a - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men, hal - le - lu - jah, a - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men,

*ff*

Hal - le - lu - jah, men, hal - le - lu - jah, a - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men, a - men. A - men. hal - le - lu - jah,

## A Beautiful Life

Wm. M. G.

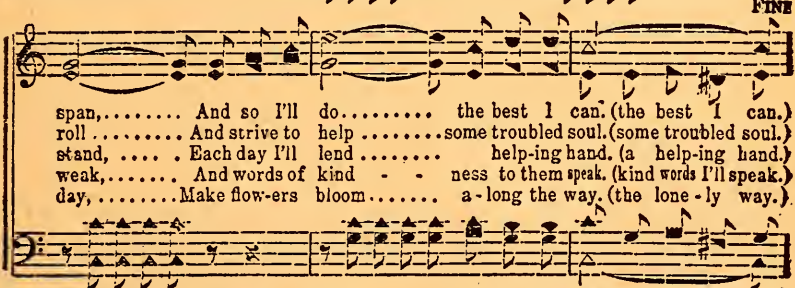
Wm. M. Golden.



1. Each day I'll do..... a gold-en deed,..... By help-ing  
 2. To be a child..... of God each day,..... My light must  
 3. The on-ly life..... that will en-dure,..... Is one that's  
 4. I'll help some one..... in time of need,..... And jour-ney  
 5. While go-ing down..... life's wea-ry road,..... I'll try to



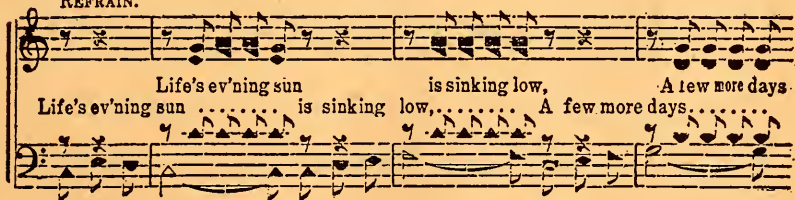
those .....who are in need;.... My life on earth..... is but a  
 shine..... a-long the way;.... I'll sing His praise.....while a-ges  
 kind .... and good and pure;.... And so for God..... I'll take my  
 on.....with rap-id speed;... I'll help the sick..... and poor and  
 lift.....some trav-ler's load;.... I'll try to turn..... the night to



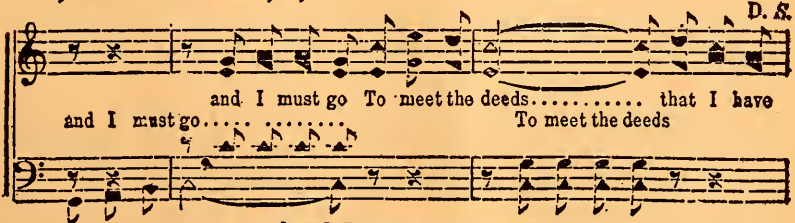
span,..... And so I'll do..... the best I can. (the best I can.)  
 roll ..... And strive to help .....some troubled soul. (some troubled soul.)  
 stand, .... Each day I'll lend ..... help-ing hand. (a help-ing hand.)  
 weak,..... And words of kind - - ness to them speak. (kind words I'll speak.)  
 day, ..... Make flow-ers bloom..... a-long the way. (the lone-ly way.)

D. S. done, ..... Where there will be ..... no set-ting sun. ....  
 that I have done, ..... Where there will be ..... no set-ting sun.

## REFRAIN.




Life's ev'ning sun ..... is sinking low, ..... A few more days.  
 Life's ev'ning sun ..... is sinking low, ..... A few more days.....

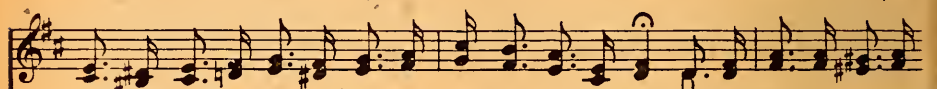


and I must go ..... To meet the deeds..... that I have  
 and I must go ..... To meet the deeds





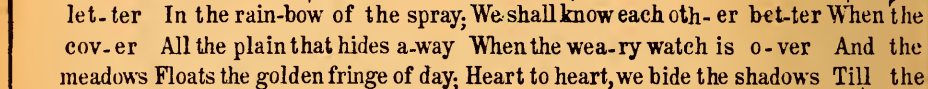
1. When the mists have roll'd in splen-dor From the beau-ty of the hills And the  
2. If we err in hu-man blindness And for-get that we are dust, If we  
3. When the mists have ris'n a-bove us, As our Fa-ther knows his own, Face to



sun-shine warm and tender Falls in kiss-es on the rills, We may read love's shining  
miss the law of kindness When we strug-gle to be just, Snowy wings of peace shall  
face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known, Far be-yond the o-rient

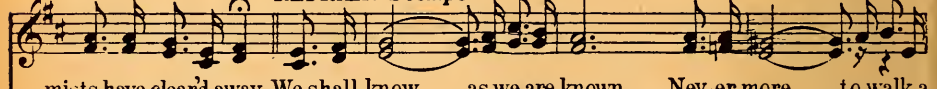


let-ter In the rain-bow of the spray, We shall know each oth-er bet-ter When the  
cov-er All the plain that hides a-way When the wea-ry watch is o-ver And the  
meadows Floats the golden fringe of day, Heart to heart, we bide the shadows Till the

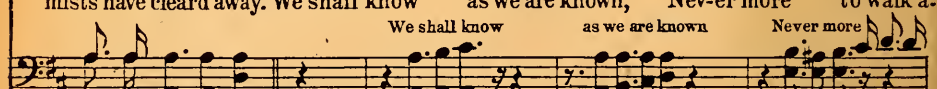



let-ter In the rain-bow of the spray, We shall know each oth-er bet-ter When the  
cov-er All the plain that hides a-way When the wea-ry watch is o-ver And the  
meadows Floats the golden fringe of day, Heart to heart, we bide the shadows Till the

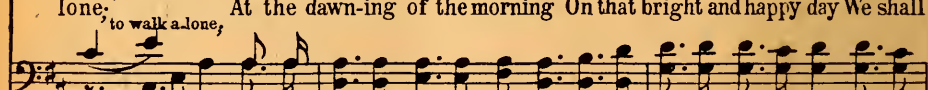
*rall.* REFRAIN *a tempo*




mists have clear'd away. We shall know as we are known, Nev-er more to walk a-  
We shall know as we are known Never more

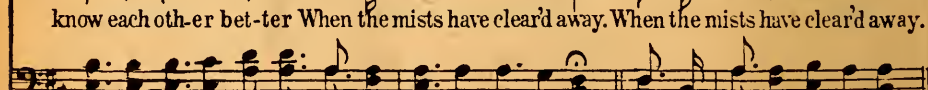
lone, At the dawn-ing of the morning On that bright and happy day We shall  
to walk a lone,



Stanzas 1, 2 Stanza 3



know each oth-er bet-ter When the mists have clear'd away. When the mists have clear'd away.



## Wear a Crown

HARRIETTE WATERS

A. E. LIND

1. Bu - gle calls are ring-ing out, "For-ward" is the bat-tle shout, See where  
 2. Sound the charge against the foe, Lay the hosts of er-ror low; In His  
 3. Fight the fight of faith and love, Look-ing un - to Him a - bove; Loy - al

floats the conqu'ring sign, On-ward to the war di-vine!  
 name, vic-to-rious King, Let the song of tri-umph ring! And when the bat-tle's  
 sol-diers, do and dare, Your Commander's joy to share.

o-ver We shall wear a crown, We shall wear a crown, We shall wear a crown! And

when the bat-tle's o-ver We shall wear a crown In the new Je-ru - sa-lem!

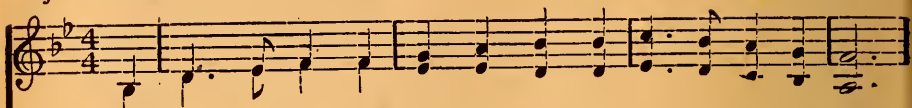
Wear a crown, wear a crown, A-way o-ver Jor-dan! And  
 Wear a crown, Wear a crown,

# EASTER CAROLS

## The Conqueror of Death

JAMES ROWE.

THORO HARRIS.



1. Be glad! re-joice! Hope's golden light Is ris - ing with the dawn;
2. Be glad! re-joice! Be - hold the King! Tri - um - phant forth he comes,
3. Both sin and death have heard their doom, The stone is rolled a - way,
4. Be - hold the King! The strife is o'er, The Sav - iour lives a - gain!



The gloom of death has tak - en flight, Its ter - rors are withdrawn.  
 The glo - ry of his love to bring In - to our hearts and homes  
 And shines a light with - in the tomb Which dims the light of day.  
 Be glad, and praise him more and more; Re - joice, ye sons of men.



## CHORUS.



Be - hold the King, the glo - rious King, The con - quer - or of death!



O make the whole cre - a - tion ring! The Lord has conquered death!





## CHRIST AROSE

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ROBERT LOWRY

ROBERT LOWRY

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus my Sav - ior! Wait - ing the com - ing day—  
 2. Vainly they watch His bed— Je - sus my Sav - ior! Vain - ly they seal the dead—  
 3. Death cannot keep his prey— Je - sus my Sav - ior! He tore the bars a - way—

REFRAIN *Faster*

Je - sus my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, He a - rose, With a

might - y triumph o'er His foes; He a - rose! He a - rose a Vic - tor from the

dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign, He a -

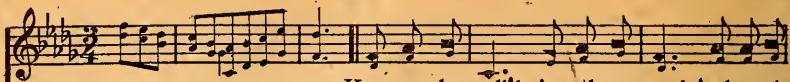
rose! He a - rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!

## This Easter Day

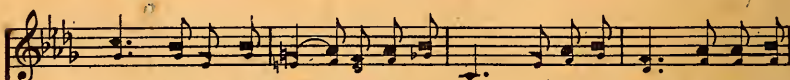
Thoro Harris

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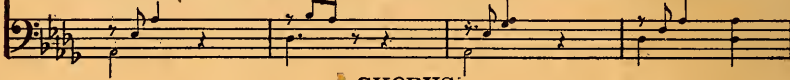
Thoro Harris



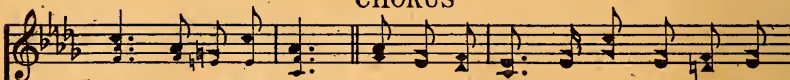
1. How soon has roll'd An-oth-er year! And now be-
2. How man-y trod This path before To dwell with
3. Ye saints re-joice! The time draws near When His sweet
4. O broth-er dear, Give earnest heed; To Christ draw
5. Be-fore Him kneel This ver-y hour: He will re-



1. hold, We gath-er here To hear His word And humbly pray. We thank Thee,
2. God Whom we a-dore; He is to life The on-ly way, Our peace 'mid
3. voice. Ye, too, shall hear; Then with a song In heav'n for aye Rest on that
4. near, The Friend you need; To seek His face No more de-lay, Accept His
5. veal. His sav-ing pow'r. So may you tread The royal way That leads a-



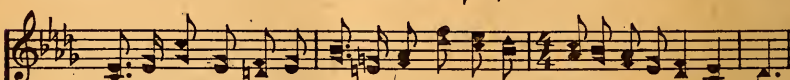
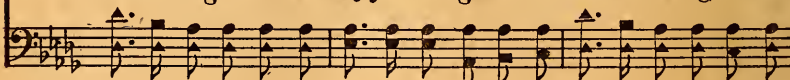
## CHORUS



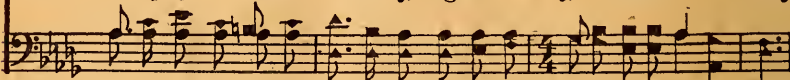
1. Lord, For this glad day!
2. strife, Our hope to-day.
3. long Un-cloud-ed day. Our grateful praise we bring To Christ our
4. grace This ho-ly day.
5. head To end-less day.



ris-en King Who made the joy-bells ring And tun'd our hearts to sing; And so to



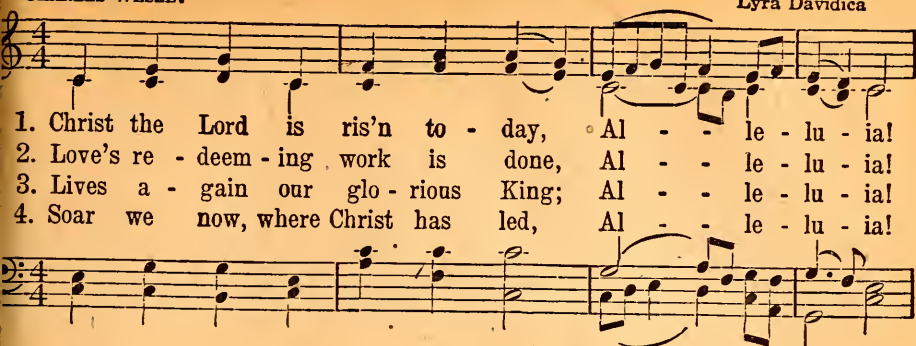
Him we pray This blessed Easter day, So glad to say, The stone is roll'd a-way.



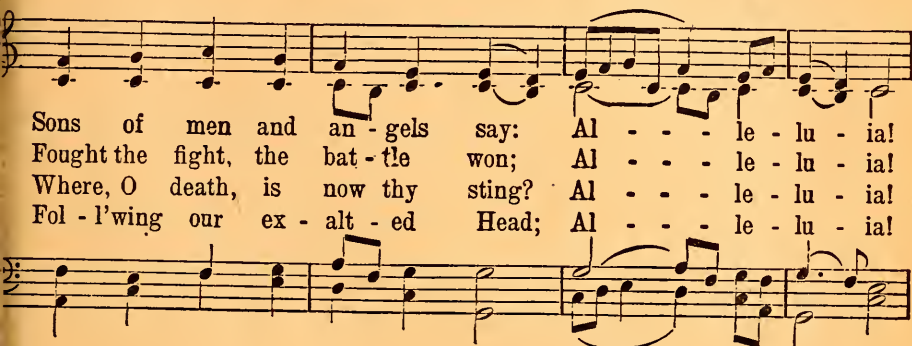
## Christ the Lord is Risen To-day

CHARLES WESLEY

Lyra Davidica



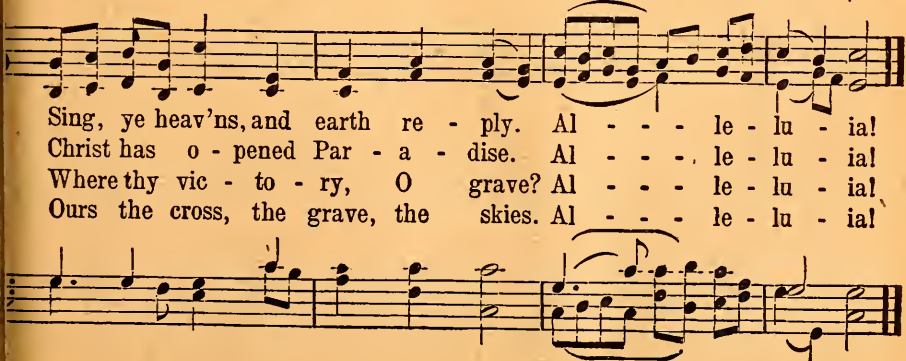
1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia!  
 2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Al - - le - lu - ia!  
 3. Lives a - gain our glo - rious King; Al - - le - lu - ia!  
 4. Soar we now, where Christ has led, Al - - le - lu - ia!



Sons of men and an - gels say: Al - - - le - lu - ia!  
 Fought the fight, the bat - tle won; Al - - - le - lu - ia!  
 Where, O death, is now thy sting? Al - - - le - lu - ia!  
 Fol - l'wing our ex - alt - ed Head; Al - - - le - lu - ia!

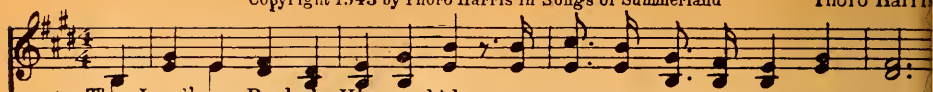


Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Al - - - le - lu - ia!  
 Death in vain for - bids Him rise; Al - - - le - lu - ia!  
 Dy - ing once, He all doth save: Al - - - le - lu - ia!  
 Made like Him, like Him we rise; Al - - - le - lu - ia!

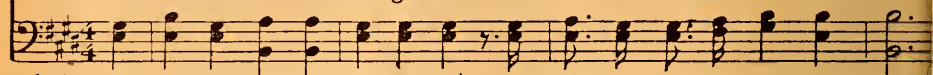


Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply. Al - - - le - lu - ia!  
 Christ has o - pened Par - a - dise. Al - - - le - lu - ia!  
 Where thy vic - to - ry, O grave? Al - - - le - lu - ia!  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. Al - - - le - lu - ia!

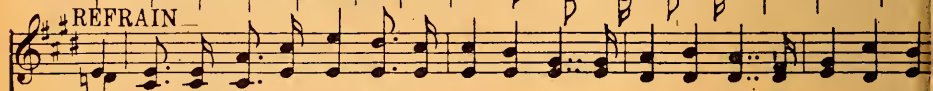
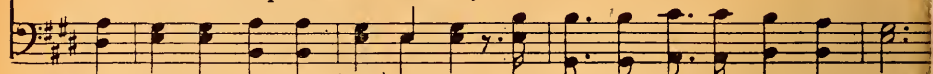




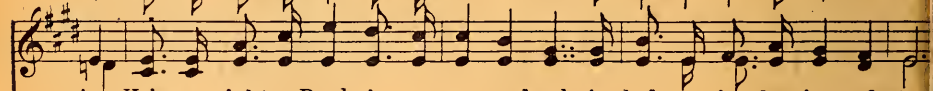
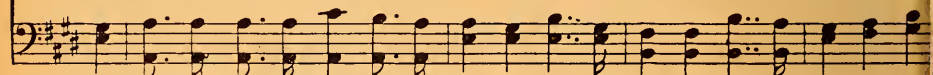
1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide,  
 2. A shade by day, de-fense by night,  
 3. Tho rag-ing storms a-bout us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm,  
 4. O Rock di-vine! O Refuge dear!



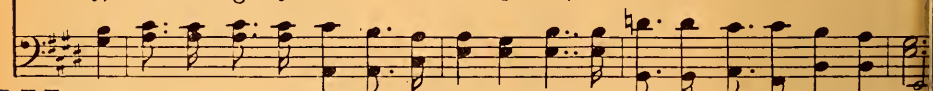
Secure what-ev-er ill be-tide,  
 No fears a-larm, no foes af-fright,  
 We'll nev-er leave this safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
 Be thou our Help-er ev-er near,



O He's a might-y Rock in a wea-ry land, A drear-y land Of desert sand



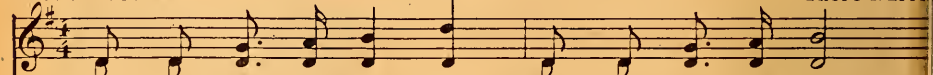
Ay, He's a might-y Rock in a wea-ry land, A shel-ter in the time of storm



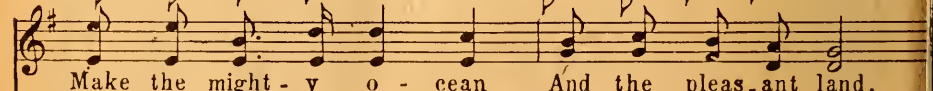
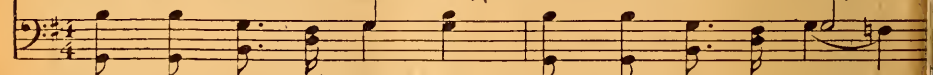
## Little Drops of Water

Eben C. Brewer

Thoro Harris



1. Lit-tle drops of wa-ter, Lit-tle grains of sand,  
 2. And the lit-tle mo-ments, Hum-ble tho they be,  
 3. Lit-tle deeds of mer-cy Sown by youth-ful hands  
 4. Lit-tle deeds of kind-ness, Lit-tle words of love,



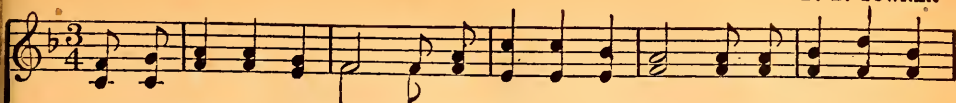
Make the might-y o-cean And the pleas-ant land.  
 Make the might-y a-ges Of e-ter-ni-ty.  
 Grow to bless the na-tions Far in heath-en lands.  
 Make our earth an E-den Like the heav'n a-bove.



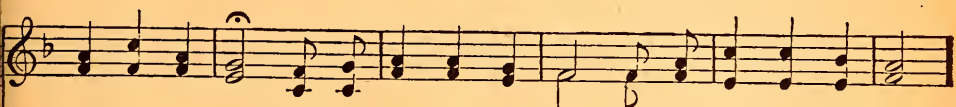
## Trust and Obey

J. H. SAMMIS

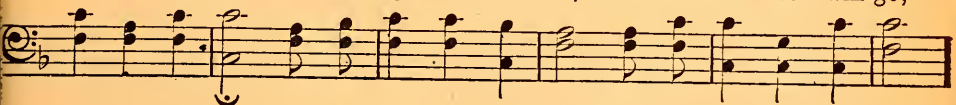
D. B. TOWNER



1. When we walk with the Lord In the Light of His Word What a glo - ry He
2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev - er can prove The de - lights of His love Un - til all on the
5. Then in fel - low - shipsweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His



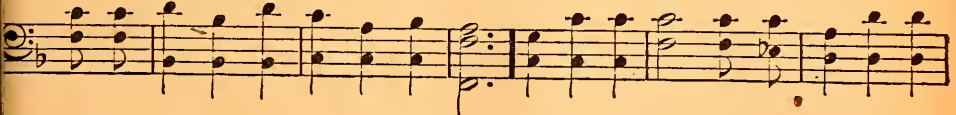
sheds on our way! While we do His good-will, He a-bides with us still,  
drives it a-way; Not a doubt or a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear,  
rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown or a cross,  
al - tar we lay; For the fa - vor He shows, And the joy He be-stows,  
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go,—



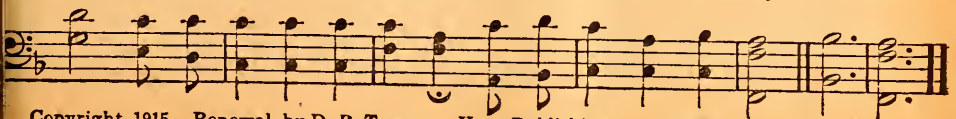
## CHORUS.



And with all who will trust and o - bey.  
Can a-bide while we trust and o - bey.  
But is blest if we trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, for there's no oth - er  
Are for them who will trust and o - bey.  
Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.



way To be hap - py in Je - sus, But to trust and o - bey. A - MEN.



## I Belong to the King

IDA. L. REED

MAURICE A. CLIFTON

1. I be-long to the King, I'm a child of His love, I shall dwell in His  
 2. I be-long to the King, and He loves me I know, For His mer-cy and  
 3. I be-long to the King, and His prom-ise is sure, That we all shall be

pal-ace so fair; For He tells of its bliss in yon heav-en a-bove, And His  
 kindness, so free, Are un-ceas-ing-ly mine, where-so-ev-er I go, And my  
 gathered at last In His king-dom a-bove, by life's wa-ters so pure, When this

CHORUS  
 chil-dren in splen-dor shall share.  
 ref-uge un-fail-ing is He. I be-long to the King, I'm a  
 life with its tri-als is past.

child of His love, And He nev-er for-sak-eth His own; He will call me some

day to His pal-ace a-bove, I shall dwell by His glo-ri-fied throne.



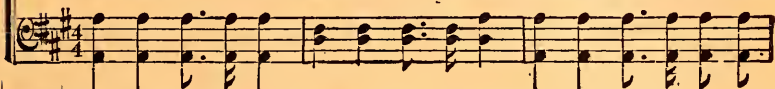
## Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

**E. A. HOFFMAN.**

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-er-



last - ing arms; What a bless - ed-ness, what a peace is mine,  
last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,  
last - ing arms; I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,



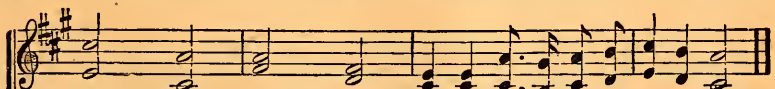
REFRAIN.



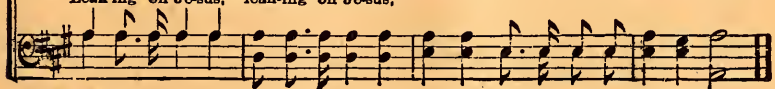
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing,  
Lean-ing on Je - sus.



Lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a - larms;  
Lean - ing on Je - sus.



Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.  
 Lean-ing on Je-sus, lean-ing on Je-sus,

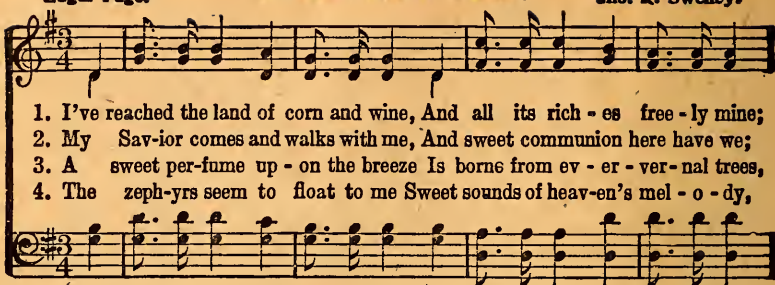


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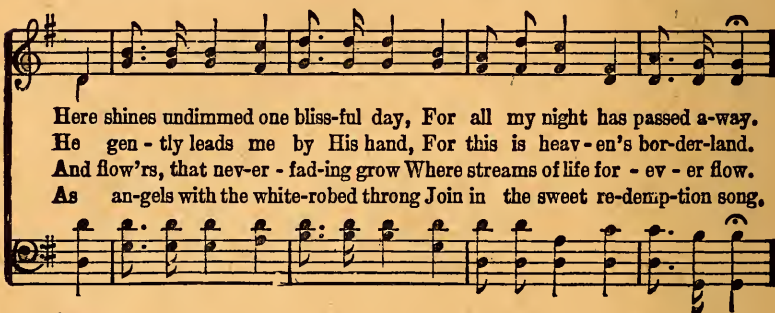
Edgar Page.

BY PERMISSION OF MRS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Jno. R. Sweney.

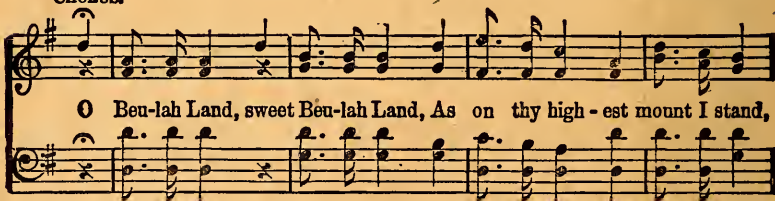


1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich-es free-ly mine;  
 2. My Sav-ior comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;  
 3. A sweet per-fume up-on the breeze Is borne from ev-er-ver-nal trees,  
 4. The zeph-yrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heav-en's mel-o-dy,

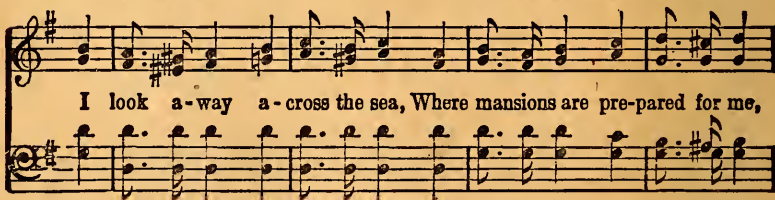


Here shines undimmed one bliss-ful day, For all my night has passed a-way.  
 He gen-tly leads me by His hand, For this is heav-en's bor-der-land.  
 And flow'rs, that nev-er-fad-ing grow Where streams of life for-ev-er flow.  
 As an-gels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet re-demp-tion song.

## CHORUS.



O Beu-lah Land, sweet Beu-lah Land, As on thy high-est mount I stand,



I look a-way a-cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me,



And view the shin-ing glo-ry-shore,—My heav'n, my home for-ev-er more!

## Shine for Jesus.

(JUBILEE.)

Julian Alford.

Copyright, 1915, by E. C. Deas.

E. C. Deas.

1. When the clouds are hanging low, Shine, shine; And you know not where to go,  
 2. When the world its powers wield, Shine, shine; Je - sus Christ will be your shield,  
 3. When your sins are washed away, Shine, shine; He'll go with you ev-'ry day,  
 4. When your path is black as night, Shine, shine; Soon He'll bring you to the light,

Shine for Je-sus

Shine for Je-sus; Take your bur-den to the Lord, You can take Him at His word,  
 Shine for Je-sus; Seek the Mas-ter on your knees, He's a-bove you and He sees,  
 Shine for Je-sus; You are nev - er-more a - lone, Je - sus Christ is all your own,  
 Shine for Je-sus; Tho' the way be hard and long, Never change from right to wrong,

CHORUS.

Sing and pray ev-'ry day, Shine, shine, shine! Shine when troubles shake you, Shine when

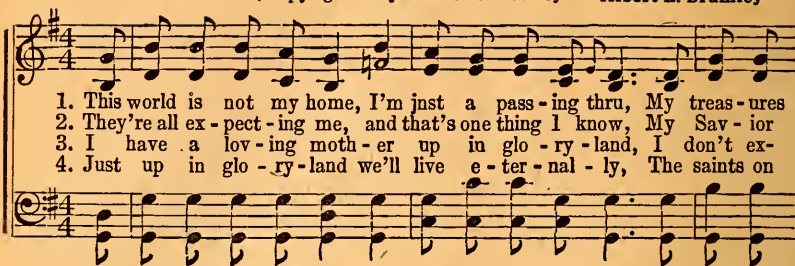
friends forsake you, All the way, ev-'ry day, There's a crown awaiting; Shine when

foes assail you, Shine when others fail you, Keep your eyes on Jesus, And shine, shine, shine.

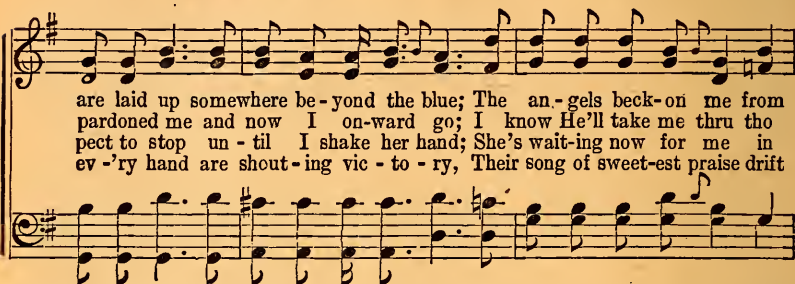


## This World is Not My Home

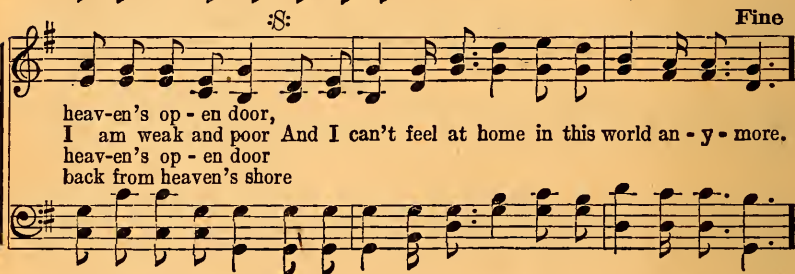
Arr. copyrighted by Albert E. Brumley

Arr. by  
Albert E. Brumley


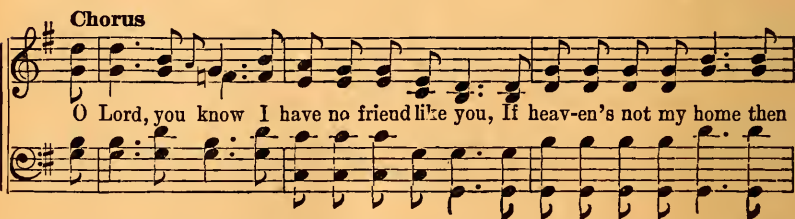
1. This world is not my home, I'm just a pass-ing thru, My treas-ures  
 2. They're all ex-pect-ing me, and that's one thing I know, My Sav-ior  
 3. I have a lov-ing moth-er up in glo-ry-land, I don't ex-  
 4. Just up in glo-ry-land we'll live e-ter-nal-ly, The saints on



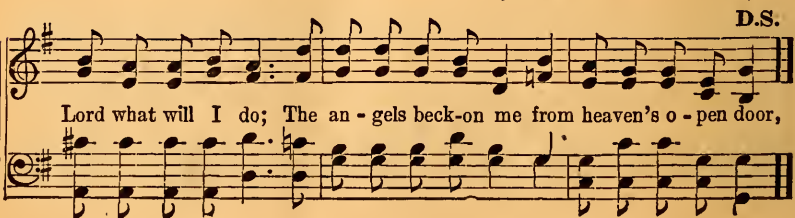
are laid up somewhere be-yond the blue; The an-gels beck-on me from  
 pardoned me and now I on-ward go; I know He'll take me thru tho  
 pect to stop un-til I shake her hand; She's wait-ing now for me in  
 ev-ry hand are shout-ing vic-to-ry, Their song of sweet-est praise drift



:S: Fine  
 heav-en's op-en door,  
 I am weak and poor And I can't feel at home in this world an-y-more.  
 heav-en's op-en door  
 back from heaven's shore



Chorus  
 O Lord, you know I have no friend like you, If heav-en's not my home then



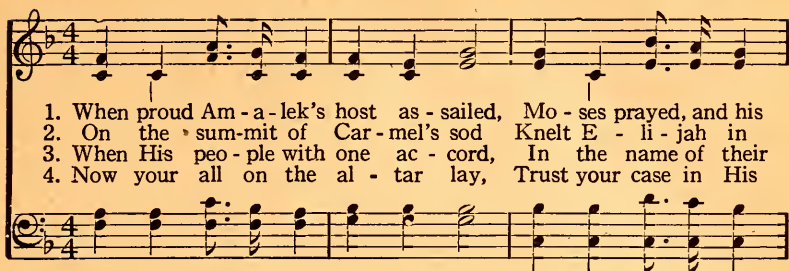
D.S.  
 Lord what will I do; The an-gels beck-on me from heaven's o-pen door,

## Prayer Wins Victory

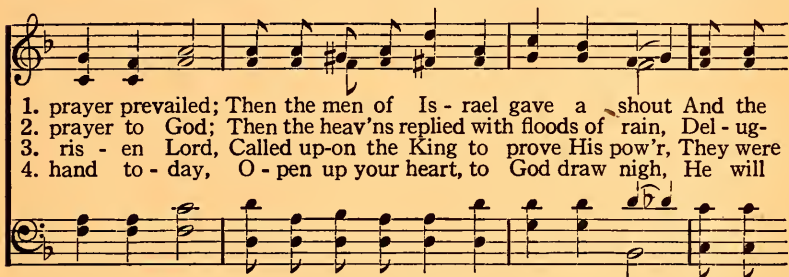
T. H.

Copyright, 1928, by Thoro Harris

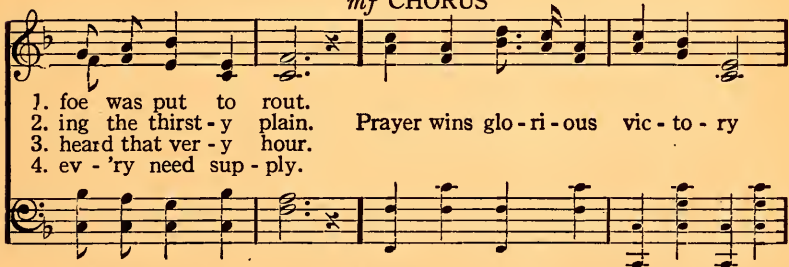
THORO HARRIS



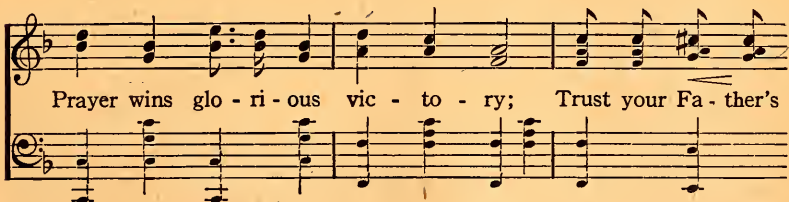
1. When proud Am - a - lek's host as - sailed, Mo - ses prayed, and his  
 2. On the sum - mit of Car - mel's sod Knelt E - li - jah in  
 3. When His peo - ple with one ac - cord, In the name of their  
 4. Now your all on the al - tar lay, Trust your case in His



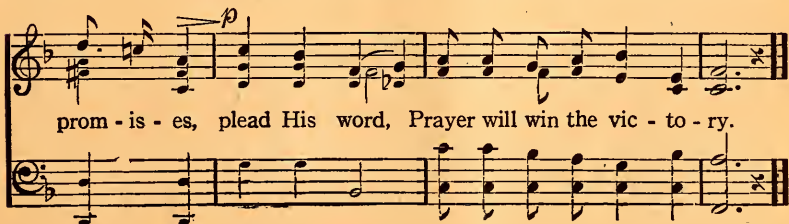
1. prayer prevailed; Then the men of Is - rael gave a shout And the  
 2. prayer to God; Then the heav'ns replied with floods of rain, Del - ug -  
 3. ris - en Lord, Called up - on the King to prove His pow'r, They were  
 4. hand to - day, O - pen up your heart, to God draw nigh, He will

*mf* CHORUS


1. foe was put to rout.  
 2. ing the thirst - y plain. Prayer wins glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry  
 3. heard that ver - y hour.  
 4. ev - 'ry need sup - ply.



Prayer wins glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry; Trust your Fa - ther's



*p*  
 prom - is - es, plead His word, Prayer will win the vic - to - ry.

FRANCES J. VAN ALSTYNE.

WM. B. BRADBURY, arr.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Sing, O ye peo - ple,  
 2. Praise Him, praise Him! shout a - loud for joy, Watch - man of Zi - on,  
 3. King e - ter - nal, bless - ed be His name! So may His chil - dren

glad - ly a - dore Him; Let the mount - ains trem - ble at His word;  
 her - ald the sto - ry; Sin and death His king - dom shall de - stroy;  
 glad - ly a - dore Him, When in heav'n we join the hap - py strain,

Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him; Might - y in wis - dom,  
 All the earth shall sing of His glo - ry; Praise Him, ye an - gels,  
 When we cast our bright crowns be - fore Him; There in His like - ness

bound - less in mer - cy, Great is Je - ho - vah, King o - ver all. *rit.*  
 ye who be - hold Him Robed in His splen - dor, Match - less, di - vine.  
 joy - ful a - wak - ing, There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.

## CHORUS.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord, Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him.



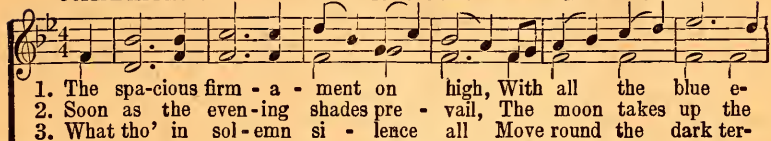
# 164 The Spacious Firmament on High.

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork."—Ps. 19: 1.

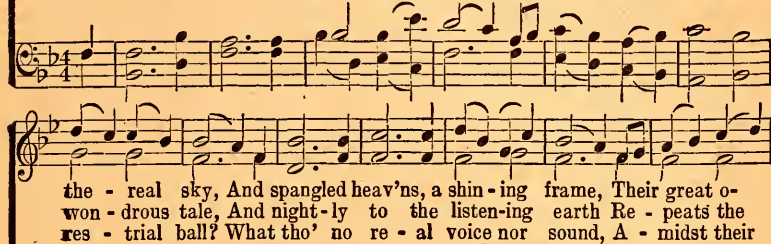
JOSEPH ADDISON.

CREATION. L. M.

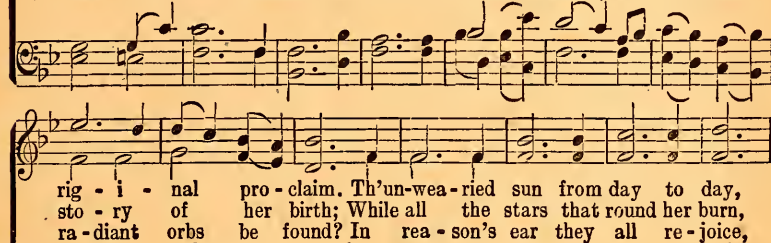
Arr. fr. F. J. HAYDN.



1. The spa-cious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue e-  
 2. Soon as the even-ing shades pre - vail, The moon takes up the  
 3. What tho' in sol-emn si - lence all Move round the dark ter-



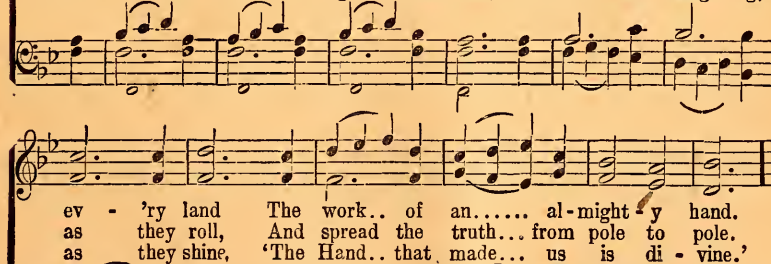
the - real sky, And spangled heav'ns, a shin-ing frame, Their great o-  
 won - drous tale, And night-ly to the listen-ing earth Re - peats the  
 res - trial ball? What tho' no re - al voice nor sound, A - midst their



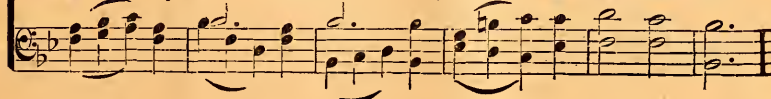
rig - i - nal pro-claim. Th'un-wea-ried sun from day to day,  
 sto - ry of her birth; While all the stars that round her burn,  
 ra-diant orbs be found? In rea-son's ear they all re-joice,



Does his... Cre - a - tor's power dis-play, And pub - lish - es... to  
 And all... the plan - ets in... their turn, Con-firm the tid - ings  
 And ut - ter forth a glo - rious voice; For - ev - er sing - ing,



ev - 'ry land The work.. of an..... al-might'y hand.  
 as they roll, And spread the truth... from pole to pole.  
 as they shine, 'The Hand.. that made... us is di - vine.'



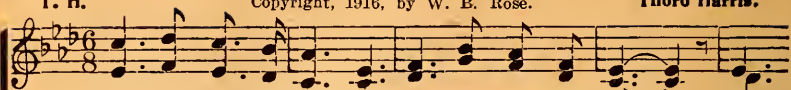
## He Careth For You.

1 PET. 5: 7.

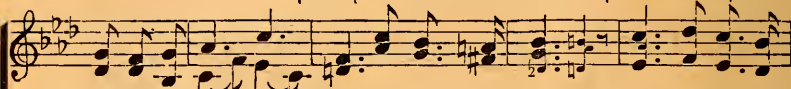
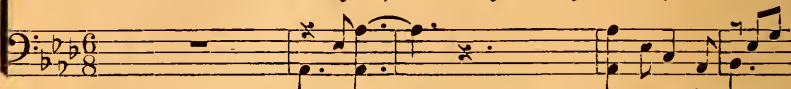
T. H.

Copyright, 1916, by W. B. Rose.

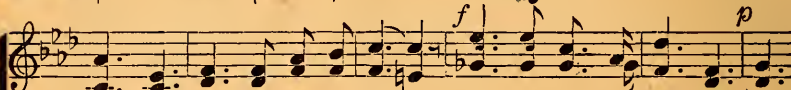
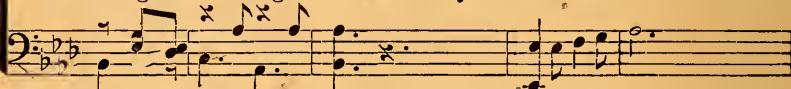
Thoro Harris.



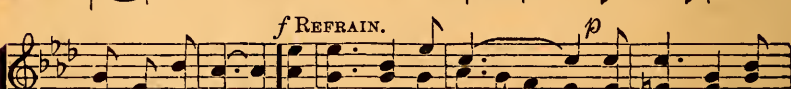
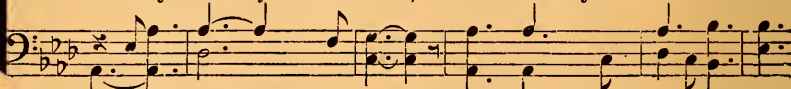
1. God pit-ies His chil-dren, He cares for His own With
2. Do tri-als op-press you Too great to be borne? O
3. God sees all your sor-row, He hears when you pray; By
4. He'll nev-er for-sake you; Tho' far you may roam, His



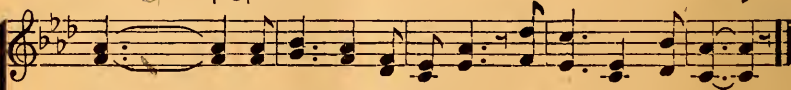
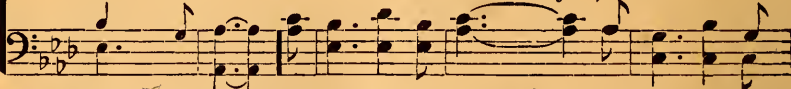
love true and tender No mortal hath known. Wher-e'er you may  
 think of the Suf-fer En-cir-cled with thorn! Do loved ones you  
 tears are you blinded? He'll point out the way. Perplexed, do you  
 love-light is shin-ing To welcome you home. To Him who re-



wan-der, Whate'er you may do, O dear one, re-mem-ber He  
 cher-ish-ed, Lie hid-den from view? One Friend yet remaineth Who  
 won-der What course to pur-sue? There's One who can guide you—He  
 deemed you Be loy-al and true; For He is your Sav-ior And



car-eth for you! He car-eth for you,..... He car-eth for  
 He careth for you, He



you:..... O dear one, remember He car-eth for you.  
 careth for you;

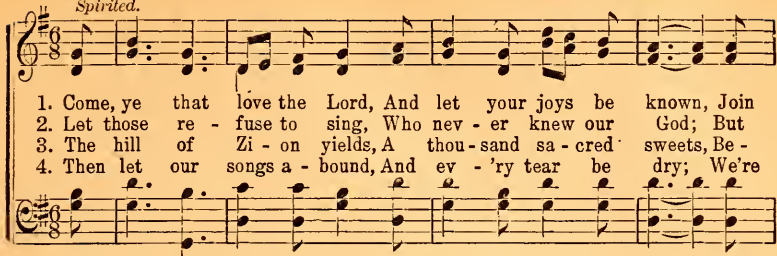


## We're Marching to Zion.

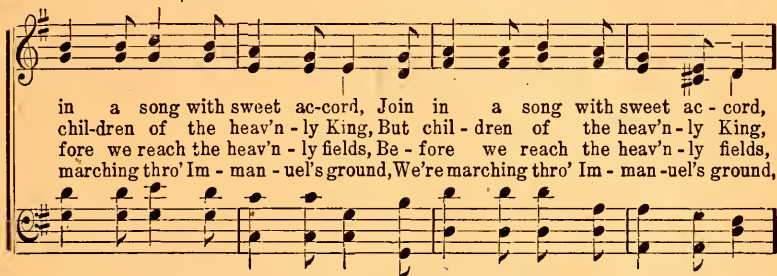
ISAAC WATTS.

*Spirited.*

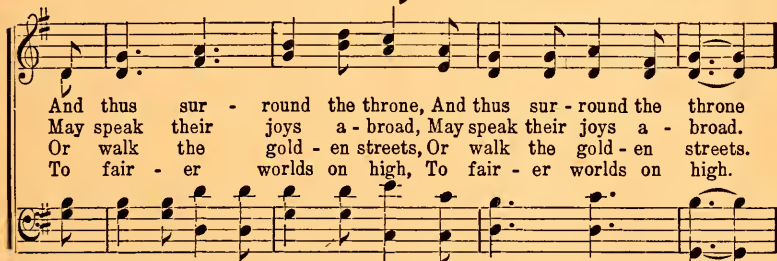
REV. ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join  
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing, Who nev - er knew our God; But  
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields, A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be -  
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're



in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,  
 chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King,  
 fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields,  
 marching thro' Im - man - uel's ground, We're marching thro' Im - man - uel's ground,



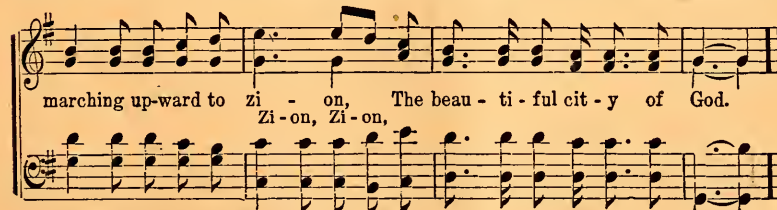
And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne  
 May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.  
 Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.  
 To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

And thus surround the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.

## CHORUS.



We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're  
 We're marching on to Zi - on,



marching up-ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.  
 Zi - on, Zi - on,



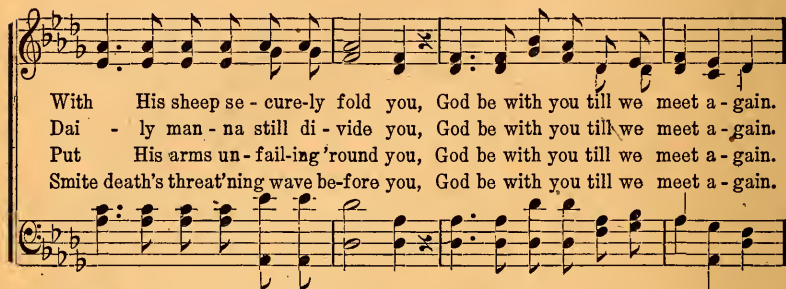
## God Be With You.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER.



1. God be with you till we meet a-gain; By His counsels guide, up-hold you,  
 2. God be with you till we meet a-gain; 'Neath His wings se-cure-ly hide you;  
 3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you,  
 4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you;



With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 Put His arms un-fail-ing 'round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 Smite death's threat'ning wave be-fore you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

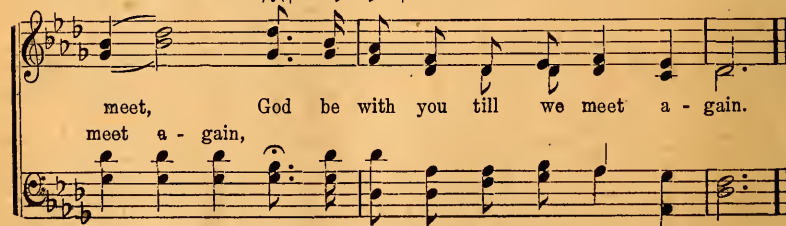
CHORUS.



Till we meet, . . . . . till we meet, Till we  
 Till we meet, till we meet a - gain,



meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet, till we  
 till we meet; Till we meet, till we



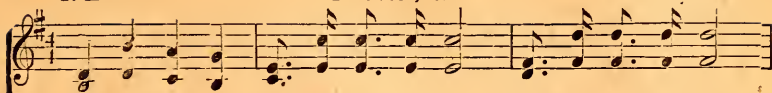
meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 meet a - gain,

## PROCESSIONAL.

T. H

Phil. 2: 12, 13.

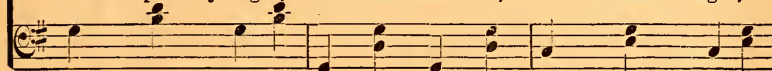
THORO HARRIS.



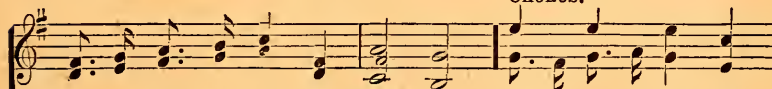
1. On-ward move, ye fol-l'wers of the Lord, Trust-ing in his pow'r,
2. See be-fore, a crown of glo-ry lies, Run the heav'n-ly race,
3. Marching on as sol-diers of the King, Let the hills and plains
4. To yon cit-y bathed in gold-en light, Cit-y of the King,



hark'ning to his word; Gird ye on the Spir-it's might-y sword,  
 reaching for the prize; For-ward fac-ing, mount the star-ry skies,  
 with re-joic-ing ring; Ye shall tri-umph as ye shout and sing,  
 climb the pathway bright; Faith shall van-ish, turned to bliss-ful sight,



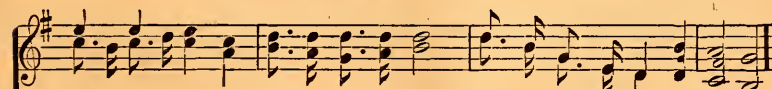
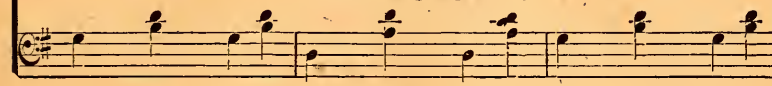
## CHORUS.



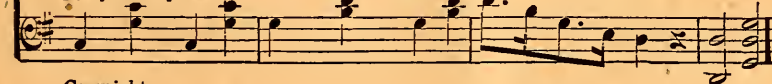
Work-ing out your own sal - va - tion. God is faith - ful,  
 God is true and faith - ful,



he is work-ing too, Of His pleas-ure, both to will and do;  
 Of His own good pleas-ure,



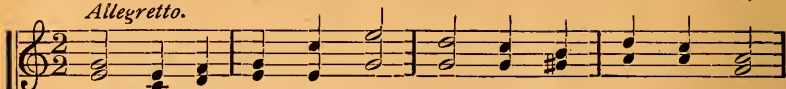
Now your vow of dil-i-gence re-new, Work-ing out your own sal - va - tion.  
 Now your ho-ly vow



## Come, Holy Ghost.

KING ROBERT II. OF FRANCE. Alt.  
*Allegretto.*

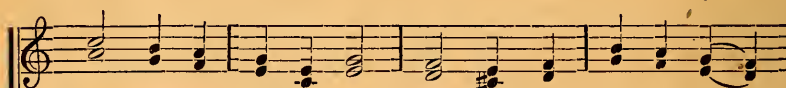
THORO HARRIS.



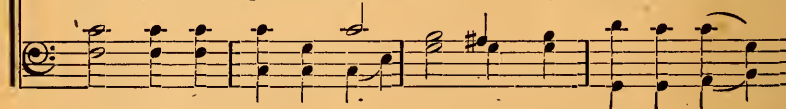

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, in love; De - scend, ce - les - tial Dove;  
 2. Come, ten - d'rest Friend and best, Our most de - light - ful Guest,  
 3. Come, Light se - rene and still, Our in - most bo - soms fill,  
 4. As we to heav'n as - pire, Ful - fil our heart's de - sire;



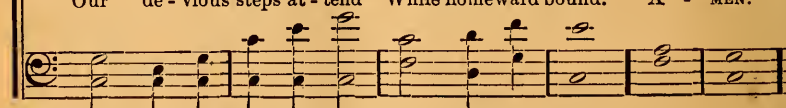

Shed on us from a - bove Thine own bright ray.  
 Grant to us peace and rest, Thy sooth - ing power;  
 Make us to know thy will, Dwell in each breast.  
 Ex - tin - guish pas - sion's fire, Heal ev - 'ry wound.

Di - vine - ly good thou art: Thy sa - cred gifts im - part  
 Rest which the wea - ry know, Shade 'mid the noon - tide glow,  
 We know no light but thine; Send forth thy beams di - vine  
 Our stub - born spir - its bend, Our i - cy cold - ness end,

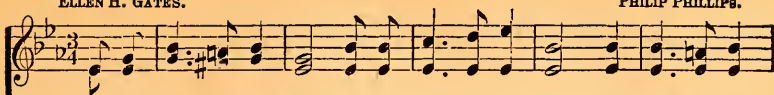
To glad - den each sad heart; O come to - day.  
 Peace when deep griefs o'er - flow, Cheer us this hour.  
 On our dark souls to shine, And make us blest.  
 Our de - vious steps at - tend While homeward bound. A - MEN.



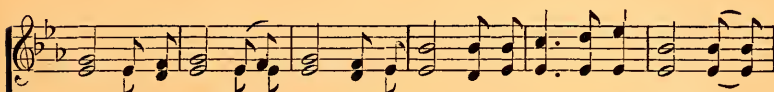
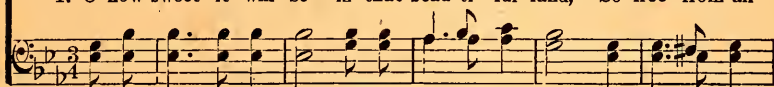


ELLEN H. GATES.

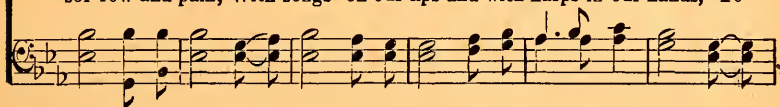
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



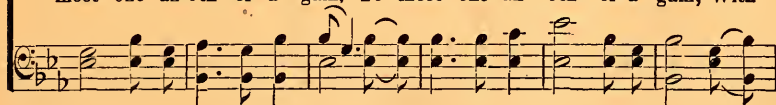
1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way
2. O that home of the soul, in my vis-ions and dreams, Its bright jas-per
3. That un-change-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of
4. O how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all



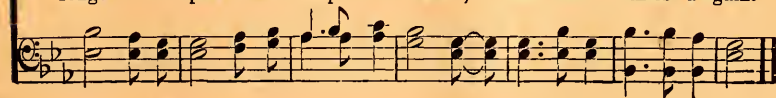
home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the walls I can see, Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be-Na-zar-eth stands; The King of all king-doms for-ev-er is he, And he sor-row and pain, With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To



years of e-ter-ni-ty roll, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll; Where no tween the fair cit-y and me, Be-tween the fair cit-y and me; Till I hold-eth our crowns in his hands, And he hold-eth our crowns in his hands; The meet one an-oth-er a-gain, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain; With



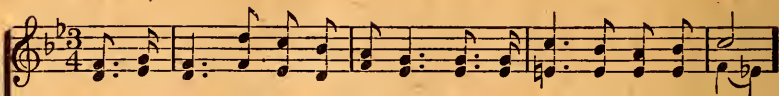
storms ev-er beat on the glittering strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll. fan-cy but thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair cit-y and me. King of all kingdoms for-ev-er is he, And he holdeth our crowns in his hands. songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain.



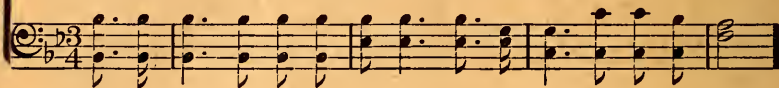
# 171 Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS.



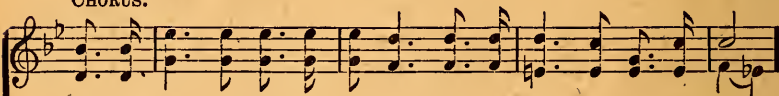
1. Bright-ly beams our Father's mer-cy From His light-house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail - or, tem-pest-tost,



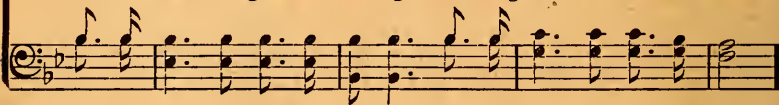
But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.  
Ea - ger eyes are watching, longing, For the lights a - long the shore.  
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness *may be lost.*



## CHORUS.

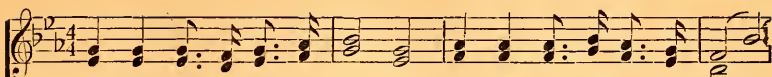


Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!

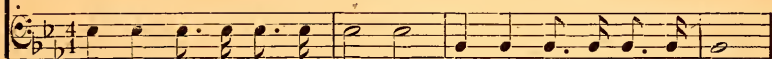


Some poor faint - ing, struggling seaman You may res - cue, you may save.





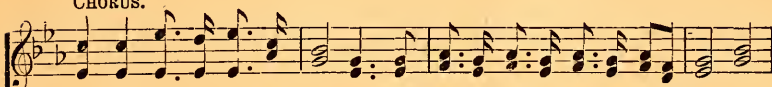
1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er Where bright an - gel feet have trod,
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur-den down;
4. At the smil - ing of the riv - er, Mir - ror of the Sav - ior's face,
5. Soon we'll reach the sil - ver riv - er, Soon our pil - grim-age will cease,



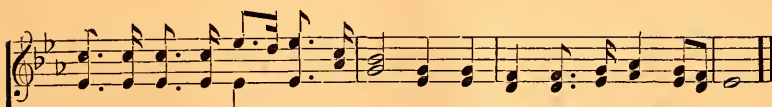
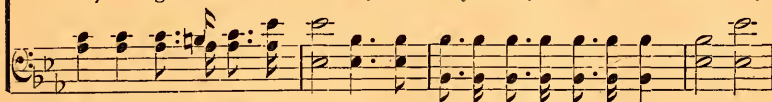
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er, Flow - ing by the throne of God?  
 We will walk and wor-ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.  
 Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.  
 Saints whom death will nev - er sev - er Lift their songs of sav - ing grace.  
 Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv - er With the mei - o - dy of peace.



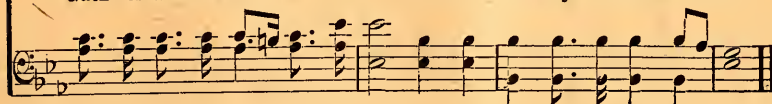
## CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beau-ti - ful, the beau-ti - ful riv - er;



Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.





W. O. Cushing.

Robert Lowry.

1. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the flow'rs are  
 2. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the storms are  
 3. Down in the val-ley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close be-side my

bloom-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-'rywhere He leads me I would  
 sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will  
 Sav-iour would my soul ev-er keep; He will lead me safe-ly in the

*S:* FINE.  
 fol-low, fol-low on, Walk-ing in His footsteps till the crown be won.  
 nev-er, nev-er fear: Dan-gers can-not fright me if my Lord is near.  
 path that He has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

*D.S.—Ev-'rywhere He leads me I would fol low on!*

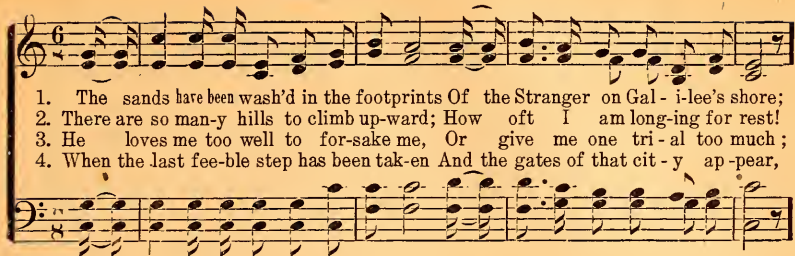
**REFRAIN.**

Fol-low! fol-low! I would fol-low Je-sus! An-y-where, ev-'rywhere,

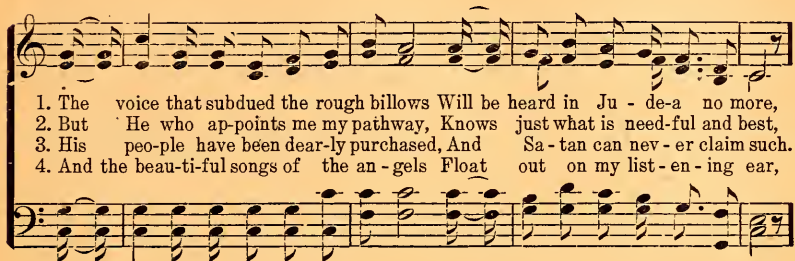
*D.S.*  
 I would fol-low on! Fol-low! fol-low! I would fol-low Je-sus!

## The End of the Way.

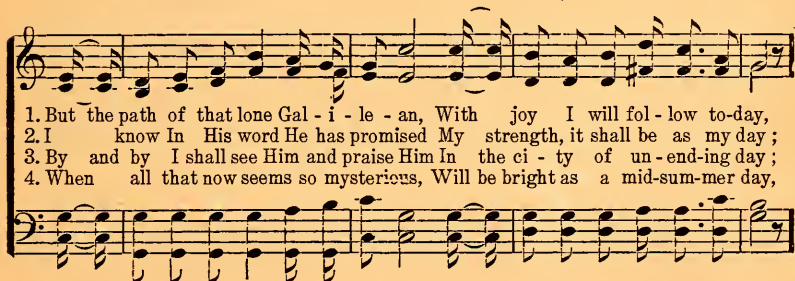
Arrangement copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.



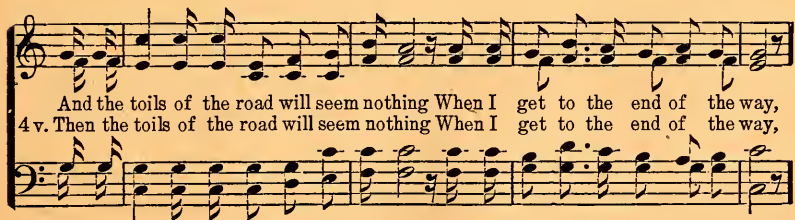
1. The sands have been wash'd in the footprints Of the Stranger on Gal - i - lee's shore;  
 2. There are so man-y hills to climb up-ward; How oft I am long-ing for rest!  
 3. He loves me too well to for-sake me, Or give me one tri-al too much;  
 4. When the last fee-ble step has been tak-en And the gates of that cit-y ap-pear,



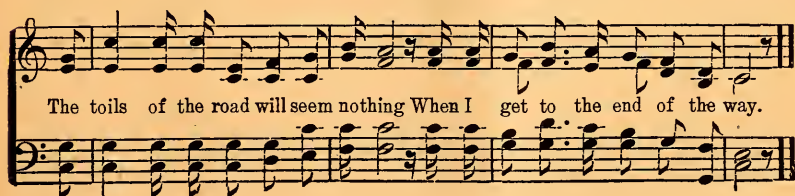
1. The voice that subdued the rough billows Will be heard in Ju - de-a no more,  
 2. But He who ap-oints me my pathway, Knows just what is need-ful and best,  
 3. His peo-ple have been dear-ly purchased, And Sa - tan can nev - er claim such.  
 4. And the beau-ti-ful songs of the an - gels Float out on my list-en-ing ear,



1. But the path of that lone Gal - i - le - an, With joy I will fol - low to-day,  
 2. I know In His word He has promised My strength, it shall be as my day;  
 3. By and by I shall see Him and praise Him In the ci - ty of un-end-ing day;  
 4. When all that now seems so mysterious, Will be bright as a mid-sum-mer day,



And the toils of the road will seem nothing When I get to the end of the way,  
 4 v. Then the toils of the road will seem nothing When I get to the end of the way,



The toils of the road will seem nothing When I get to the end of the way.

THORO HARRIS.

CHAS. GOUNOD.

Praise ye Je-ho - vah, whose kingdom is e-ter - nal; Praise ye Je -

ho - vah, the Sovereign of the u-ni-verse; Bow down be-fore him, a-dore the

King of Is-ra-el, Laud and ex-tol Him whom seraphs call the In-fi-nite!

Glo - ry to God! With the voice of ho - ly song Let ev-'ry  
All praise to God!

heart sing His praise, for His name a - lone is ex-cel-lent.  
O sing His praise,



## Praise Jehovah. Concluded.

Praise ye the Lord, great Creator of earth and heaven, For His glory is high a-  
O praise our God,

The first system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The time signature is common time (C).

bove the stars—ex-alt-ed King of the a-ges! Glo-ry to the Fa-ther, to the

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment. It includes a forte (ff) dynamic marking above the treble staff.

great and might-y Ruler! Praise ye the Eternal, enthroned in the heights above,  
Hal-le-lu-jah!

The third system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics "Hal-le-lu-jah!" are written below the treble staff.

Glo-ry to the might-y God! God the Father, and His holy Son, As it

The fourth system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment.

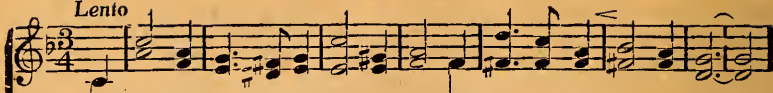
was in the begin-ning, and is now, and ev-er shall be. ev-er-more shall be.

The fifth system of musical notation, concluding the piece. It includes first and second endings marked with '1' and '2' above the treble staff.

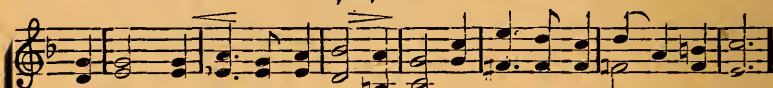
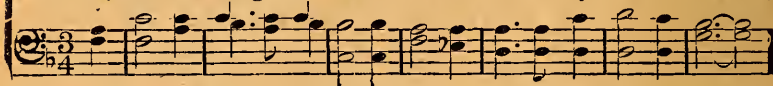
T. H.

Copyright, 1925, by Thoro Harris

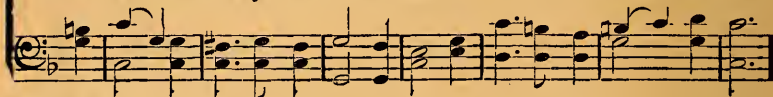
Thoro Harris

*Lento*

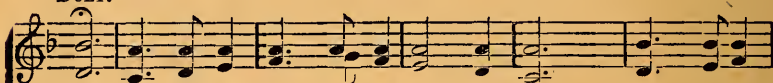
1. I hear most won-der-ful mel-o-dy Come floating from yonder sphere;
2. These blessed strains from the far away Resound o'er the land and sea;
3. Sing on, sing on till the sons of men To Fa-ther come flocking home;
4. Yes, here is blessing and here's a home And rest from your anxious strife;



1. It fills my bos-om with ec-sta-cy, It rav-ish-es heart and ear,
2. They sweet-ly ech-o the Savior's call, "Ye wea-ry ones come to Me,"
3. Ye an-gels, sing your glad note a-gain, "Let all who are thirst-ing come."
4. Let all the thirsty ones hither come And drink of the wa-ter of life.



DUET.

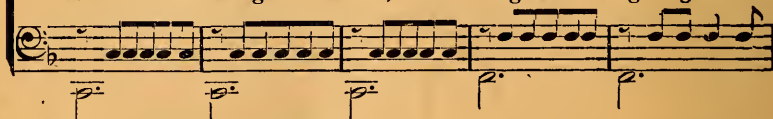


Then come to the beau-ti-ful stream of life, Balm for all

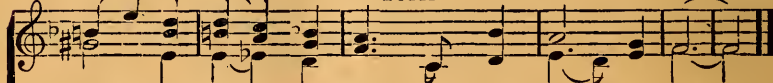


sor-row and ref-uge from strife;

An-gels are sing-ing: O



TUTTI



hear the strain And come to the fount of love.

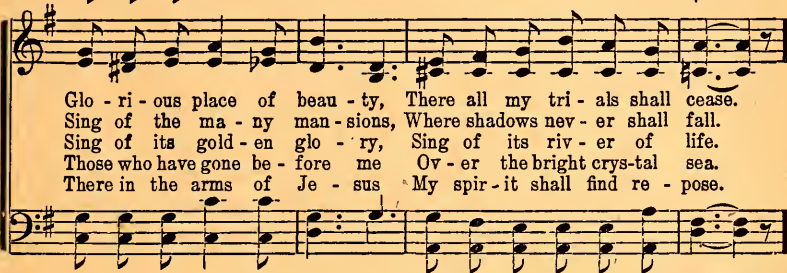


## Sing Me a Song of Heaven.

H. L. Words and music copyright, 1917, by Haldor Lillenas, Auburn, Ill. H. L. LILLENAS.

*Andante.*


1. Sing me a song of heav - en, Beau - ti - ful home - land of peace;  
 2. Sing me a song of heav - en, Sing of its bright, jas - per wall;  
 3. Sing me a song of heav - en, When I am wea - ry of strife;  
 4. Sing me a song of heav - en, Where I my loved ones shall see;  
 5. Sing me a song of heav - en, When life shall come to a close;

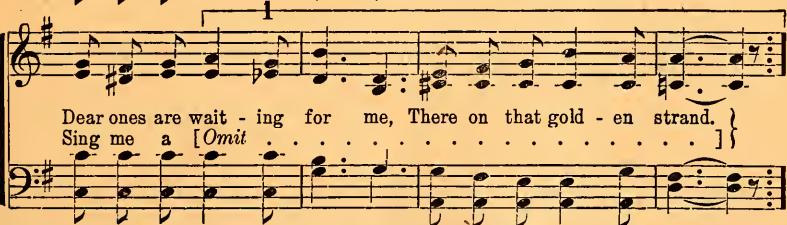


Glo - ri - ous place of beau - ty, There all my tri - als shall cease.  
 Sing of the ma - ny man - sions, Where shadows nev - er shall fall.  
 Sing of its gold - en glo - ry, Sing of its riv - er of life.  
 Those who have gone be - fore me Ov - er the bright crys - tal sea.  
 There in the arms of Je - sus My spir - it shall find re - pose.


CHORUS.



{ Sing me a song of heav - en, Beau - ti - ful E - den land;  
 Land where no tears are flow - ing, Land where no sor - rows come;



Dear ones are wait - ing for me, There on that gold - en strand. }  
 Sing me a [Omit . . . . . ] }



song of that beau - ti - ful land, My home, sweet home....  
 my home, sweet home.

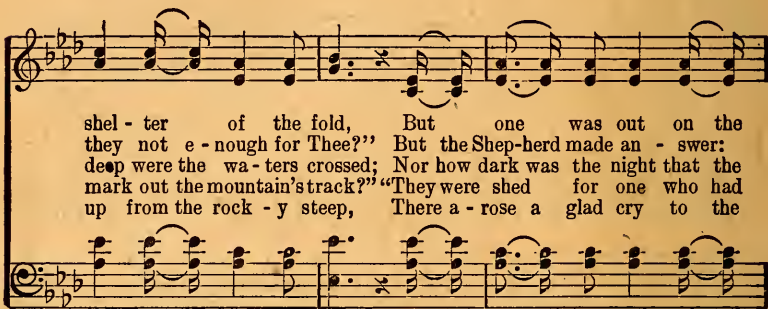


Elizabeth C. Clephane.

Ira D. Sankey.



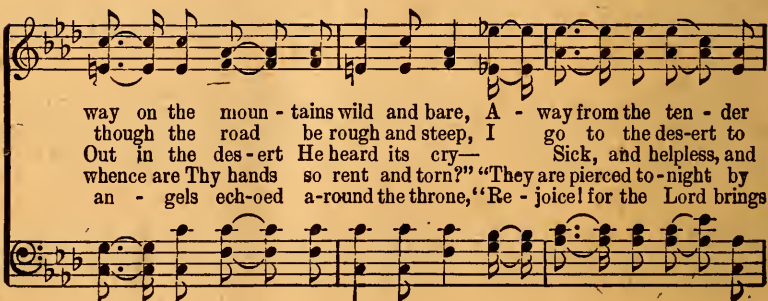
1. There were nine - ty and nine, that safe - ly lay In the  
 2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine - ty and nine; Are  
 3. But none of the ran - somed ev - er knew How  
 4. "Lord, whence are those blood - drops all the way That  
 5. But all through the moun - tains, thun - der - riv'n, And



shel - ter of the fold, But one was out on the  
 they not e - nough for Thee?" But the Shep - herd made an - swer:  
 deep were the wa - ters crossed; Nor how dark was the night that the  
 mark out the mountain's track?" "They were shed for one who had  
 up from the rock - y steep, There a - rose a glad cry to the



hills a - way, Far - off from the gates of gold—A—  
 "This of mine Has wan - dered a - way from me, And, al—  
 Lord passed thro' Ere He found His sheep that was lost:  
 gone a - stray Ere the Shep - herd could bring him back:" "Lord,  
 gate of heav'n, "Re - joice! I have found my sheep!" And the



way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der  
 though the road be rough and steep, I go to the des - ert to  
 Out in the des - ert He heard its cry— Sick, and helpless, and  
 whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are pierced to - night by  
 an - gels ech - oed a - round the throne, "Re - joice! for the Lord brings

## The Ninety and Nine.

Shep - herd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep-herd's care.  
 find my sheep, I go to the des - ert to find my sheep."  
 read - y to die, Sick, and help-less, and read-y to die.  
 man - y a thorn, They are pierced to - night by man-y a thorn."  
 back His own! Re - joice! for the Lord brings back His own!"

179

## How Firm a Foundation.

Geo. Keith.

(FOUNDATION. 11s.)

Portogallo.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. In ev - 'ry con-di-tion—in sickness, in health; In pov - er-ty's vale, or a-
3. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy God, and will
4. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of woe shall not
5. "When thro' fier-y tri - als thy pathway shall lie, My grace, all-suf-fi-cient, shall
6. "The soul that on Je - sus still leans for re - pose, I will not, I will not, de-

ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, You who un-to  
 bounding in wealth; At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea—"As thy days de-  
 still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by My  
 thee o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless, And sanc-ti-fy  
 be thy sup-ply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I on-ly design Thy dross to con-  
 sert to His foes; That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll nev-er, no

Je - sus for ref-uge have fled? You who un-to Je - sus for ref-uge have fled?  
 mand, shall thy strength ever be, As thy days demand, shall thy strength ever be."  
 righteous, om-nip-o-tent hand, Upheld by My righteous om-nip-o-tent hand.  
 to thee thy deepest dis - tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.  
 sume and thy gold to re - fine, Thy dross to consume and thy gold to re - fine.  
 nev-er, no nev-er for-sake! I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake!"

## On the Jericho Road

Copyright, 1933, by The Stamps-Baxter Music Co., in "Boundless Joy"

D. S. McC.

*Not too fast*

Donald S. McCrossan

Arr. by Luther G. Presley

1. As you trav-el a - long..... on the Jer-i-cho road,.....  
 2. On the Jer-i-cho road..... blind Bar-tim-ae-us sat,.....  
 3. O bro-th-er to you..... this mes-sage I bring,.....

Does the world seem all wrong..... and heav-y your load?.....  
 His life was a void,..... so emp-ty and flat;.....  
 Tho hope may be gone,..... He'll cause you to sing;.....

Just bring it to Christ,..... your sins all con-fess,.....  
 But Je-sus ap-peared,..... one word bro't him sight,.....  
 At Je-sus' com-mand,..... sin's shack-les must fall,.....

On the Jer-i-cho road..... your heart He will bless.....  
 On the Jer-i-cho road..... Christ banished his night.....  
 On the Jer-i-cho road..... will you answer His call?.....

## Chorus

On the Jer-i-cho road..... there's room for just two,  
 On the Jer-i-cho road..... there's room for just two,.....



## On the Jericho Road

No more and no less, ..... Just Je-sus and you;  
 No more and no less, ..... just Je-sus and you; .....  
 Each bur-den He'll bear, ..... each sorrow He'll share, .....  
 Each burden He'll bear ..... each sorrow He'll share,  
 There's never a care ..... for Je-sus is there.....  
 There's never a care ..... for Je-sus is there.....

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## Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

W. WILLIAMS.

(MOUNT OF OLIVES. 8, 7. D.)

WM. L. VINE. FINE.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pil-grim thro' this barren land;  
 D. C.-Bread of heav-en, bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.  
 2. O - pen now the crys-tal fountain Whence the healing waters flow;  
 D. C.-Strong De-liv-er-er, Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.  
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anxious fears sub-side;  
 D. C.-Songs of prais-es, songs of prais-es I will ev-er give to Thee.  
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand;  
 Let the fier-y, cloud-y pil-lar Lead me all my journey through;  
 Bear me thro' the swelling current, Land me safe on Canaan's side;

## Lead Me, Savior.

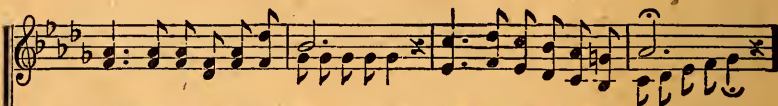
P. M. D.

*With expression.*

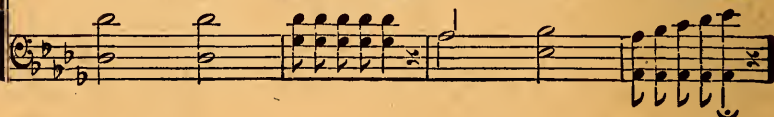
FRANK M. DAVIS.



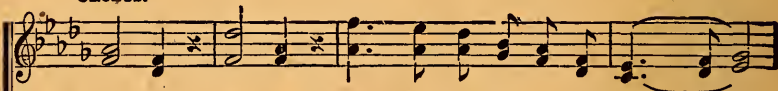
1. Sav-ior, lead me, lest I stray,      Gen - tly lead me all the way;  
 2. Thou the refuge of my soul,      When life's stormy billows roll,  
 3. Sav-ior, lead me, then at last,      When the storm of life is past,  
 1. Sav - ior,      lead me, lest I stray,      Gen - tly      lead me all the way;



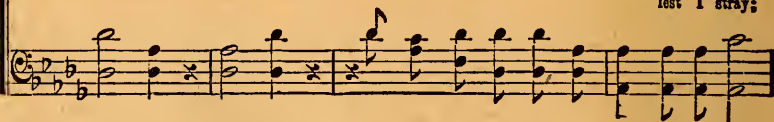
- I am safe when by Thy side,      I would in Thy love a-bide.  
 I am safe when Thou art nigh,      All my hopes on Thee re-ly.  
 To the land of endless day,      Where all tears are wiped away.  
 I am safe when by Thy side,      I would in Thy love a-bide.



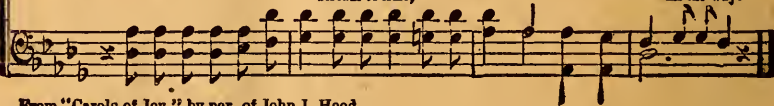
## CHORUS.



- Lead me, lead me, Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray,  
 lest I stray;



- Gently down the stream of time,      Lead me, Sav-ior, all the way.  
 stream of time,      all the way.



From "Carols of Joy," by per. of John J. Hood.

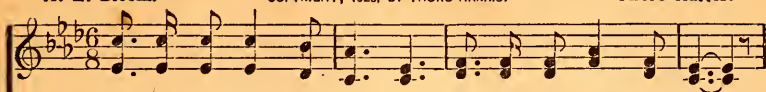
## Land of Glory.

"I will make the place of my feet glorious."—ISA. 60: 13.

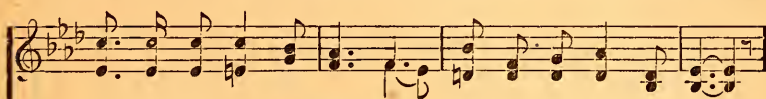
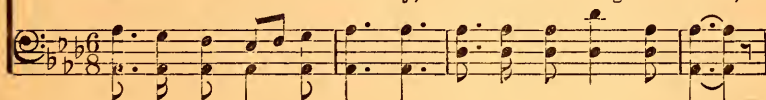
A. E. Bloom.

COPYRIGHT, 1923, BY THORO HARRIS.

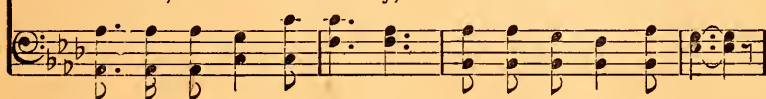
Thoro Harris.



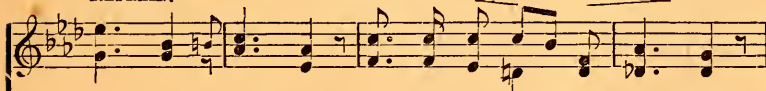
1. Beau - ti - ful Land of Glo - ry, Land of the earth made new;
2. Beau - ti - ful Land of Glo - ry, Peace in its full - ness reigns;
3. There shall be no more heart-aches, No more the toils and cares;
4. Beau - ti - ful Land of Glo - ry, Land from all curse set free;
5. Beau - ti - ful Land of Glo - ry, Land of the end - less life;
6. Beau - ti - ful Land of Glo - ry, Soon will God's king-dom come;



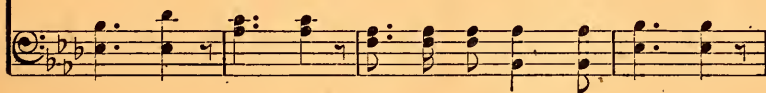
1. Down thru the a - ges hoar - y Shin - eth thy gold - en view.
2. Won - drous the glad - some sto - ry, Sound out the joy - ful strains.
3. When in the east the day breaks, Brightness its dawn - ing bears.
4. Beau - te - ous Land of Glo - ry, Homeland for you and me.
5. Her - ald a - broad the sto - ry, End - ed for aye all strife.
6. Mor - tals, be - lieve the sto - ry, En - ter this E - den home.



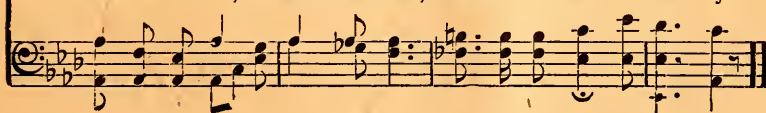
## REFRAIN.



Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Beau - ti - ful Land of Glo - ry!



Home of the true, The earth made new, — Beau - ti - ful Land of Glo - ry!





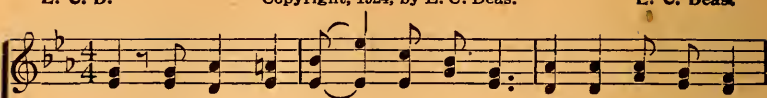
## On My Journey.

Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Carr, Chicago, Ill.

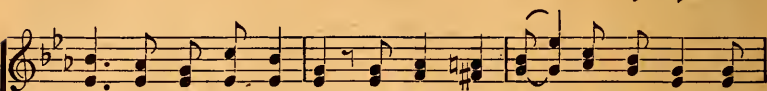
E. C. D.

Copyright, 1924, by E. C. Deas.

E. C. Deas.



1. I am trav-'ling up to glo - ry, On my jour-ney home,  
 2. I can see the friends gone be-fore me, On my jour-ney home,  
 3. I am leav - ing sor-rows be-hind me, On my jour-ney home,  
 4. I can feel my burdens grow light-er, On my jour-ney home,




On my jour-ney home; Where I'll sing Re - demp-tion's sto-ry; I'm  
 On my jour-ney home; An - gel bands are hov-er-ing o'er me, I'm  
 On my jour-ney home; Nev - er - more can Satan con - fine me, I'm  
 On my jour-ney home; On be - fore, the pathway grows brighter I'm


CHORUS.



on my jour-ney home. So I go sing - ing, pray - ing,



Watch-ing and med - i - tat - ing on the life to come; I am



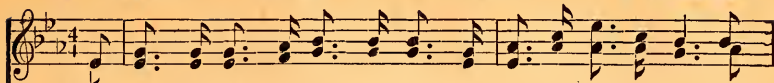
liv - ing here, but I'm not of this world, I'm on my jour-ney home.

## Fighting For the Right.

A. J. CLEATOR.

Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris

C. B. WIDMEYER.



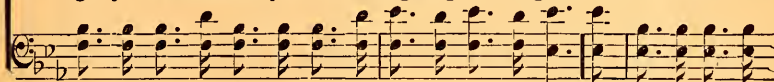
1. Tho' might-y hosts of sin as-sail, Ap-pall-ing to the sight, We'll  
 3. Tho' fierce and long the bat-tle's tide, 'Twill not our souls af-fright; Je-  
 2. With one ac-cord, then on-ward, all! The vic-t'ry lies in sight; The



## CHORUS.



on-ward go, for this we know-We're fighting for the right. We're fight-ing,  
 ho-vah's pow'r is on our side-We're fighting for the right. We're fight-ing, fight-ing,  
 might-y foe must sure-ly fall-We're fighting for the right.



fight-ing, fight-ing for the right, The foe must all take, the  
 fight-ing, fight-ing. The foe must all take flight, take flight the



foe must all take flight, We'll on-ward go, for this we  
 on-ward go, we'll on-ward go, for this we know, for



know, We're fight-ing, fight-ing, fight-ing for the right.  
 this we know, We're fight-ing, fight-ing, fight-ing, fight-ing,



## Launch Out.

A. B. Simpson.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY A. B. SIMPSON AND R. K. CARTER.

R. Kelso Carter.

1. The mer - cy of God is an o - cean di - vine, A  
 2. O man - y, a - las, on - ly stand on the shore, And  
 3. And oth - ers just ven - ture a - way from the land, And  
 4. O let us launch out on this o - cean so broad Where

bound-less and fath-om-less flood: Launch out in the deep, cut a-  
 gaze on the o - cean so wide; They nev - er have ven - tured its  
 lin - ger so near to the shore, The surf and the slime that beat  
 floods of sal - va - tion o'er - flow; O let us be lost in the

way the shore-line, And be lost in the full - ness of God.  
 depths to ex - plore Or to launch on the fath - om - less tide.  
 o - ver the strand Sweep o'er them their floods ev - er - more.  
 mer - cy of God Till the depths of His full - ness we know.

## CHORUS.

Launch out..... in - to the deep, O let the shore-line  
 O launch out in the deep,

go; Launch out, launch out in the o - cean di - vine, Out where the full tides flow.



## Step In

T. H.

Copyright, 1925, by Thoro Harris

THORO HARRIS

1. The wa-ters are trou-bled, the pool is nigh, The an-gel of  
 2. So man-y are near to the pool to-day, The mul-ti-tude  
 3. O come with a bro-ken and con-trite heart, This moment the  
 4. Sal-va-tion is of-fer'd the world to-day, The vil-est may

1. mer-cy is stand-ing by, The sick and the dy-ing are  
 2. throng them and crowd their way; They see at Beth-es-da the  
 3. Heal-er can life im-pare, The wa-ters may nev-er a-  
 4. wash all his stains a-way; This won-der-ful foun-tain stands

1. press-ing in For heal-ing and cleans-ing from sin.  
 2. strick-en heal'd, The arm of the Might-y re-veal'd.  
 3. gain be stirr'd Nor foot-steps of an-gels be heard.  
 4. o - pen wide: Go, plunge in the soul-cleans-ing tide.

## REFRAIN

The wa-ters are trou-bled; step in (o step in) And you may be

first: will you wash and be clean? The an-gel is wait-ing: O

*rit.*  
 cease your de-bat-ing! The wa-ters are trou-bled; step in (step in):

## What I Ought to Be

Copyright 1925 by Thoro Harris

T.H.

THORO HARRIS

1. Wea-ry of my-self, my fol-ly and my pride, Wea-ry  
 2. There is naught I need but Thou canst well sup-ply, All my  
 3. Then some day in glo-ry grant I may be-hold What to

of self seek-ing Lord, be Thou my Guide. On-ly make me pure, I  
 heart's deep hun-ger Thou canst satis-fy. Help me on Thy-self more  
 me were dear-er than the streets of gold: Fairer than the gates of

shall be sat-is-fied;  
 ful-ly to re-ly, Make me what I ought to be.  
 pearl Thy face to see.

Make me what I ought to be.

## CHORUS

Make me what I ought to be (O Lord di-vine!) Help me to be

more like Thee (yea, wholly Thine;) Let me trust Thee ful-ly

till Thy face I see, Make me what I ought to be.

T. H.

Thoro Harris.

1. I would not have it all ros-es So frag-rant, love-ly and fair,  
 2. 'Tis not when skies are the fair-est That most of glo-ry I see;

But E-den blos-soms with-in me When all with-out seem-eth bare.  
 When clonds hang darkly a-bove me More close seems Je-sus to be.

The thorns and bri-ers may bruise me And pierce with sor-row my feet;  
 When joys of earth have de-part-ed The heav'n's ap-pear to my view;

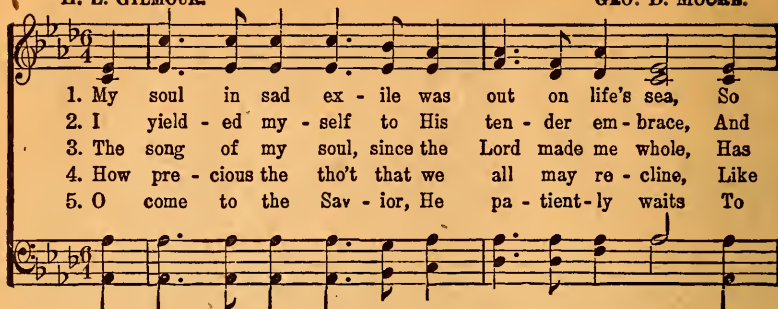
But One who walk-eth be-side me Makes life's dreary des-ert most sweet,  
 I hear the voice of my Sav-ior, "Behold, I will make all things new";

*rit.*  
 The One who walk-eth be-side me Makes life's drear-y des-ert most sweet.  
 I hear the voice of my Sav-ior, "Behold, I will make all things new."

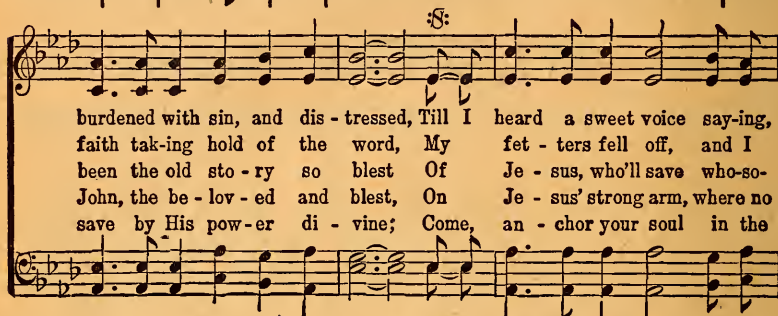


H. L. GILMOUR.

GEO. D. MOORE.

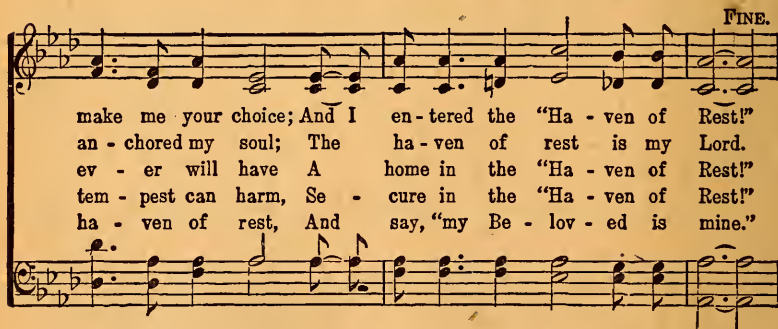


1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So  
 2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And  
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has  
 4. How pre - cious the tho't that we all may re - cline, Like  
 5. O come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient - ly waits To



burdened with sin, and dis - tressed, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing,  
 faith tak - ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I  
 been the old sto - ry so blest Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so -  
 John, the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no  
 save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the

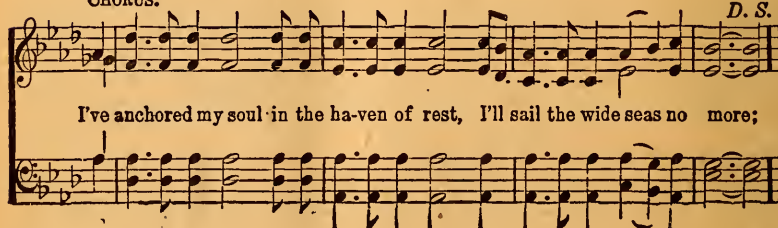
D. S.—The tem - pest may sweep o'er the



make me your choice; And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"  
 an - chored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.  
 ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"  
 tem - pest can harm, Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"  
 ha - ven of rest, And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."

wild, storm-y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.



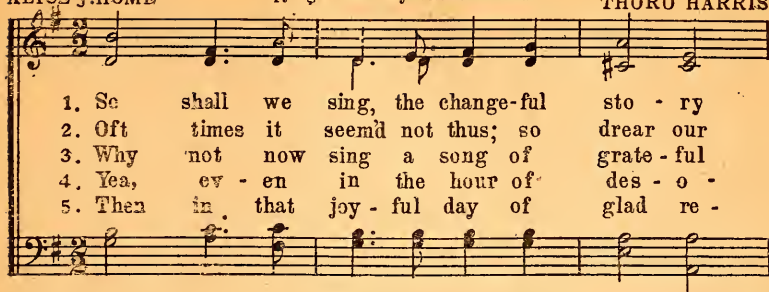
I've anchored my soul in the ha - ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

## Not One Hath Failed

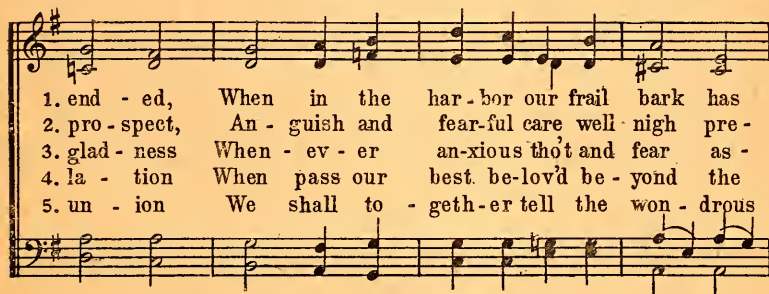
"All came to pass"—Jush. 24: 45.  
Copyright 1926 by Thoro Harris

ALICE J. HOME

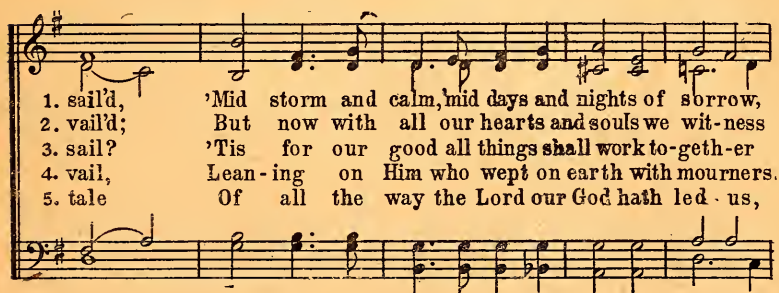
THORO HARRIS



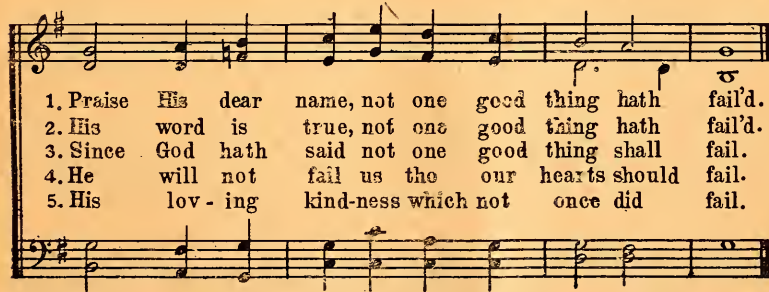
1. So shall we sing, the change-ful sto - ry  
2. Oft times it seem'd not thus; so drear our  
3. Why not now sing a song of grate-ful  
4. Yea, ev - en in the hour of des - o -  
5. Then in that joy - ful day of glad re -



1. end - ed, When in the har - bor our frail bark has  
2. pro - spect, An - guish and fear-ful care well - nigh pre -  
3. glad - ness When - ev - er an -xious tho't and fear as -  
4. la - tion When pass our best be-lov'd be - yond the  
5. un - ion We shall to - geth-er tell the won - drous



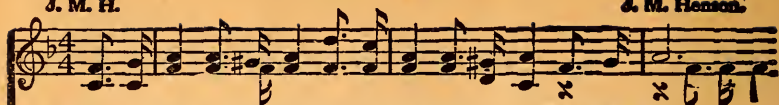
1. sail'd, 'Mid storm and calm, mid days and nights of sorrow,  
2. vail'd; But now with all our hearts and souls we wit-ness  
3. sail? 'Tis for our good all things shall work to-gether  
4. vail, Lean - ing on Him who wept on earth with mourners.  
5. tale Of all the way the Lord our God hath led - us,



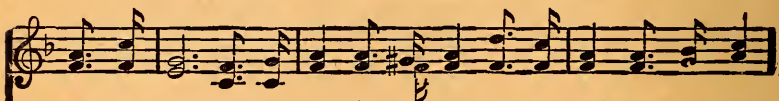
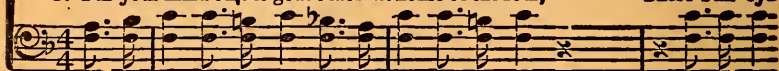
1. Praise His dear name, not one good thing hath fail'd.  
2. His word is true, not one good thing hath fail'd.  
3. Since God hath said not one good thing shall fail.  
4. He will not fail us the our hearts should fail.  
5. His lov - ing kind-ness which not once did fail.

J. M. H.

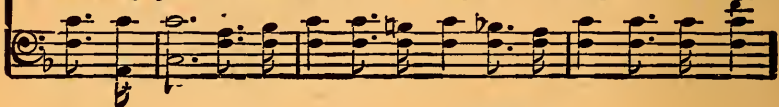
J. M. Henson.



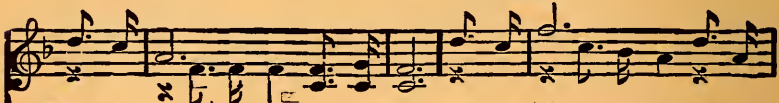
1. All a - long on the road to the souls true a-bode There's an eye
2. As you make life's great fight, keep the pathway of right,
3. Fix your mind on the goal that sweet home of the soul, There's an eye



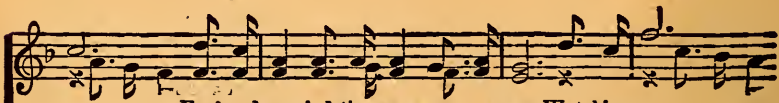
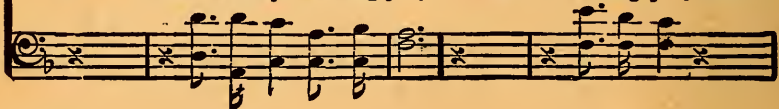
watch-ing you; Ev - 'ry step that you take this great eye is a - wake,  
 God will warn not to go in the path of the foe,  
 watch-ing you; Nev - er turn from the way to the king - dom of day,



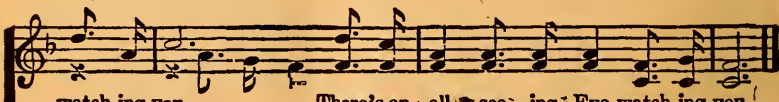
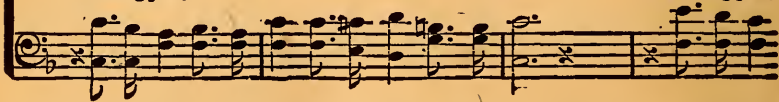
## REFRAIN.



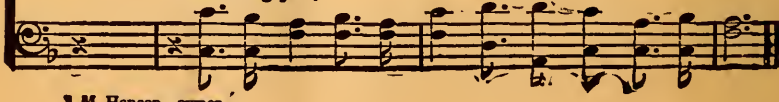
There's an eye watching you. Watching you, watching  
 There's an eye watching you, Watching you,



you, Ev-'ry day mind the course you pursue. Watching you  
 watching you, watching you,



watch-ing you, There's an all see - ing, Eye watch-ing you.  
 watch-ing you,





## The Beautiful Land.

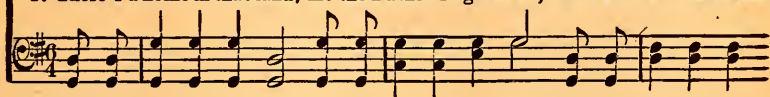
F. A. F. White. Arr.

USED BY PERMISSION OF HAROLD F. GAYLES.

Arr. from Mark M. Jones

M. 50 =  $\text{♩}$ .

1. I have heard of a land On a far a-way strand—In the Bi-ble the
2. There are ev - er-green trees That bend low in the breeze, And their fruit-age is
3. There's a home in that land, At the Father's right hand; There are mansions whose



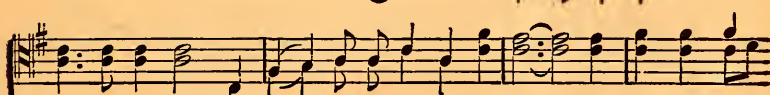
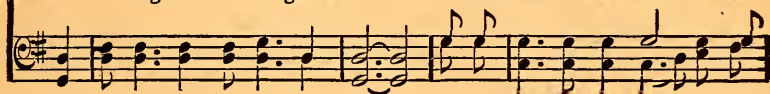
sto - ry is told—Where no sor-row shall come, Nei-ther dark-ness nor gloom,  
brighter than gold; There are harps for our hands In that fair - est of lands,  
joys are un - told, And per-en - ni - al spring Where the birds ev - er sing,



## CHORUS.



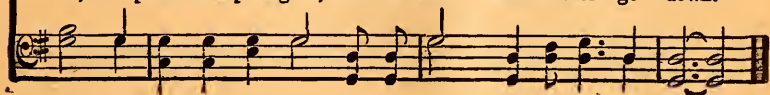
And noth-ing there ev - er grows old. In that beau - ti - ful land On a



far a-way strand, No storms with their blasts ever frown; The streets, I am



told, Are paved with pure gold, And the sun shall nev - er go down.

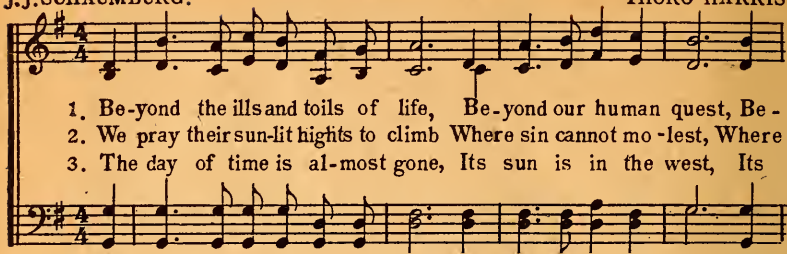


## The Hills of Rest

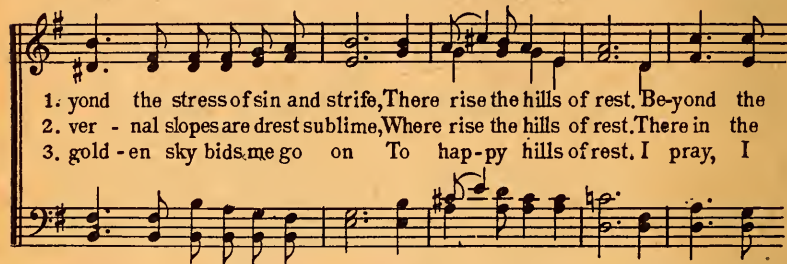
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J.J. SCHAUMBURG.

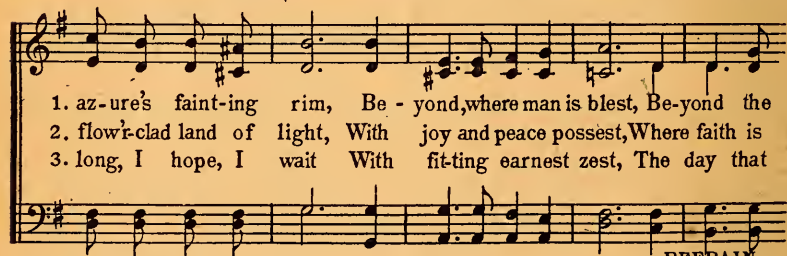
THORO HARRIS



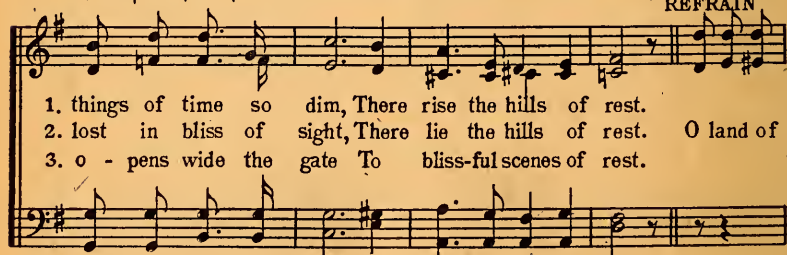
1. Be-yond the ills and toils of life, Be-yond our human quest, Be -  
 2. We pray their sun-lit heights to climb Where sin cannot mo-lest, Where  
 3. The day of time is al-most gone, Its sun is in the west, Its



1. yond the stress of sin and strife, There rise the hills of rest. Be-yond the  
 2. ver - nal slopes are drest sublime, Where rise the hills of rest. There in the  
 3. gold - en sky bids me go on To hap-py hills of rest. I pray, I

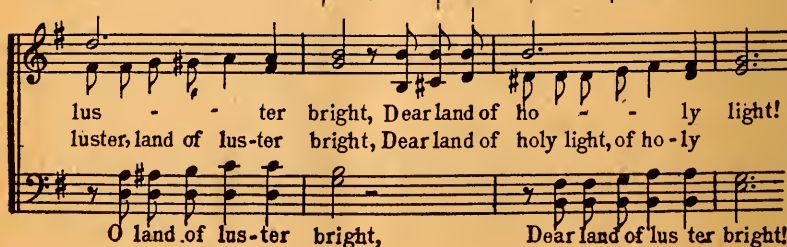


1. az-ure's faint-ing rim, Be - yond, where man is blest, Be-yond the  
 2. flow'r-clad land of light, With joy and peace possest, Where faith is  
 3. long, I hope, I wait With fit-ting earnest zest, The day that



REFRAIN

1. things of time so dim, There rise the hills of rest.  
 2. lost in bliss of sight, There lie the hills of rest. O land of  
 3. o - pens wide the gate To bliss-ful scenes of rest.



lus - - - ter bright, Dear land of ho - - - ly light!  
 luster, land of lus-ter bright, Dear land of holy light, of ho-ly  
 O land of lus-ter bright, Dear land of lus ter bright!

## The Hills of Rest

We long to reach that country blest, Those verdant hills of rest.

195

## Where They Need Us

T. H.

Copyright 1924 by Thoro Harris

THORO HARRIS

1. O Sav-ior, Thou hast left our sphere. As-cend-ing up to worlds on high;  
 2. Like lambs with-out a shelt-ring fold They roamin want and wretched-ness;  
 3. Still o-pen stands Bethes-da's door, And Jer-i-co has still her blind;

But all a-round our eyes can hear Thy suff-ring child-ren's cry.  
 The win-try frost with breath of cold, Brings naught but keen dis-tress.  
 We tread where Je-sus trod be-fore With mer-cies for man-kind.

### REFRIN

Where they need us, Sav-ior, lead us—Thou hast trod this path be-fore;

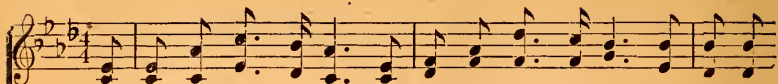
To the sigh-ing; help-less, dy-ing, To the dwell-ings of God's poor.



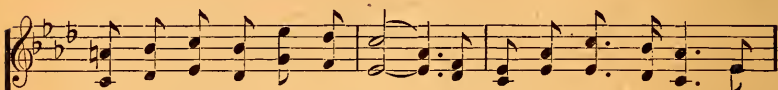
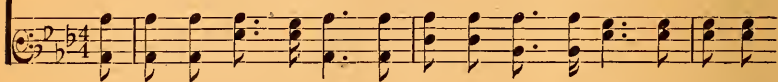
# 196 My Father Knows What's Best.

T. H.

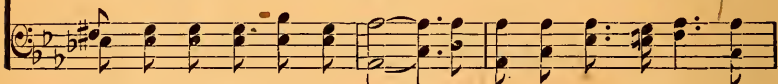
THORO HARRIS.



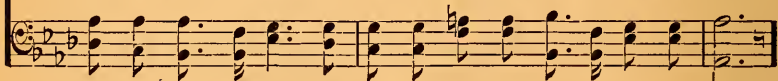
1. A - round me and with-in, I see the fruit of sin—The world's sad
2. When clouds o'er-hang my way And hide the light of day, When tri - als
3. My Fa - ther loves His own; And soon be - fore the throne I'll taste the
4. O soul, who - e'er thou art, With an-xious, long-ing heart! Be all thy



heart, it throbs with vague un - rest; But when I look a - bove To  
throng my spir - it to mo - lest, I look to God in pray'r, And  
joy of His e - ter - nal rest; There will I praise His name, And  
sin and grief to God con - fest; Ac - cept his sav - ing grace, Be-



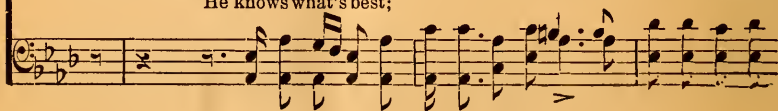
God's dear face of love, How sweet to feel my Fa-ther knows what's best!  
leave life's bur-dens there, And sing, My Fa - ther knows just what is best.  
all the love pro-claim Of Him who knew just what for me was best.  
hold his smil - ing face, And trust the One who knows just what is best.



## REFRAIN.



My Fa-ther knows what's best; How can I be dis-trest? He holds me in the  
He knows what's best;



## My Father Knows What's Best.

hol-low of His hand; . . . . . He shields my soul from harm, From  
in the hol-low of His hand; He shields from harm,

dan-ger and a-larm: I yield my-self to His com-mand. . . . .  
to His command.

197

## Blest be the Tie that Binds.

REV. JOHN FAWCETT, 1772.

Dennis, S. M.

H. G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;  
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers;  
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;  
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low-ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—Our com-forts and our cares.  
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.  
But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

## God is Not Far Away

Copyright 1926 by Thoro Harris

THORO HARRIS

1. When boist'rous winds are blow-ing And storms are raging sore,  
 2. The path be-set with dan-gers I will no long-er fear;  
 3. A - lone I need not wan-der Thru this dark land of woe;  
 4. And when I cross the riv-er And reach the ver-nal shore,

1. I look be-yond the tem-pest, A - bove the o-cean's roar.  
 2. My Shield and my Pro-tect-or Un-seen is standing near.  
 3. The An-gel of His pres-ence At-tends where'er I go.  
 4. For - ev - er and for - ev - er His name I will a - dore.

1. The face of my Be - lov-ed Bends o'er me while I pray;  
 2. He keeps my feet from stumbling, I shall not go a - stray;  
 3. O'er moun-tain steep or val-ley Where'er my steps may stray,  
 4. Then in a glorious mansion Of ev - er-last-ing day,

1. He speaks in tones of kind-ness, God is not far a - way.  
 2. Al - might-y to de - liv-er, God is not far a - way.  
 3. I hear a kind voice whisper, God is not far a - way.  
 4. Re - joicing in His pres-ence, God is not far a - way.

## REFRAIN

God is not far a-way, God is not far a-way;  
 not far a-way, not far a-way;



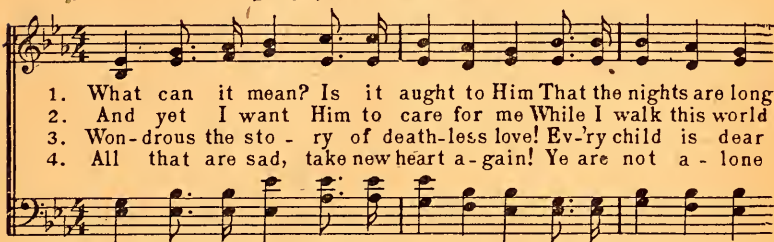


And watching o'er His child, He hears me when I pray.  
He hears me when I pray.

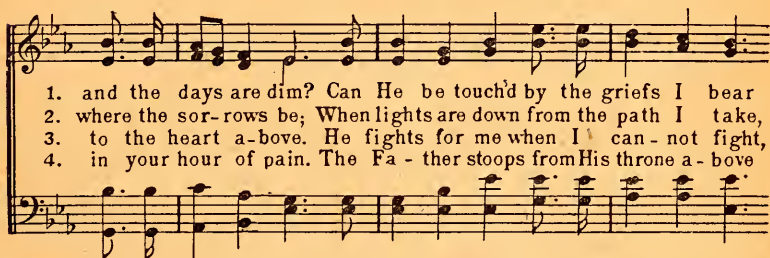
199

## A God Who Cares

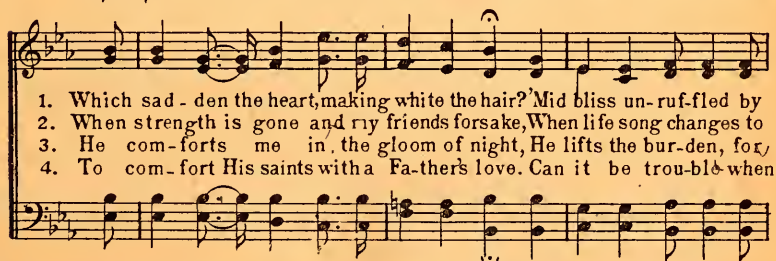
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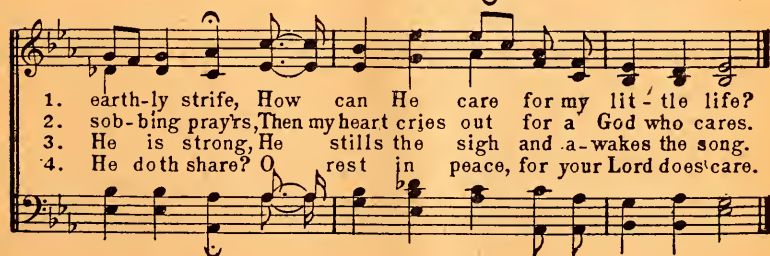
1. What can it mean? Is it aught to Him That the nights are long
2. And yet I want Him to care for me While I walk this world
3. Won-drous the sto - ry of death-less love! Ev-'ry child is dear
4. All that are sad, take new heart a - gain! Ye are not a - lone



1. and the days are dim? Can He be touch'd by the griefs I bear
2. where the sor - rows be; When lights are down from the path I take,
3. to the heart a - bove. He fights for me when I can - not fight,
4. in your hour of pain. The Fa - ther stoops from His throne a - bove



1. Which sad - den the heart, making white the hair? Mid bliss un - ruf - fled by
2. When strength is gone and my friends forsake, When life song changes to
3. He com - forts me in the gloom of night, He lifts the bur - den, for,
4. To com - fort His saints with a Fa - ther's love. Can it be trou - ble when



1. earth - ly strife, How can He care for my lit - tle life?
2. sob - bing prayrs, Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.
3. He is strong, He stills the sigh and a - wakes the song.
4. He doth share? O rest in peace, for your Lord does care.

R. L.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my tenderest care, The  
 2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee; No  
 3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en - time, When  
 4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will; But

boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?  
 face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.  
 prat-tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime!  
 bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

## CHORUS.

O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night? My  
 heart o'erflows, for I love him, he knows; O where is my boy to - night?

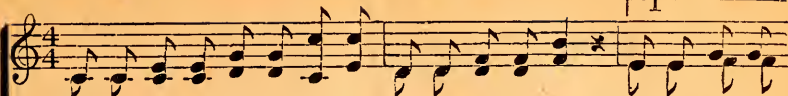
By permission.

## God is Calling.

Thoro Harris.

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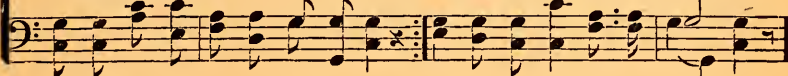
Hilda S. Miller.



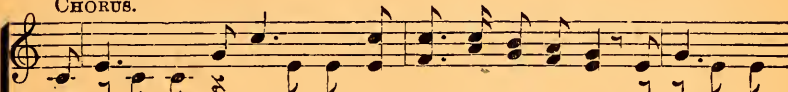
1. { God is call-ing us to move in ser-ried ranks to-day, He is call-ing  
 { What our Captain bids us do, we hast-en to o-bey; [Omit. . . .  
 2. { With un-daunt-ed courage march a- gainst the a- lien host; For-ward to the  
 { Clad in ar-mor all di- vine, and counting not the cost, [Omit. . . .  
 3. { Glo- ry, glo- ry, hal- le - lu- jah! we will join to sing Prais-es to the  
 { Till we meet a-round the throne our trophies home to bring, [Omit. . . .



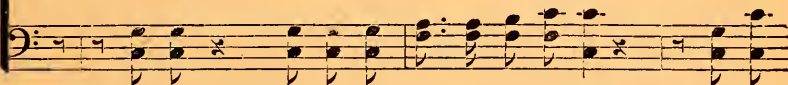
ev-er call-ing, "Onward to the fray!" With Him is vic-t'ry for - ev - er.  
 battle, comrades! their defence is lost; On with our King to the bat - tle!  
 peerless name of our e - ter - nal King, Laud-ing our might-y Com - mand - er.



## CHORUS.



Move on! move on! The King's tri-umphant host; Move on!  
 Move on! move on! move on!



move on! (move on!) Each sol - dier to His post! (Go forward!) In His match-less



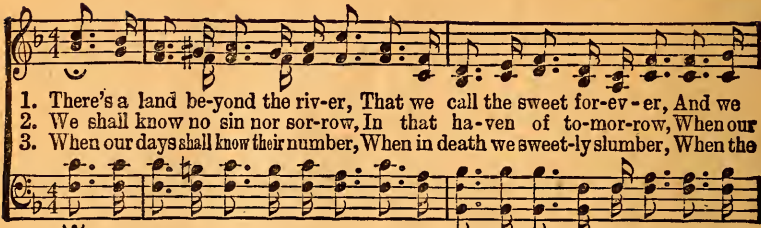
name we 'con-quer, in His pow'r we boast; On with our might-y Com-mand - er!



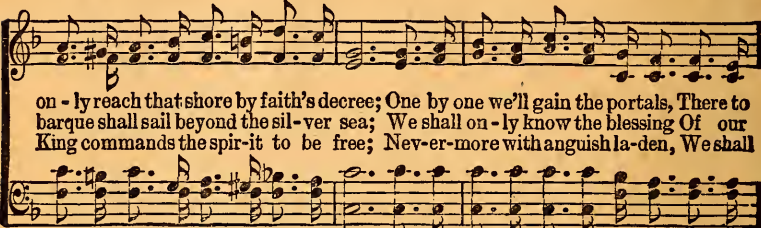


## When They Ring the Golden Bells.

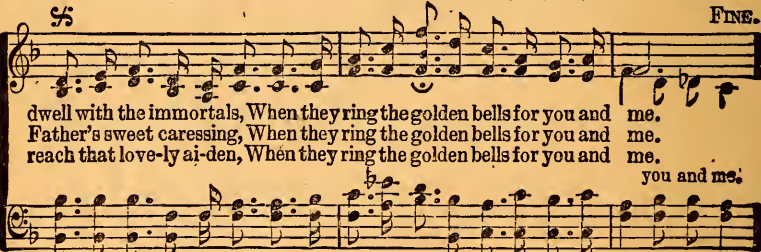
Dion De Marbelle.



1. There's a land be-yond the riv-er, That we call the sweet for-ev-er, And we  
 2. We shall know no sin nor sor-row, In that ha-ven of to-mor-row, When our  
 3. When our days shall know their number, When in death we sweet-ly slumber, When the




on - ly reach that shore by faith's decree; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to  
 barque shall sail beyond the sil-ver sea; We shall on - ly know the blessing Of our  
 King commands the spir-it to be free; Nev-er-more with anguish la-den, We shall

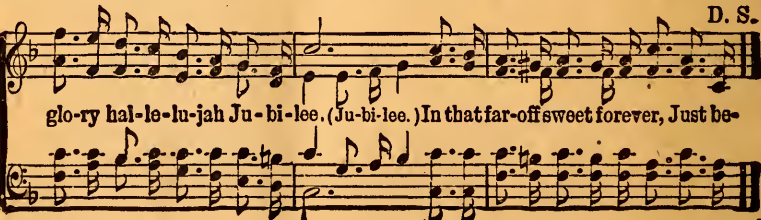


dwel with the immortals, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.  
 Father's sweet caressing, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.  
 reach that love-ly ai-den, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.  
 you and me.

*D.S. - yond the shining river, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.*  
 CHORUS.



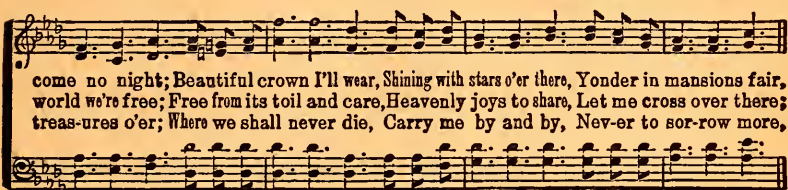
Don't you hear the bells now ringing? Don't you hear the an-gels sing-ing? 'Tis the



*D. S.*  
 glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah Ju-bi-lee. (Ju-bi-lee.) In that far-off sweet forever, Just be-

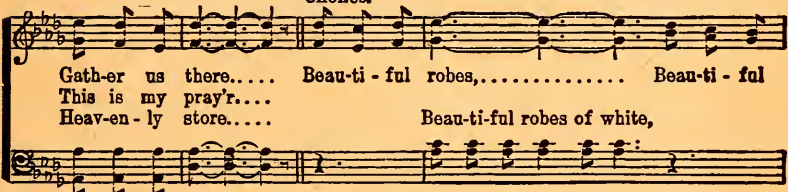


1. Beautiful robes so white, Beautiful land of light, Beautiful home so bright, Where there shall  
 2. Beautiful thought to me, We shall for-ev-er be Thine in e-ter-ni-ty, When from this  
 3. Beautiful things on high, O-ver in yonder sky, Thus I shall leave this shore, Counting my



come no night; Beautiful crown I'll wear, Shining with stars o'er there, Yonder in mansions fair,  
 world we're free; Free from its toil and care, Heavenly joys to share, Let me cross over there;  
 treas-ures o'er; Where we shall never die, Carry me by and by, Nev-er to sor-row more,

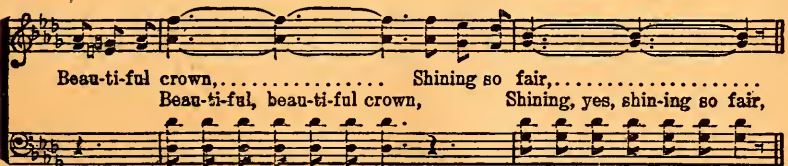
## CHORUS.



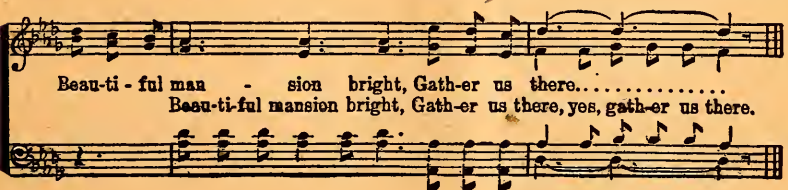
Gath-er us there..... Beau-ti-ful robes,..... Beau-ti-ful  
 This is my pray'r....  
 Heav-en-ly store..... Beau-ti-ful robes of white,



land,..... Beau-ti-ful home,..... Beautiful band,.....  
 Beautiful land of light, Beautiful home so bright, Beautiful band of night,



Beau-ti-ful crown,..... Shining so fair,.....  
 Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful crown, Shining, yes, shin-ing so fair,



Beau-ti-ful man - sion bright, Gath-er us there.....  
 Beau-ti-ful mansion bright, Gath-er us there, yes, gath-er us there.

1. I have heard of a land on the far-a - way strand, 'Tis a beau - ti - ful  
 2. In that beau - ti - ful home where we'll never more roam, We shall be in the  
 3. When our work here is done and the life crown is won, And our troubles and

home of the soul; Built by Je - sus on high, there we nev - er shall die,  
 sweet by and by; Hap - py praise to the King thro' e - ter - ni - ty sing,  
 tri - al's are o'er; All our sor - row will end, and our voic - es will blend,

## CHORUS

'Tis a land where we nev - er grow old.  
 'Tis a land where we nev - er shall die. Nev - er grow old,  
 With the loved ones who've gone on be - fore. Where we'll

nev - er grow old, In a land where we'll nev - er grow old, Nev - er grow

old, nev - er grow old, In a land where we'll nev - er grow old.  
 Where we'll



Nova Schubert

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Thoro Harris

1. You have heard of the sweet Rose of Sha - ron And the far a - way  
 2. Oft our path-way is dark-ened by sor - row And we long for that  
 3. We are pierced by the thorns in our path-way, But our tri - als and

place where it grows; And tho life here on earth may be thorn-y,  
 life free from woes; But we know on that glo - ri - ous mor-row  
 test - ings He knows, For He wore here on earth the harsh thorn crown;

REFRAIN

There's in heav'n not a thorn on the rose.  
 There's not e - ven one thorn on the rose. Not e - ven one thorn on the  
 But a - bove there's no thorn on the rose! one

rose, No tear in that crys - tal stream flows;..... Be -  
 thorn on the rose, ev - er flows;

yond the bright portals of glo - ry Not e - ven one thorn on the rose!

JOS. H. GILMORE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead - eth me! O bless - ed thought! O words with heav - en - ly  
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep - est gloom, Sometimes where E - den's  
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur  
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the

com - fort fraught! What - e'er I do, where - e'er I be, Still  
 bow - ers bloom, By wa - ters still, o'er trou - bled sea, Still  
 nor re - pine - Con - tent, what - ev - er lot I see, Since  
 vic - tory's won, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since

CHORUS.  
 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me. He lead - eth me! He  
 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.  
 'tis my God that lead - eth me.  
 God through Jor - dan lead - eth me.

lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead - eth me; His

faith - ful fol - lower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.

## He Will Send Showers

T. H.

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THORO HARRIS

1. He will send show-ers of bless-ing; Such is the  
 2. He will send show-ers of bless-ing; As is the  
 3. He will send show-ers of bless-ing; Prom-ise that  
 4. He will send show-ers of bless-ing; We have not  
 5. He will send show-ers of biess-ing; This is the

1. mind of our Lord; He will send show-ers of bless-ing,  
 2. glad days of old When, their Re-deem-er con-fess-ing,  
 3. nev-er can fail; God's Ho-ly Spir-it pos-sess-ing,  
 4. tar-ried in vain; Fail-ures and fol-lies con-fess-ing,  
 5. day of His pow'r; God the great Giv-er ad-dress-ing,

## CHORUS

1. This is fore-told in His word. Show-ers, of  
 2. Thou-sands were bro't to the fold. Show-ers, yes, showers of  
 3. We shall not fal-ter nor quail. Showers, yes, showers of  
 4. Mer-cy will cov-er each stain. Showers, yes, showers of  
 5. Pray He will send them this hour. Showers, yes, showers of

bless-ing, Floods of His good-ness and love;  
 heav-en-ly bless-ing, fath-er-ly love;

Fall-ing in showers Down from the Fath-er a-bove.  
 Fall-ing in co-pi-ous showers



## Master, the Tempest is Raging.

Miss M. A. Baker.

USED BY PER. OF H. R. PALMER.  
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H. R. Palmer.

M. 69 =

1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!  
 2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;  
 3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;

The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;  
 The depths of my sad heart are troub-led—O wak-en and save, I pray;  
 Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heaven's with-in my breast;

Car-est Thou not that we per-ish? How canst Thou lie a--sleep,  
 Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;  
 Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er! Leave me a-lone no more,


When each mo-ment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?  
 And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter, O has-ten and take con-trol.  
 And with joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.

CHORUS.

*p**pp*

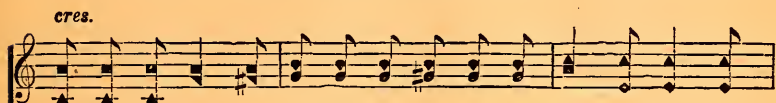
The winds and the waves shall o-bey Thy will, Peace, . . . . be still. . . .  
 Peace, be still, peace, be still

# Master, the Tempest is Raging




Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what

*cres.*



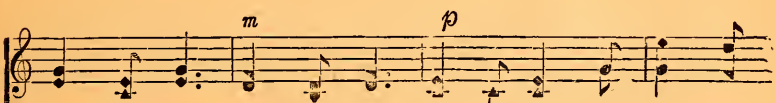
ev - er it be, No wa - ters can swal-low the ship where lies The

*ff* *m*




Mas-ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet-ly o -

*m* *p*



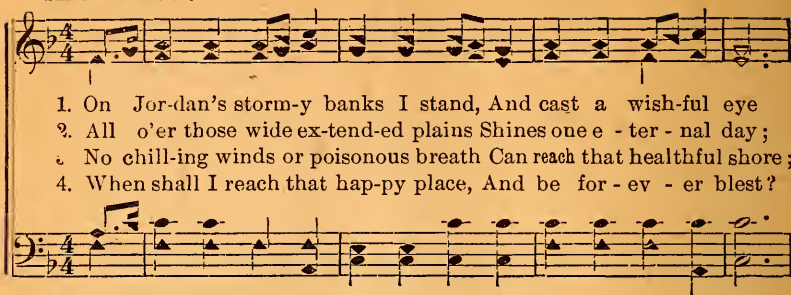
bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall

*p* *pp*

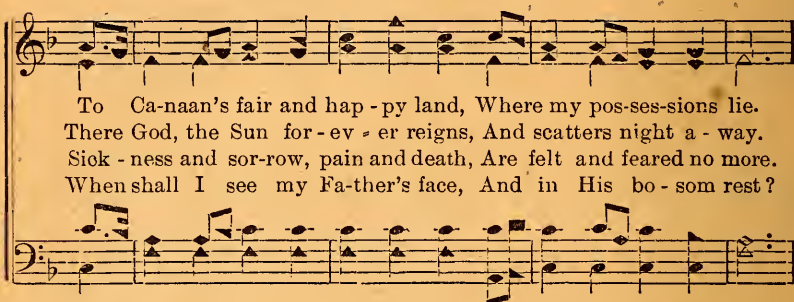


sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

SAMUEL STENNET.



1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye  
 2. All o'er those wide ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;  
 3. No chill-ing winds or poisonous breath Can reach that healthful shore;  
 4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for - ev - er blest?

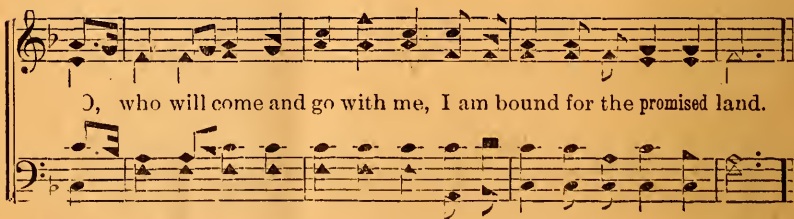


To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.  
 There God, the Sun for - ev - er reigns, And scatters night a - way.  
 Sick - ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.  
 When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo - som rest?

## REFRAIN.



I am bound for the promised land, ..... I am bound for the promised land;  
 promised land,



O, who will come and go with me, I am bound for the promised land.



E. A. Hoffman.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. A. HOFFMAN

Elisha A. Hoffman

1. You have longed for sweet peace, and for faith to increase, And have ear-nest-ly,  
 2. Would you walk with the Lord, in the light of His Word, And have peace and con-  
 3. Oh, we nev-er can know what the Lord will be-stow Of the bless-ings for  
 4. Who can tell all the love He will send from a-bove, And how hap-py our

fer-vent-ly prayed; But you can-not have rest, or be per-fect-ly blest  
 tent-ment al-way, You must do His sweet will, to be free from all ill,  
 which we have prayed, Till our bod-y and soul He doth ful-ly con-trol,  
 hearts will be made, Of the fel-low-ship sweet we shall share at His feet,

## CHORUS

Un-til all on the al-tar is laid.  
 On the al-tar your all you must lay. Is your all on the al-tar of  
 And our all on the al-tar is laid.  
 When our all on the al-tar is laid?

sac-ri-fice laid? Your heart, does the Spirit con-trol? . . . You can on-ly be

blest and have peace and sweet rest, As you yield Him your bod-y and soul.

# Children Song




211

## Dare to Be a Daniel.

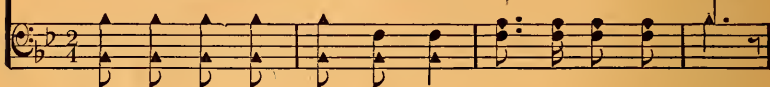
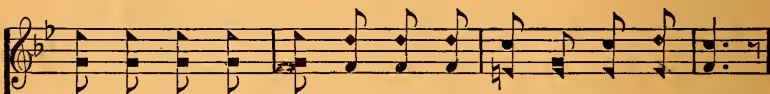
P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss.


M. 84 = 



1. Stand - ing by a pur - pose true, Heed - ing God's com - mand,  
 2. Man - y might - y men are lost, Dar - ing not to stand,  
 3. Man - y gi - ants, great and tall, Stalk - ing thro' the land,  
 4. Hold the gos - pel ban - ner high! On to vic - t'ry grand!

Hon - or them, the faith - ful few! All hail to Dan - iel's Band!  
 Who for God had been a host, By join - ing Dan - iel's Band!  
 Head - long to the earth would fall, If met by Dan - iel's Band!  
 Sa - tan and his host de - fy, And shout for Dan - iel's Band!



### CHORUS.



Dare to be a Dan - iel, Dare to stand a - lone,




Dare to have a pur - pose firm! Dare to make it known!



J. MONTGOMERY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

*m* *mf* *f* *cres.*

1. Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san - na! Ho-san - na be the chil-dren's song, To  
2. Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san - na! Ho-san - na here in joyful bands; The  
3. Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san - na! Ho-san - nas on the wings of light, O'er  
4. Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san - na! Ho-san-nas, sound from church and hall, Let

*mf* *cres.*

Christ, the children's King, His praise to whom our souls belong, Let all the children sing.  
chil-dren all proclaim, And hail with voices, hearts and hands, Our loving Savior's name  
earth and o - cean fly, Till morn to eve, and noon to night, And heav'n to earth reply.  
ev - 'ry voice ac-cord; Be this our watch-word, one and all; Ho-san-na, praise the Lord.

CHORUS.

Ho - san - na then our song shall be, Ho - san - na to our King, }  
This is the chil - dren's ju - bi - lee, Let all (Omit) }

2

the chil-dren sing. This is the children's ju - bi - lee, Ju - bi - lee, Ju - bi - lee;

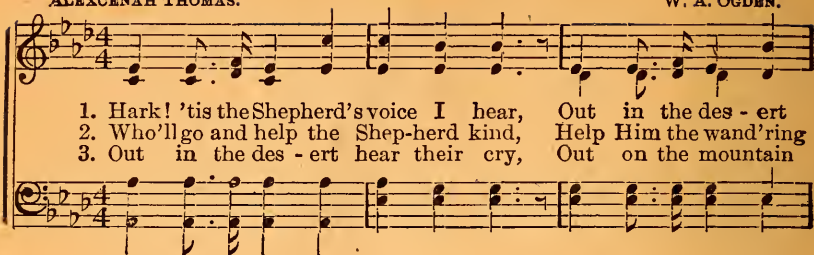
This is the chil-dren's ju - bi - lee, Let all the chil - dren sing.

By permission.

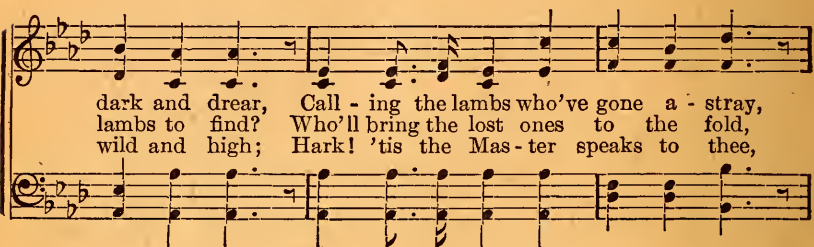


ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN.

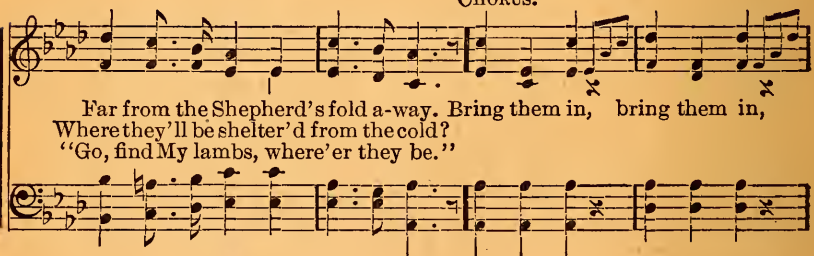


1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert  
 2. Who'll go and help the Shep-herd kind, Help Him the wand'ring  
 3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the mountain



dark and drear, Call - ing the lambs who've gone a - stray,  
 lambs to find? Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold,  
 wild and high; Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee,

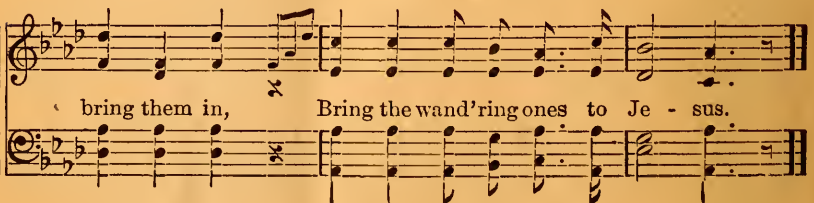
## CHORUS.



Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way. Bring them in, bring them in,  
 Where they'll be shelter'd from the cold?  
 "Go, find My lambs, where'er they be."



Bring them in from the fields of sin; Bring them in,



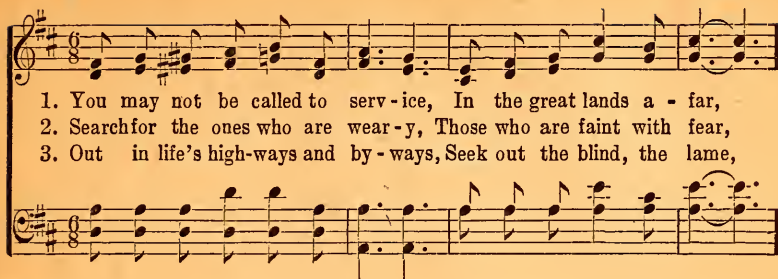
bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je - sus.

## Doing the Little Things.

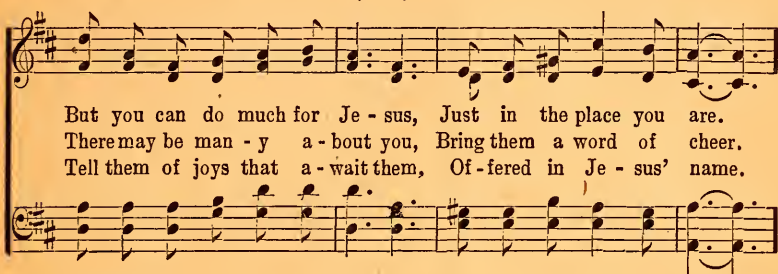
L. E. J.

Copyright, 1924, by Thoro Harris

L. E. Jones.



1. You may not be called to serv-ice, In the great lands a - far,  
 2. Search for the ones who are wear-y, Those who are faint with fear,  
 3. Out in life's high-ways and by - ways, Seek out the blind, the lame,



But you can do much for Je - sus, Just in the place you are.  
 There may be man - y a - bout you, Bring them a word of cheer.  
 Tell them of joys that a - wait them, Of - fered in Je - sus' name.

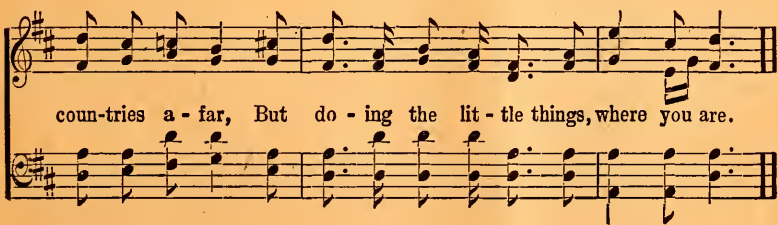
## CHORUS.



Do - ing the lit - tle things day by day, Serv - ing the



Mas - ter a - long the way; Not o'er the o - cean in



coun - tries a - far, But do - ing the lit - tle things, where you are.

T. H.

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Thoro Harris.

*mf*

{ Hap-py days, hap - py days; O what joy this life is bring-ing! Hap-py  
 { Hap-py days, hap - py days, To the wind all sorrow fling-ing,

days, hap-py days, When the heart is tuned to sing-ing; Hap-py days  
 Glad days,

*rit.* *FINE.* *mp*

hap-py days; To our King glad songs we raise. Sun-shine and show-ers,  
 glad days;

laugh-ter and love, Bless-ings un-num-bered, fall from a-bove; Then let us

*rit.* *D. C.*

all be grate-ful and gay, For life's glad spring-time re-joice to - day.



## Open to God Your Heart.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

*Unison.*

1. O - pen the door of your heart, dear child, Un - to God's angels of truth;  
 2. O - pen to him lest you miss the goal, Prize that shall ever a - bide,  
 3. O - pen the door to a gen'rous life, Work out in act - ion your creeds;

Un - to the pure and the un - de-filed O - pen the heart of youth.  
 Tho'ts of the ho - ly will lift the soul Up to the Cru - ci - fied.  
 Heed not the voi - ces of sin and strife, Fill earth with no-ble deeds.

*D.S.* - Let him for aye in the soul a - bide, O - pen to him your heart.

Turn - ing a - side from the things un - true, Bid - ding the tempter de - part,  
 Beau - ti - ful ro - ses will bloom for you, Treasures of mu - sic and art,  
 Un - to the cit - y by an - gels trod, Heav'n has pro - vid - ed one chart,

Heed the sweet voices that call to you, "O - pen to God your heart."  
 All may be yours if you seek the true With un - di - vid - ed heart.  
 On - ly the love of the Christ of God; Let this in - spire your heart.

*CHORUS. Harmony.**D. S.*

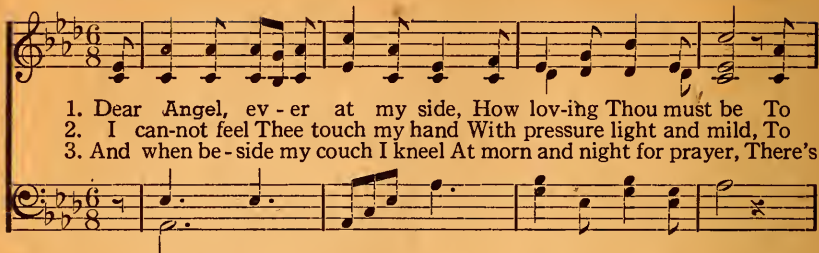
Your heart fling o - pen, God will his blessing im - part.....  
 O - pen it wide to the Cru - ci - fied, Bid him en - ter, and

## Close By My Side

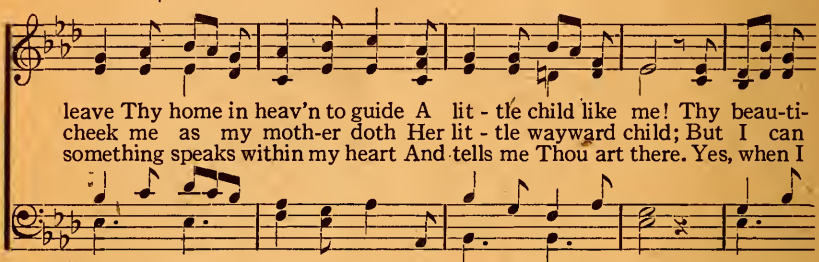
F. W. Faber

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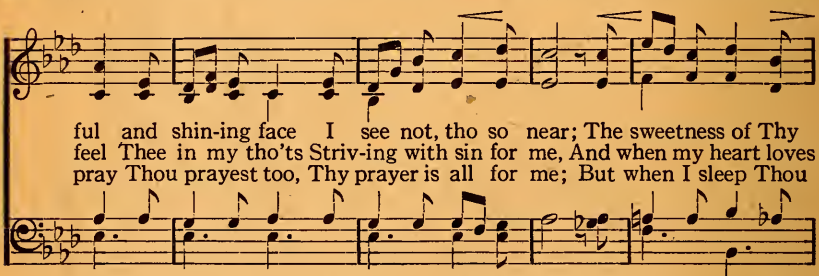
Thoro Harris



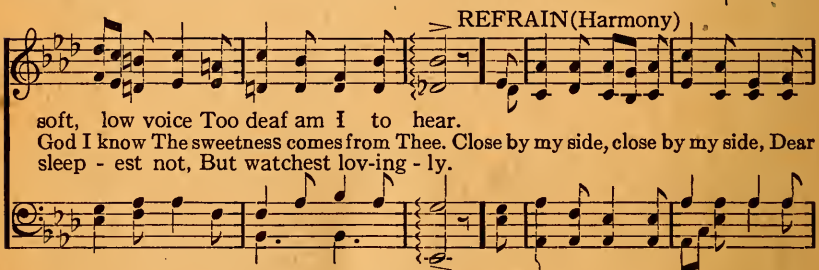
1. Dear Angel, ev - er at my side, How lov-ing Thou must be To  
 2. I can-not feel Thee touch my hand With pressure light and mild, To  
 3. And when be-side my couch I kneel At morn and night for prayer, There's



leave Thy home in heav'n to guide A lit - tle child like me! Thy beau-ti-  
 cheek me as my moth-er doth Her lit - tle wayward child; But I can  
 something speaks within my heart And tells me Thou art there. Yes, when I

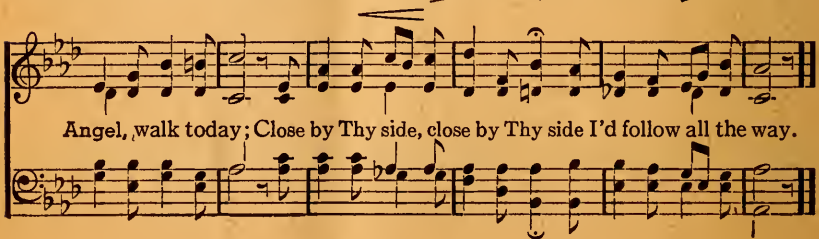


ful and shin-ing face I see not, tho so near; The sweetness of Thy  
 feel Thee in my tho'ts Striv-ing with sin for me, And when my heart loves  
 pray Thou prayest too, Thy prayer is all for me; But when I sleep Thou



REFRAIN (Harmony)

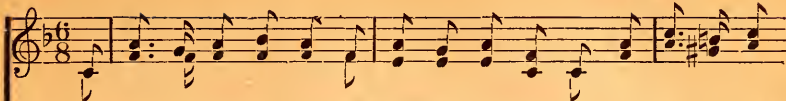
soft, low voice Too deaf am I to hear.  
 God I know The sweetness comes from Thee. Close by my side, close by my side, Dear  
 sleep - est not, But watchest lov-ing - ly.



Angel, walk today; Close by Thy side, close by Thy side I'd follow all the way.

E. W. L.

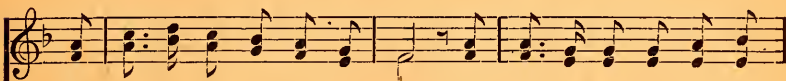
Effie Wells Loucks



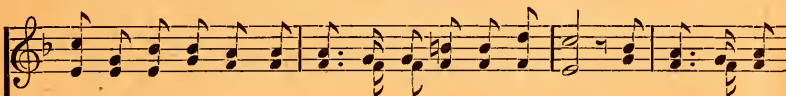
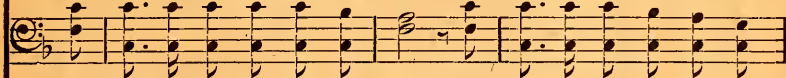
1. The lit - tle lad came with his loaves and his fish - es; The way had been
2. He lis - tened with joy to the words full of com - fort That touch - ing - ly,
3. Dear Mas - ter, I come with my loaves and my fish - es, 'Tis all that I



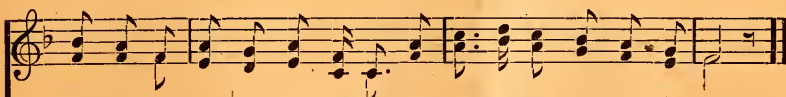
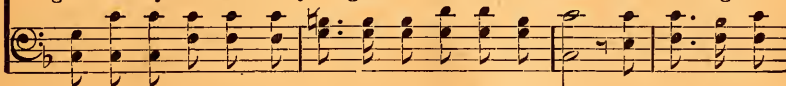
dear - y and long, As pa - tient - ly out to the des - ert He fol - lowed  
 ten - der - ly fell On hearts that were sorrowful, hearts that were troubled,  
 have, but I give As cheer - ful - ly now as the lad in the des - ert,



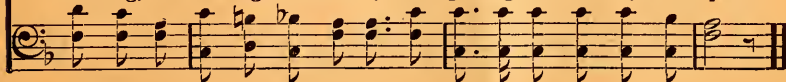
The feet of the hur - ry - ing throng. Pushed ruthless a - side by the  
 As clear as the tones of a bell. And when he was asked for his  
 That oth - ers for Thee, Lord, may live. O take them, I pray Thee, and



crowd in en - deav - or To find a more ex - cel - lent place, His wea - ri - ness  
 loaves and his fish - es He cheer - ful - ly, wil - ling - ly gave All, all he pos -  
 gra - cious - ly use them Thy kingdom of love to in - crease, Re - stor - ing the



all in a mo - ment had vanished At sight of the Master's kind face.  
 sest to the hand of the Mas - ter, The crowd from their hunger to save.  
 faint - ing, re - fresh - ing the wea - ry, And giv - ing to each Thy sweet peace.





George Matheson.

Albert L. Pence.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea-ry soul in Thee; I give Thee  
 2. O Light that fol-lowest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-  
 3. O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can - not close my heart to Thee; I trace the  
 4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to hide from Thee; I lay in

back the life I owe, That in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich - er full - er be.  
 stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy sun-shine's glow its day May bright-er fair - er be.  
 rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the prom - ise is not vain. That morn shall tear-less be.  
 just life's gle - ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.

220

## Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman.

John B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;  
 2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene, — one step enough for me.  
 Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.  
 The night is gone; And with the morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

221

## Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler.

Henry Monk.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no  
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
 For with-out Thee I cannot live;  
 Abide with me when night is nigh,  
 For without Thee I dare not die.

earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.  
 thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.

- 1 **G**OD save our gracious King,  
Long live our noble King,  
God save the King;  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the King.
- 2 Through every changing scene,  
O Lord, preserve our King,  
Long may he reign;

- His heart inspire and move  
With wisdom from above,  
And in a nation's love  
His throne maintain.
- 3 Thy choicest gifts in store,  
On him be pleased to pour,  
Long may he reign;  
May he defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause,  
To sing with heart and voice,  
God save the King.

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### GLANCE AT A FEW OF THESE CONTENTS

orning in my soul  
rbid them not  
d is here  
am not alone  
ep on shining  
ten to the bells

Lord of the sea.  
Making others happy  
Only a dream  
Speckled bird  
The army of no retreat  
The dawn appears

The royal way

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k for the old paths  
ery Bridge is burned behind me  
l me with Thy fulness  
ve you forgotten God?  
knows each sheep by name  
never lost a case  
avenly sunlight  
o one else will tell it

Kept in peace  
Love lifted me  
Power to witness  
Since the veil is rent in twain  
The beautiful Nazarene  
The face of Jesus  
The last mile of the way  
The power of an endless life

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## A PSALM OF PRAISE

**P**raise ye the Lord:  
Praise God in his  
sanctuary: praise him  
in the firmament of  
his power. ~ ~ ~ ~

Praise him for his mighty acts:  
praise him according to his  
excellent greatness. ~ ~

Praise him with the sound  
of the trumpet: praise him  
with the psaltery and harp:  
Praise him with the timbrel  
and dance: praise him with  
stringed Instruments and  
organs. ~ ~ ~ ~

Praise him upon the loud  
cymbals: praise him upon  
the high sounding cymbals:  
Let everything that hath  
breath praise the Lord.  
Praise ye the Lord. ~